JOURNEY
to
LONDON

The Story of the Norwegian Government at War

by

DIK LEHMKUHL

Published by authority of the
Norwegian State
Information Office

with 18 Illustrations

HUTCHINSON

THIS IS THE FIRST RECORD of what has taken place behind the scenes of the Norwegian Government since April, 1940.

We follow the King, the Crown Prince, the Cabinet and the remnants of the Government Administration through the long and harassing odyssey up and down the dales of Norway, across mountains and through burning towns, by warship and fishing smack, and finally to London. In London we watch this nucleus of an Administration grow into a vast organisation of several thousand employees, and finally we see them all sail back to their own country.

Affairs of State, the heavy responsibility of guiding the fate of a nation, the moments of hesitation and quick decision, human emotions and reactions, the quickening tempo of excitement, the dull impact of disappointment, the triumph of faith and determination in the face of total war—all this is skilfully blended and brought to life in a lucid narrative against the background of nature in all her splendour and a people who have lived in peace for generations.

It is a remarkable book—a chapter out of contemporary history—yet in parts it reads like pages out of Grimm's fairy tales.

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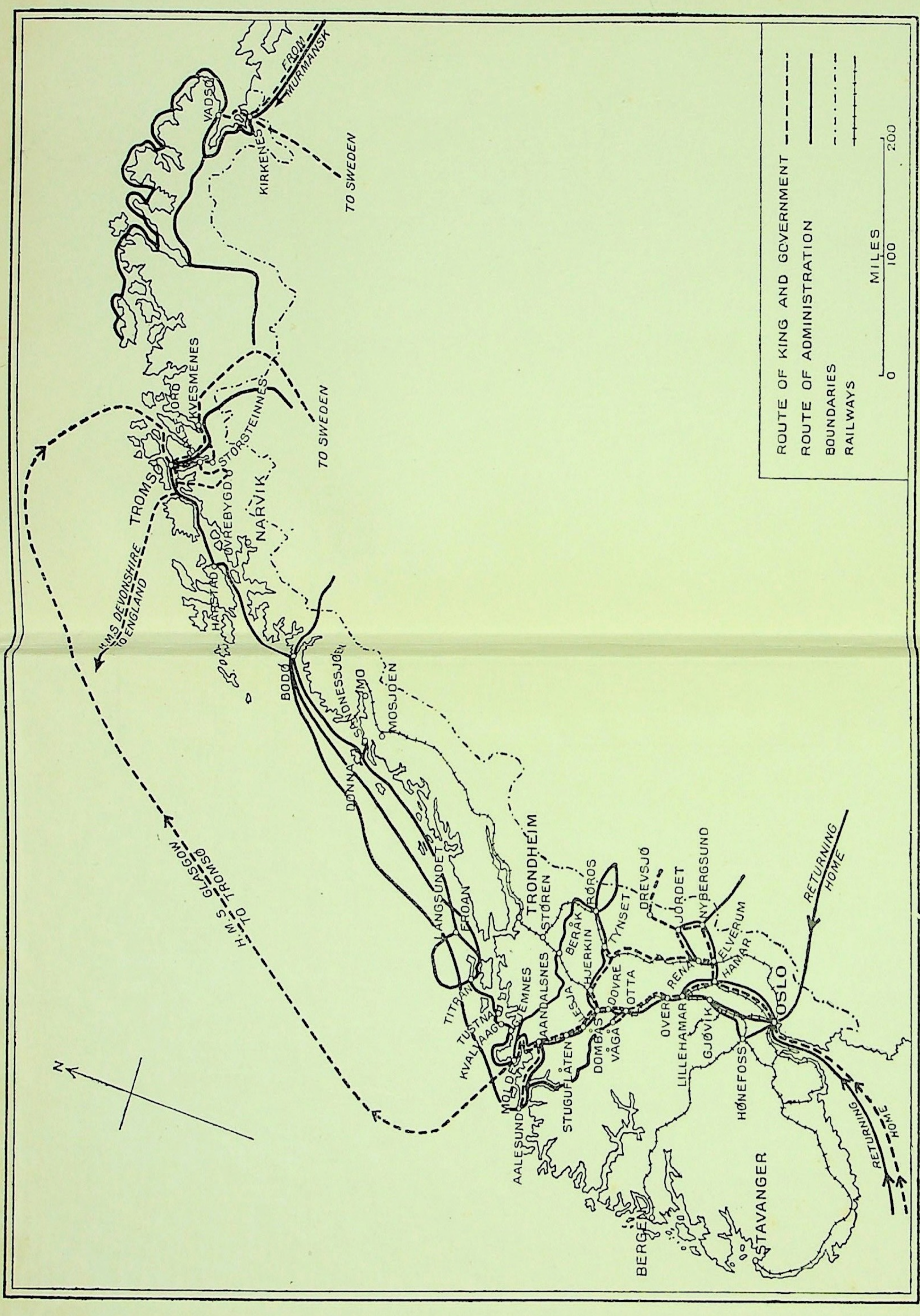
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HARSTAD
H.M.S DEVONSHIRE TO ENGLAND
BODØ
SANDNESSJØEN
MO
MOSJØEN
DØNNA
H.M.S GLASGOW TO TROMSØ
TRONDHEIM
STØREN
RØROS
DREVSJØ
JORDET
NYBERGSUND
RETURNING HOME
LANGSUNDET
FROAN
TITRAN
TUSTNA
AAG
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GJEMNES
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OSLO
HØNEFOSS
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RETURNING HOME

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THE NORWEGIAN CABINET

9th April, 1940

Johan Nygaardsvold	*Prime Minister*
Halvdan Koht	*Minister for Foreign Affairs*
Nils Hjelmtveit	*Minister of Church and Education*
Terje Wold	*Minister of Justice*
Birger Ljungberg	*Minister of Defence*
Sverre Stöstad	*Minister of Social Welfare*
Anders Frihagen	*Minister of Commerce, Shipping, Industry, Handicrafts, and Fisheries*
Oscar Torp	*Minister of Finance*
Hans Ystgaard	*Minister of Agriculture*
Trygve Lie	*Minister of Supply*
Olav Hindahl	*Minister of Labour*

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THIS story of how the Norwegian Government and Administration maintained the sovereignty of the Norwegian nation, survived the German pursuers, made their hazardous journey through the length and breadth of Norway during the two months of fighting, and finally came to England and built up a large Civil Administration, does not claim to be an historical work, but, I think, gives a fairly full picture of one of the most eventful and important chapters of Norwegian history.

It is compiled from a wealth of material collected from people who worked with the Government during this period or came into contact with them, and without whose goodwill and kind co-operation this book could never have been written.

I am also grateful to the Royal Norwegian Government Information Office for its invaluable assistance.

The following published works have been consulted, and I extend the customary acknowledgments to their authors and publishers: *Norway Neutral and Invaded*, by Halvdan Koht; *I Saw It Happen in Norway*, by Carl J. Hambro; *Hitler Attacks Norway*, by H. K. Lehmkuhl; *All for Norway*, "Norway and its King at War," article by Arne Ording; *Norwegian Law Gazette* (in Norwegian); *Norwegian White Book*—April–June, 1940 (in Norwegian); *Norway and the War*, Documents on International Affairs, September 1939–December 1940, published by Oxford University Press.

It is inevitable that there should be some discrepancies in a book of this kind—for which I beg the indulgence of the reader—but the material has, as far as possible, been carefully sifted and cross-checked, and I am sure that, on the whole, it is a reliable account.

D. L.

London, 1945.

THE JOURNEY

CHAPTER I

MONDAY, April the 8th, 1940, had been a hectic day in Oslo. The Cabinet had been in conference most of the day, and the Parliament had been in session till late in the evening discussing British mine-laying in Norwegian waters, German naval movements in the Skagerrak and the mystery of the sinking of the *Rio de Janeiro* off Stavanger, which, early in the afternoon, the Oslo newspaper *Dagbladet* had reported in cautious and neutral terms. "Thousands of corpses of young men," said the paper, "all uniformly dressed in green, had drifted ashore." After the Parliament had adjourned, the Cabinet held another conference and decided to mine the Oslo Fjord and sweep the British mines which had been laid off the west coast. Then, at ten o'clock in the evening, and after a strenuous day, the Cabinet Ministers could go home and to bed. It had been an exacting day. It was hard work balancing on the tightrope of neutrality with the cauldron of total war simmering below.

But whilst Norway was sleeping peacefully and innocently, heavily-laden supply ships and grey warships, like beasts of prey, were moving swiftly towards her shores from the south.

At 11.30 p.m. the Prime Minister, Johan Nygaardsvold, was rudely awakened. The telephone on the table by his bed was ringing furiously. Half asleep, he lifted the receiver. It was the Minister of Defence, Colonel Ljungberg. His voice assumed a military note. He reported briefly that unidentified ships were forcing the Oslo Fjord. The Prime Minister was wide awake.

"Have the mines been laid?" he asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"It was too late, they can't be laid in the dark," explained the Defence Minister.

The Prime Minister put back the receiver. "So it has come," he muttered to himself. He climbed out of bed and began to dress. The telephone rang again. The foreign ships had been engaged by the outer defences of the Oslo Fjord. They were still unidentified. Before the Prime Minister had finished dressing the sirens began to wail. He went to the window which faced south and overlooked the Royal Palace and the Palace Garden. The centre of the town was in darkness. The lights had been extinguished by a master switch, but on the hill to the east the main street lights along the highway to the north were shining brilliantly. Nothing happened, only the sirens continued to wail. Beneath his window two people were talking. One of them said he thought it was an air-raid practice. The other believed it was more serious. The Prime Minister recognized one of the officials from one of the Ministries. The official caught sight of Nygaardsvold in the window and called up to him and asked whether there was anything he could do, but the Prime Minister shook his head.

The telephone rang again. It was the Minister of Justice and Police, Terje Wold. They agreed to summon the Cabinet to a meeting in the Foreign Office at 1.30 a.m., and arranged to telephone the other Ministers and notify them.

Most of the Ministers were in bed when they received this telephone call. One of them was lying in bed reading *Hitler Has Said.* They all dressed quickly and hurried out into the night. There were no taxis to be had and they had to walk; some of them all the way from the suburbs. The clouds were low and heavy, and it was pitch dark in the streets. Each one of them started groping his way towards the Foreign Office. The Prime Minister felt his way through the Palace Garden, holding his walking-stick out in front of him so as not to bump into the trees. The main avenues, too, lay in darkness beneath the chestnut trees. The Ministers hurried towards the centre of the town, thinking of the fate that was awaiting Norway. Every now and then their trains of thought were interrupted as they bumped into somebody or into a tree or a concrete wall. Some of them lit cigarettes, which cast a faint light ahead of them as they drew in the smoke.

One of the Ministers did not know exactly where in the Government buildings the meeting was being held, and hesitated as he reached the Ministry of Agriculture, where Cabinet conferences were usually held. A young couple emerged from the darkness. "I believe it is in the Foreign Office," the man said, "I saw some people enter the building." The Minister thanked him and walked up the few steps to the Foreign Office and entered Victoria Terrace. At that time Victoria Terrace, a long, old-fashioned building just to the right of the Royal Palace, with its three domes, one in the centre and one at either wing, and overlooking the centre of the town, was the guardian of good-neighbourly relations, peace and prosperity. Some people, perhaps, looked upon it with indifference—a building full of civil servants where nothing interesting could ever happen. Now those walls have witnessed the depth of human suffering. If they could speak, they would echo with the screams of the tortured; but they would also tell of heroes and tightly sealed lips. For generations to come, Norwegians will shudder when they pass that building—the German Gestapo Headquarters in Norway during the occupation.

The Ministers were gathering in the Foreign Minister's Office. It was a strange meeting in a strange place. It was the first time that they had held a conference in that room. No minutes or notes were taken. There were only the Cabinet Ministers present. They were sitting round a long table by the window. Candles were burning on the table, on the desk and on the shelves. They had been put there hurriedly and haphazardly, as the electric light was still turned off. Every time the door opened, admitting another Minister, the lights flickered and cast dancing shadows on the walls. The newcomer blinked against the light after the darkness outside, and then joined the others at the table. The conference was resumed, and soon the flames were burning steadily again.

It was like witnessing some weird spectacle, half real, half unreal. Every now and then the telephone rang shrilly, giving a tone of reality to the scene. The telephone was directly connected with the Ministry of Defence and the Ministers were sitting there, watching, so to speak, the enemy ships forcing their way past the Norwegian patrol vessels, through the minefields and the fire from the coastal batteries, into practically every important harbour in the country. The reports were coming in in quick succession. Strong German naval units were steaming up the Oslo Fjord—coming nearer and nearer to Oslo. At 2 a.m. the enemy—it was now certain that the ships were German—were steaming into Bergen, then Kristiansand, then Trondheim, and then Narvik. Soon German soldiers were pouring ashore. So far the well-oiled German war machine was functioning with perfect precision. Only one small hitch had occurred. A German voice from Stavanger had telephoned the German Legation in Oslo, but had been put through to the Swedish Legation by mistake. At the Swedish Legation they had answered in German, and the voice at the other end had told them that a motor torpedo-boat was lying in the roads, and had asked for instructions. The Cabinet Ministers were informed, but they were hardly in a mood to enjoy the joke.

They decided to mobilize.

It was now about 3.30 a.m. The Minister of Defence left immediately and delivered the Mobilization Order to the Commander-in-Chief personally. Some of the other Ministers also left the Foreign Office and groped their way through the dark streets to their own Ministries to attend to urgent business.

They were all back in the conference room, however, when, at 4.30 a.m., the German Minister to Norway, Dr. Bräuer, was announced. Dr. Koht, the Foreign Minister, picked up two candles and went out into one of the library rooms to receive him. Just at that moment the air-raid sirens began to howl. In this room, sparsely lit by two candles, two people representing two nations, two people who had become bitter enemies over night, were facing each other. They sat down. Dr. Bräuer put before the Norwegian Foreign Minister a document of nineteen closely typed pages. It was an ultimatum from the German Government to Norway. The German envoy was coldly polite. He began to read a verbal account of the ultimatum with an imperious note in his voice. Occasionally he relaxed and changed his voice, as if in a half-hearted effort to persuade the Foreign Minister. Dr. Koht sat quite still and listened. It was only with increasing difficulty that he could contain himself. It was the knowledge that he would need all his energy to reflect coolly and finally to speak with calm which kept him in check.

The first fourteen pages of the document consisted of a memorandum—the usual Hitler tirade; accusations against the rest of the world and their wicked designs on an innocent Germany, lengthy explanations and justifications, pseudo declarations of friendship, threats, and promises.

Dr. Bräuer announced the contents of the memorandum as if he were reading the Gospel. He evidently believed it all himself, or at least, he tried to persuade himself as well as Dr. Koht that all he said was just and right. Finally, in the form of paternal advice he explained how surprised he had been to hear of the enormous forces which Germany had brought to bear in this operation.

Then followed concrete demands. (See Appendix I.)

When the German Minister had finished, Dr. Koht took the document and began to read it for himself. He was calm and his brain was clear. The demands, if accepted, meant nothing less than the surrender of Norway, body and soul. That was out of the question. It also meant war with Great Britain. But it was not for the Foreign Minister to take a decision. He told the German Minister he would have to consult the Government. Dr. Bräuer became agitated. He wanted a reply immediately. Military operations had already begun and would be completed by 9 a.m., he said. Dr. Koht told him coldly that the Government was next door, and left him with the words—Hitler's own words when the Germans overran Czechoslovakia—"A nation which bows meekly to an aggressor without offering resistance does not deserve to live."

In the meantime, the other Ministers had waited in the conference room. Each one of them had probably anticipated the nature of Bräuer's visit and had made up his mind what the reply would be. Dr. Koht made a brief report when he returned. Although they had expected it, the final verdict came as a shock. Anticipation was one thing, certainty another. Still, it did not take five minutes for the Cabinet unanimously to reject the ultimatum. Although they knew how unprepared and unarmed the country was and what resistance in the teeth of the German war machine would mean, not a single voice was raised against the decision—not a word of caution spoken. They could not have weighed all the pros and cons and arrived at a militarily and politically logical conclusion in five minutes. They acted on moral instinct. There are certain basic values and laws of nature which cannot be violated, whatever the cost. The prospect of Allied help was not mentioned, but, perhaps, in the back of their minds they were convinced that the Western Powers would come to their aid. Fortunately, the Ministers did not know how weak Great Britain really was. It would not have made them hesitate, but it would have made the burden of responsibility still heavier.

As soon as the decision had been taken, the Foreign Minister returned to the German envoy, who had been nervously pacing the floor whilst waiting for the reply. Dawn was just breaking and there was no longer any need for candlelight. Dr. Koht informed Dr. Bräuer of the Government's decision.

"Then there will be fighting," said the German Minister, "and nothing can save you."

"The fight is already in progress," Dr. Koht replied.

Dr. Bräuer looked startled, as if suddenly awakened from a dream.

It seemed as if he had been convinced that little Norway would not dare to oppose the greatest military Power in the world.

Shortly after the German Minister had left, C. J. Hambro, the President of the Norwegian Storting, arrived at the Foreign Office. He had been in touch with the Cabinet and had been kept advised of every fresh development. Mr. Hambro came direct from the Parliament building, where there had been feverish activity all night. As the reports came in, Hambro had been quick to realize that the Germans might soon be in Oslo and had instructed the Clerk of the Parliament to prepare for evacuation. The staff had been summoned; official seals, archives and other documents had been packed; all the Members of Parliament were warned. It was soon going to prove an extraordinarily fortunate coincidence that Parliament happened to be assembled in Oslo at that time.

Simultaneously, at about 5.30 a.m., the news was received that German warships had passed Oscarsborg fortress, the last coastal fortification in the inner Oslo Fjord, only 20 miles from Oslo. The Government would have to leave immediately if they were not to be taken prisoner. Perhaps it was already too late. King Haakon and Crown Prince Olav, with whom the Government had been in contact throughout the night, were advised. It was agreed that the Parliament should go with the Government. As the President of the Storting was hardly empowered to move the seat of Parliament, an Order in Council was issued transferring its seat to Hamar. There was no time to waste. The ultimatum expired at 9 a.m. The German warships would be landing troops at the docks at any moment. Perhaps they were already being disembarked. No, the Ministry of Defence reported that the ships were not yet in sight. But the Germans might bomb the city. But they could not possibly be ready to leave before 7 a.m. The Minister of Transport telephoned the chief of the Norwegian State Railway and ordered a special train to be ready at seven.

Then, having made their stand and, within five hours of the news of the invasion, committed Norway to fight a total war against overwhelming odds, the Members of the Government left the Foreign Office just before 6 a.m. They had only an hour to inform their staffs and make all arrangements. The Ministers hurried through the empty streets of Oslo to their respective Ministries. There was so much to be done.

The secretary who had been on duty at the Foreign Office throughout the night had had to answer a continuous stream of public telephone calls. Time and again important messages had been interrupted by calls from the public complaining bitterly that the incessant air-raid warnings were not funny any more. They insisted that if there had to be air-raid practices in the middle of the night, the public might at least have been warned. "After all," they said, "some people might take it seriously and get frightened. In any case, we want to sleep—we have a job to do in the morning."

As soon as the Ministers reached their offices, their staffs were notified. Some of them were asked to follow the Government to Hamar. Others were asked to come to the office immediately to help to pack the archives. Shortly after 6 a.m. the whole Foreign Office building was being combed, floor by floor and room by room. One young secretary found great satisfaction in being able to cut all red tape, to literally cut the bonds of many years of restraint with an axe. He picked up the axe and got to work on the Foreign Minister's desk to make sure that no important documents had been left behind. The desk was empty.

All important documents were taken downstairs to the cellar and packed in cases. A general evacuation plan had been prepared long before, and the cases were all ready. Yet it was only by an extraordinary coincidence that the documents were got away in time. When the cases had been ordered, there had been screws with them to fasten the lids, but when they were delivered the screws were missing. Someone was sent out to buy some, but happened to buy nails instead. Had they not had nails, but had had to mess about with screws and screwdrivers, the cases would not have been ready before the Germans entered the town. As it was, four of the five lorries carrying the Foreign Office archives left at 11 a.m. The fifth, which was held back for some particularly important documents, left at 1.30 p.m.

Similarly, in all the Ministries, civil servants, from the Ministers down to the messengers, were hard at work making last-minute preparations. The Ministers and the high officials had to decide who were to leave and who would have to stay behind to look after Norwegian interests when the Germans arrived. Everywhere documents had to be packed or burned, and arrangements had to be made for transport and so on.

When Mr. Hambro left the Foreign Office he returned to the Parliament building and instructed the staff to tell every one of the 150 Members of Parliament, either by telephone or by special messenger, to be at the station at 7 a.m.—within an hour. He then set out in a taxi for Hamar, some 60 miles north of Oslo. He arrived before 8 a.m. No one had any idea of what had happened. The National Broadcasting Service was not yet on the air, and one of the first things Mr. Hambro did was to make sure that the destination of the Government should not be broadcast over the local transmitter. He went straight to the Chief of Police, who stared at him sceptically and said: "Surely you have the date wrong, Mr. President, this is not the 1st of April, this is the 9th."

Mr. Hambro contacted the local authorities and asked them to make arrangements for billeting the Royal Family, the Members of the Cabinet and their staff, army officers, and the various officials who were expected, as well as the 150 Members of Parliament. Together they inspected the Assembly Hall, where Parliament was to meet. Wanting the meeting to appear as normal as possible, he had cards written out with the name of every constituency, and placed in alphabetical order along the rows of seats.

At a quarter past ten the Prime Minister arrived by car.

In the meantime, in Oslo, the hands of the clock were moving swiftly towards seven. The Ministers, the officials, the M.P.s, and all those who had to catch the train were heading for the station by car, by tram, or on foot. Shortly before seven some of the officials could be seen running down the streets of Oslo towards the station. Those who had had time for a quick visit home were carrying small suit-cases, but the majority had brought nothing with them except the clothes they were wearing.

At the station there were the usual number of travellers, but they were being kept outside the barrier. Three of the Cabinet Ministers, Mr. Trygve Lie, Mr. Oscar Torp, and Colonel Ljungberg, were standing at the barrier waiting for the Royal Family. They were not wearing top hats as is usual on such occasions, but looked dishevelled and exhausted. The Royal Family arrived. The King, tall and regal at the best of times, held himself more erect than ever. He was very calm and walked straight to his compartment in the rear of the train.

At the station, by way of an ironical coincidence, was also the Finnish Chargé d'Affaires, who had come to meet Norwegian volunteers from Finland. Most of them went straight to the front in Norway.

As the Foreign Minister was boarding the train he was assailed by a reporter from the Norwegian Telegraph Agency, who asked him for a statement on the situation. Dr. Koht's attitude was typical of the pacific mentality of the Norwegian people. He authorized the reporter to publish the fact that the Government and Parliament were going to Hamar to try and rule the country from there.

Soon all those Ministers and officials who were travelling by train and practically all the 150 M.P.s had arrived, and shortly before 7.30, less than half an hour late, the train pulled slowly out of the station. A long and wearisome journey had begun.

But at least the journey had begun. How was it they had got away? During the night it had been reported that German warships had passed Oscarsborg fortress, only 20 miles from Oslo. What had happened to them? The Government did not realize then what a narrow escape they had had. The German Minister had said that the German ultimatum would expire at 9 a.m., but the German High Command had other ideas. They had planned to occupy Oslo at 4 a.m., but had not expected that a few obsolete craft would ever attempt to fight a modern navy. When the German naval units, which included a battleship, cruisers, and other craft, steamed up the Oslo Fjord, Norwegian minesweepers went out to engage them and the outer batteries opened fire. Several German ships were damaged, and above all, the German Navy was delayed. Consequently, it was not until 5. 17 a.m. that the German cruiser *Blücher*, with the German civil administration, Gestapo officials, and high officers on board, approached Oscarsborg fortress. This ship was amongst those reported to have passed the fortress. If she had got through, she could, in spite of the delay already suffered, have reached Oslo before 7 a.m. But, fortunately, the *Blücher* only just managed to get past the fort. While she was steaming slowly through the narrows, the antiquated guns of the fortress opened up and began pumping shells into the cruiser at only a few hundred yards' range. The cruiser's bridge was carried away. Then, as soon as she was past the island fortress, two torpedoes from a shore battery struck home. The cruiser began to sink. The Commander tried to beach her, but she turned turtle and went down with her propellers still running. All the important passengers were thrown into the sea and burnt to death by the burning oil which covered the surface for many hours afterwards.

It was a short train, only about half a dozen carriages, which left Oslo early that spring morning of April the 9th. It was a strange company of travellers, the Royal Family, Cabinet Ministers, high officials, some of the staff, and nearly 150 M.P.s, representatives from every part of the country. Many of them were tired, some of them were unshaven and dishevelled, but nearly everyone was in high spirits. Now they had actually had to flee they were resigned to it. That was that; a *fait accompli.* Besides, perhaps they had a feeling of how close they had been to being captured. And, in any case, many of them thought that they would be back in Oslo very soon. None of them had any idea how long the journey was going to be and how rough the passage.

At Lilleström, a small station only about 10 miles west of Oslo, the train came to a halt. Shortly afterwards there was an unfamiliar drone in the air. It became louder and louder. Suddenly several German bombers appeared just above the tree-tops, practically skimming the roof of the train, and a few seconds later there were a number of violent explosions, and several columns of smoke rose up into the clear morning sky. Some of the Ministers stood and watched the German 'planes through the compartment windows. Fascinated, they watched the 'planes drop their bombs. It was the first time they had seen bombs falling. They followed them with their eyes as they fell towards the ground in long lines. After a strange night, unreal almost to the point of being fantastic; after an all-night conference by candlelight, at which the fate of Norway had been decided; after they had watched—like the audience of a drama—the enemy closing in on all sides; after a formal and futile—almost absurd—discussion with a representative of the German Government; after this atmosphere of complete unreality, the King, the Government and the Parliament suddenly found themselves in the front line. All at once the whole thing had become real.

The bombers were attacking the military airfield Kjeller, near by. The attack developed; anti-aircraft guns opened up; fires began to break out in the direction of the airfield. Most of those in the train sought shelter in the subway under the railway line. Everyone was calm. A large number of local people joined them. Some of them clustered round the Crown Princess and her children, whilst the King was calmly chatting and joking with them. The people paid no attention to the bombing at all. They were far more interested in the Royal

Family. Two or three times the Government tried to board the train again to continue their journey, but they had to return to the shelter each time. Not until the bombers had finished their job and the airfield was enveloped in thick smoke, was the train able to continue on its way. Once more the Government had escaped the enemy by a narrow margin. The whole party—Norway in a nutshell, as it were—would have been a sitting target had the Germans known. A few bombs on the train—even a few stray ones—and it might have altered the destiny of Norway.

During the rest of the journey German 'planes frequently flew low over the train, but did not attack it. There were a few anxious moments while they crossed an open stretch of country by Jessheim military training camp and depot, and a sigh of relief went through the train when they were safely across the Minnesund Bridge at the southern tip of Lake Mjösa.

At Hamar the train was met by Mr. Hambro and Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, who, as time slipped by and the train did not arrive to schedule, had been pacing the platform nervously.

The time was now about 11.30 a.m. The Ministers and the Members of Parliament walked straight to the local Assembly Hall in the centre of the town, only a few minutes from the station, where, normally, all large meetings, lectures and so on were held, and which also served as the only theatre in the town.

After Mr. Hambro had had a short conference with the Cabinet, Parliament went into secret session at 12.30. A roll was called. Of the 150 Members, 105 were present. The President, who opened the session, said that many of those Members who were absent were on their way to Hamar by car or by train. He then called on the Foreign Minister, Dr. Koht, who, although weary and exhausted, gave a concise and clear account of what had happened and a full summary of the German ultimatum, which he had to translate from the German original as he went along.

When Koht had concluded, the President said that the necessary staff and office equipment had been brought along, and that the Foreign Minister's address would be duplicated immediately and made available to all the Members. He also told the House that it had just been announced over the Danish radio that German troops had occupied Copenhagen, and that Denmark had accepted the German demands.

The Prime Minister rose. He told the House that German officers had occupied the Oslo Broadcasting Station and that German 'planes were bombing the town. He asked that the meeting should be adjourned till 6 p.m. to enable the Cabinet to hold a conference. They had not met since 5 a.m., and had been in flight ever since, and there were certain matters which he wanted to put before the Government.

The President said that the House appreciated the Prime Minister's request and agreed to adjourn till six o'clock, adding that one must not be blind to the fact that the Germans might extend their air attacks at any moment, especially as the Oslo radio had carefully explained the whereabouts of the Government. He said that Hamar had been chosen because it was an important railway junction from where the Government could travel farther north or east.

So far the meeting had not been disheartening. It had progressed satisfactorily, and had given the impression that everything was—or soon would be—under control. But just before the meeting was adjourned, the Prime Minister made a statement which reminded the House that not only were the Germans advancing rapidly—German troops were marching into Oslo with lorries mounted with machine-guns, he said—but that the Norwegians had been taken by surprise, and that the defences lacked co-ordination. The Chief of the Anti-aircraft Defences in Oslo had not been able to contact the C.-in-C. or his staff, and had come to him—the Prime Minister—for orders. Although he (the Prime Minister) had no knowledge of military affairs, he had had to recommend that the A.A. guns in Oslo should be transferred to the main line of defence under the command of the C.-in-C.

After the meeting most of the Ministers and M.P.s went home to their billets to collect themselves and their thoughts, and to get some food.

In the meantime a steady stream of people had arrived at Hamar from Oslo; including more M.P.s, a large number of civil servants of all ranks, businessmen, officers, journalists, and, of course, diplomats. The staff of the British and French Legations had arrived, having spent the early hours of the morning burning stacks of documents. The British Legation in Oslo had been so busy burning their files that when all the fireplaces and boilers were choked with cinders they had made a bonfire in the garden. The Oslo Fire Brigade had turned out promptly and had tried desperately to put out the 'fire'.

The influx continued all through the afternoon and soon Hamar was like a humming beehive. The main streets were thronged with cars of all types and sizes from the big saloon of the American Minister to small Ford lorries. People—statesmen and diplomats, drivers and messengers—were crowding the streets, talking in groups, gathering news from each other, paying lightning visits to the blackboard outside the local newspaper office, looking for somebody in particular or all and sundry, or hurrying from one place to another, suit-case in hand, in search of a billet. Everyone was trying to be useful.

The Prime Minister had made up his mind to resign and make way for a coalition Government. He wanted to do this as informally as possible, and he went to see the King, who was staying with the Royal Family at the well-known Hösbjör Tourist Hotel, just outside the town, where many of the foreign diplomats and some of the officials were also staying.

The question was taken up formally a little later at a Cabinet conference attended by the King, the Crown Prince, Mr. Hambro, and a few Members of Parliament, who, however, refused to accept the resignation on the grounds that it was not opportune to change the

Government at a time when the country had to choose between capitulation and war.

In the meantime, another demand for capitulation had been received from the German Minister in Oslo. There was serious doubt about what to do for the best; try to negotiate, or plunge head on into what seemed pure suicide. Some of those present were in favour of negotiating with the Germans, not so much because they believed in the possibility of reaching an agreement as because they wanted to avoid creating a situation whereby the Germans later could turn round and say to the Norwegian people: "Your Government did not even give us an opportunity to put forward our conditions." A heated debate ensued. His Majesty, supported by some of the others, strongly opposed entering into negotiations, as he thought Norway would become a battlefield, armistice or no armistice, and as he did not feel confident that the German authorities would respect any agreement. Finally, it was decided to put the matter before Parliament.

When the conference was over, the Ministers went to join the Parliament, which had assembled at 6.30 p.m. after waiting for some time for the Cabinet conference to end. During the absence of the Cabinet the Storting had agreed unanimously that the Nygaardvold Cabinet should remain in office.

By this time all the Members of Parliament except eight had managed to reach Hamar, and were present.

Continuing the meeting, Mr. Hambro gave an account of recent military events. Narvik had fallen. Trondheim had fallen. Five thousand German troops had landed at Bergen. Many places had been bombed. German airborne troops were continually arriving at the civil airfield near Oslo. General mobilization had been ordered. A German advance on Hamar by car or by train could be expected, as it had not been possible to blow up the bridges owing to the lack of explosives.

Dr. Koht informed the House of the new *démarche* made by the German Minister in Oslo, and Mr. Hambro said that the House would have to decide immediately whether to negotiate with the German authorities in Oslo or whether to resist, under conditions which were obvious to all.

Dr. Koht explained that the Government had received telegraphic assurance from the British and the French Governments that they would give Norway military assistance as soon as possible.

In the meantime, Colonel Ljungberg, the Defence Minister, had also arrived, after having been held up on the congested roads from Oslo. Although he had not had time to prepare a report, he gave a concise summary of the military situation. It was a sad picture. The Germans were just walking in wherever they chose.

Whilst the Defence Minister left the meeting to obtain more detailed information from the C.-in-C., the Prime Minister requested that, as the House wished the Government to stay in office, they should sanction the appointment of additional Ministers without Portfolio to represent the other main parties.

The Prime Minister then gave a sober account of the situation. It was a distressing picture he painted.

It was a strange meeting. It seemed as if the speakers and the Members were groping about trying to find a way out of the darkness, but every face was calm and sober. For all its grimness, there was dignity and hope; and a spirit of national unity such as the country had never experienced before. Only one voice was raised in favour of separate party conferences. The motion was immediately quashed. The leader of the party to which this Member belonged interjected: "All I want to say is that we are all Norwegians now, and I think it would be wrong to have any separate party conferences." "If no other definite request for party meetings is raised," said the President, "I assume that Parliament finds it more dignified to stand and act united."

After the Minister of Defence had given some additional details of the military situation, a Member asked exactly what this would mean. ". . . what are the prospects of stopping any further advance by the Germans?"

Whilst he had been talking, a messenger had approached the President's chair and handed him a slip of paper. The President read the message and rose to his feet.

The President:

"I have to inform the House that a special train is waiting at the station to take the Assembly to Elverum. The train ought to leave within five minutes. German troops are on their way to capture the Members, and have passed Jessheim."

Suddenly the solemn Assembly came to life. There was a rush for the wardrobe. The Ministers and the M.P.s snatched their hats and coats. Within a few seconds about 200 people were running down the slushy street to the station. Only those who had been fortunate enough not yet to have found accommodation and who had deposited their suit-cases in the cloakroom, or who lived so near they could run home and fetch their belongings, were able to take their scanty luggage with them. No sooner had they all scrambled into the train and found a seat than it moved off, less than ten minutes after the announcement. There was no effective black-out, so the lights could not be put on. There they sat in the dark compartments, whilst the train rumbled on through the darkness. Few spoke. Filled with rage, they listened to the rain beating against the windows.

The Prime Minister had made arrangements to go by car, but his party had vanished in the confusion. He tried to hail several cars, but failed. It looked as if the Prime Minister was going to be captured by the Germans. But at long last he got a lift.

Some lost the train. The Minister for Social Welfare met the Director of Public Health, Dr. Karl Evang, on the way to the station and stopped to discuss some urgent business with him. When the Minister reached the station the train had left. He returned to look for Dr. Evang to get a lift in his car, but by then both Evang and the car had disappeared. So he returned to the station and had to wait for over an hour before he could get another train. He and some of the others who had been left behind arrived too late to attend the Parliamentary Session at Elverum.

After about half an hour the first train came to a standstill. They all got out and found they were at a small railway station on the outskirts of Elverum. The station was deserted, except for a few lorries. Some of the Ministers and M.P.s climbed into the lorries and were taken to the town. The rest, some two hundred statesmen and their staff, set out on foot, trudging, suit-case in hand and ankle-deep in sleet, the two miles to the town. They had to walk single file most of the way, evading the puddles as best they could in the darkness. Some of them lost their way. Finally, the procession arrived at the High School, where Parliament was to re-assemble. It was a cheerful surprise. It was warm and bright, and food had been laid out on the long tables in the dining-room. They sat down on the benches and ate sandwiches and drank fresh milk and hot coffee. All this had been arranged by the Principal of the school at only an hour's notice. All the pupils had been removed and some 200 beds had been prepared. So that night they were going to get proper sleep. But not yet. First, Norway's fate had to be decided. At 9.20 in the evening the Parliamentary Session was resumed. Suddenly, like waking up in the morning and remembering something unpleasant, they were face to face with reality again. It was another strange meeting in still stranger circumstances. It was held in the school gymnasium. Benches had been arranged in parallel rows. Facing the Members was the President in the rostrum, flanked by the Cabinet Ministers, also seated on benches. All the installations of the gymnasium had been pushed to one side. Round the walls there were tiers and tiers of horizontal bars, and the ropes which were hanging down from the ceiling had been tied to the wall.

But there was something else, too, which seemed different from the meeting at Hamar. It was the mood. It was more determined. Time was getting short, the Assembly meant business. The way they had been pushed around by the Germans had made them 'fighting mad'.

The President opened the meeting by proposing three candidates for the committee which was to be set up to negotiate with the Germans, and moved that the House should sanction the appointment of three Ministers without Portfolio to strengthen the Cabinet; and the Prime Minister moved that the Storting should appoint the new Ministers.

Then the President made a statement which was to have a decisive bearing on Norway as a free and independent country. "It is a given fact," said Mr. Hambro, "that the Storting, having taken these important decisions, will no longer be able to carry on a mobile existence under such extremely uncertain conditions. It therefore seems natural to me that until such time as the Presidential Board, in agreement with the Government, again summons the Storting, the Storting should give the Government a general authority to take the necessary decisions and measures to safeguard the interests of the country."

One Member asked by what paragraph in the Constitution such authority could be granted. Another Member immediately retorted that there is a paragraph by which the Government can pass provisional decrees if Parliament cannot be convened. A third Member added, dryly but to the point: "The authority rests as and with the present situation. We cannot begin to look for paragraphs." The President agreed and said that the Parliament, in taking this decision, was merely confirming the Government's right to issue provisional decrees when Parliament is not assembled. The President also moved that each Party Group should appoint two representatives whom the Government could consult, without having to convene the entire Storting.

The Minister of Justice informed the House that he had instructed the Chief of Police in Oslo to arrest Quisling, who had not only proclaimed himself Prime Minister, but also Minister of Justice.

Towards the end of the debate one of the Members gave a very clear appraisement of the situation. He gave the facts of German military accomplishment in Norway, and said that the House could be quite sure that the enemy would not pull in his reins pending any negotiations. Having stressed how important it was that the Government should be vested with full authority, he wanted to draw the attention of the House to the fact that there was not only that day or the next few days to be considered, but above all, the future of Norway as an independent State, which, he said, was now hanging by a thread, and that those men who were to deal with the Germans must take a long view.

The President pointed out that this Government, the only Government authorized to act on behalf of Norway, would be vested with the same power even if it went abroad.

Finally, he said that should any of the Members be arrested by the Germans he hoped they would know how to deport themselves in a manner worthy of their country.

The Assembly rose, and, for the first time in the Parliamentary history of Norway, sang the first two verses of the National Anthem. It was a moving scene. Nearly everyone had tears in his eyes. Thus, at 10.25 p.m., the meeting was concluded. One important chapter of Norway's history had been closed. The Storting had done its job, and it was impossible to say when it would be able to meet again.

Completely exhausted, some of the Ministers and M.P.s went straight to bed. Others gathered in the headmaster's study upstairs. They had some coffee and sat about in chairs, dozing, talking, or just wondering what might happen next.

Then a telegram was delivered. It was from the German Minister. He had repeatedly requested the Government to come to terms, but this time he wanted an audience with King Haakon. The King had already gone on to Nybergsund, about 40 miles farther north-east. Mr. Hambro left immediately to inform His Majesty and to go to Sweden on behalf of the Government. The others discussed for a while what the Germans might want now. But, tired and sleepy as they were, they decided, one after the other, that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and went to bed.

But more people had arrived and the school building was getting crowded, and soon nearly all the beds were occupied. The Ministers who went to bed last had to share beds. As many as three Ministers had to squeeze into one bed, and there were three beds in most of the rooms. Yet, those who could not sleep were not kept awake by each other, but by their own thoughts.

Whilst the statesmen were asleep at Elverum, one of the civil servants who had had to stay behind in Hamar was looking out of a window from a farm just outside the town, where originally the King and the Royal Family were to have stayed. He was watching six or seven buses filled with German troops tearing along the main road towards Elverum at breakneck speed. They drove close together, with the headlights full on, and were even sending up flares to illuminate the road. The white snow helped to make the landscape brighter and the driving easier. He knew the Government and the Parliament were at Elverum. Would the Germans capture them?

When Mr. Hambro arrived at Nybergsund, where he had gone to see the King, he found His Majesty, the Crown Prince, and Major Wedel, the Lord Chamberlain, in a small room at the local inn. The Crown Princess and her children had crossed the frontier into Sweden. The landlady made them all a cup of coffee. Whilst they were talking, the Crown Prince fell asleep across the table. The King smiled. "Young people are lucky," he said, "they can always sleep."

The King and the Crown Prince were persuaded to take a few hours' rest, and went to bed at 2.30 a.m., whilst the 65-year-old Lord Chamberlain rolled up his greatcoat for a pillow and went to sleep on the floor, and Mr. Hambro fell asleep in a chair.

Back in Elverum the Ministers and their staffs were awakened shortly before 2 a.m., after they had had only one or two hours' sleep. They were told that German troops were being rushed to Elverum to capture them, and that they would have to leave immediately. The Members of Parliament were asked to disperse so that the Germans could not capture all of them. The Ministers jumped out of bed, dressed in a great hurry, picked up their few belongings and rushed downstairs where a large bus was waiting for them. The bus drove off immediately. They seemed safe now, yet they had an uncanny feeling that something was wrong. They could not see much in the dark. One of them suggested they were going in the wrong direction and the others agreed. They asked the driver, but he muttered something about being in a hurry and taking a short cut. The Ministers were not quite convinced. Suddenly they heard shooting ahead and the bus was stopped by Norwegian soldiers. They had been heading straight for the front line, where a few soldiers behind a barricade thrown hastily across the road were trying to stem the German advance, only

20 miles from Elverum. The Germans were attacking. There was no time to waste. They would probably break through at any moment. The bus with the Norwegian Cabinet was turned round in a hurry and piloted back to Elverum by a military car and then put on the right road to Nybergsund. They joined the long procession of cars winding its way out of Elverum between high banks of snow, twisting and turning like a snake. A short way out of Elverum the convoy stopped. One of the cars in the front had broken down. There was no way of removing it, and the road was too narrow to allow the other cars to pass. How near were the Germans? Had they already taken Elverum? Were they pursuing them? Those in the last cars were burning their documents. Fortunately, the car got started again, and the convoy was able to move on. It was bitterly cold in the bus. Many had only light clothes. Others had already lost whatever they had brought with them. One of the Ministers looked down at his feet. Strange, he was wearing a pair of goloshes. He looked closer. They were his own goloshes. 'That's most extraordinary,' he thought to himself. When they rushed out of the Assembly Hall at Hamar he had looked for his goloshes, but had not been able to find them, so he had gone without. Now, thinking back, he remembered that he must absent-mindedly have put on a pair of goloshes as they fled from Elverum—and they happened to be his own.

What, in the meantime, was happening to the German assault party which the Germans, knowing full well there was no defence line between them and the Norwegian Government, had sent 100 miles into Norwegian territory to capture the Government? It was a bold stroke which might well have succeeded. The venture promised well. There seemed to be no obstacles in their way. Then, at the Minnesund Bridge, the big buses could not get round a sharp bend in the road. Valuable time was lost before they could find other vehicles. Next, they reached Hamar. They knew the Government was no longer there, so they dropped a couple of sentries at the post-office and the railway station—a couple of sentries to hold a town of 6000 people. But it was in the middle of the night and the Norwegians did not know what was going on. The lorries, with 90 or so picked German soldiers, continued towards Elverum at top speed.

Meanwhile, General Otto Ruge, Army Commander in the area, who was appointed C.-in-C. of the Norwegian Army the next day, had been busy. He collected together some lumberjacks to fell trees and erect a barricade across the road. He went to the local military training camp and picked out about 100 men from those available, mostly non-combatants. He selected four crews of machine-gunners from a company of the Royal Guards with only a few weeks' training. So far they had only learnt to take the machine-guns apart and to reassemble them; but not how to fire them. With this force the General prepared his defence. He posted half the men at the barricade whilst he instructed the others in the use of weapons. Then he changed them round and instructed the others. Shortly afterwards the German soldiers drove head-on into the barricade. The Norwegians opened fire. The Germans, who were taken by surprise, became confused for the moment and then they began to return the fire. But they could not see properly in the dark. They were not accustomed to this sort of fighting. The Norwegians, on the other hand, could see the enemy quite clearly on the white road. The Germans did not leave the road because the snow was too deep, and they did not know whether the Norwegians were there too, waiting for them. But they fired back. A barn between them was set on fire and the animals cried out in agony. The Norwegians let out the horses on one side, and the Germans freed the cattle on the other side of the building. But the Germans were not happy; they did not know how strong—or rather, how weak—the Norwegians were. Had their retreat been cut off? Their Commanding Officer, the German Air Attaché in Oslo—a diplomat accredited to the Norwegian Government—was killed. The Germans gave it up, remounted their lorries and drove back to Oslo as fast as they had come.

The Government arrived at Nybergsund, only a few miles from the Swedish frontier, at 4 a.m. The cars pulled up amidst a small group of buildings—a school, a grocer's shop, a post-office, a petrol pump, and half a dozen other houses, and an inn where, in bygone days, travellers used to change their horses.

The snow was lying deep and white all round. It was quiet and peaceful. The air was crisp and clear. The sun was just rising.

All the black cars stood out in sharp contrast to the tiny village and the utter whiteness around. They were immediately camouflaged with chalk.

Tired and unkempt, the Ministers entered the one and only inn, a small timber building. They came into a smallish, square room with modern, brightly-coloured upholstery. The King and the Crown Prince were seated at the unpolished refectory table having their breakfast. The others joined them. The innkeeper got busy catering for the new guests. He dished up the best food he had: cold meat, eggs, bread, butter, milk and coffee. When the Crown Prince put salt instead of sugar in his coffee, Mr. Hambro offered him some saccharin, and afterwards the Minister of Supply, absent-mindedly, or true to his official calling, put the box in his pocket, and Mr. Hambro did not get it back till six weeks later, in Tromsö.

Afterwards, the Cabinet held a conference and it was decided that the King should return to Elverum to meet the German Minister, not because they had much confidence that anything would be gained, but just so as to have left no stone unturned.

The Ministers then went out into the 'town' to buy paper and pencils to try and set up some sort of 'Cabinet Offices'.

Gradually a number of civil servants arrived. Some of them found accommodation in the school, the post-office, with the grocer and so on, and soon all the buildings in the place were full up. But there was no real work to be done. The little there was, was done by the Ministers themselves over the telephone. One senior member of the Foreign Office had had the presence of mind to bring with him some books on International Law, and very optimistically spent the morning studying the Hague Convention.

In the course of the morning the King returned to Elverum to meet Dr. Bräuer, the German Minister. The reason why Dr. Bräuer wanted to see the King was that, in Oslo, Quisling had proclaimed himself Prime Minister, and Bräuer, although he disapproved—he had telephoned personally to Hitler and protested, but to no avail—*had* to ignore the Norwegian Government. Hitler insisted that Quisling was Prime Minister of Norway.

The meeting was to take place at 11 a.m. at the same school building where the Parliamentary Session had been held the previous night. But midday struck, and it became one o'clock, then two o'clock, and still the King, the Foreign Minister and the committee elected to negotiate were waiting for Dr. Bräuer. At long last, at 3 p.m.—the German envoy had been delayed by the barricade at Midtskogen where the German flying squad had been repulsed during the night, and by a motor accident—a military car painted white and with all blinds drawn came up the drive and stopped in front of the building. Dr. Bräuer, a short, stocky figure in civilian clothes, emerged and mounted the steps. He looked a typical German. He had pronounced cruel features. He was nervous and flustered. The Lord Chamberlain received him at the top of the landing. Major Wedel was highly irritated. First, much to everybody's annoyance, a German scout 'plane had circled overhead shortly before. Now, Dr. Bräuer, an unwelcome guest at the best of times, was four hours late.

"*Sie kommen spät, Herr Minister,*" Major Wedel remarked curtly.

Dr. Bräuer was highly embarrassed. He wished to see the King alone. He was taken to His Majesty by Dr. Koht.

Their conversation lasted ten minutes. The King maintained that, as a constitutional monarch and not a personal ruler, he neither could nor would discuss the fate of Norway in the absence of a representative of the Government. After that the conference was continued in the presence of Dr. Koht. Dr. Bräuer asked of the King that he should appoint Quisling Prime Minister of Norway. As the proposal was aimed at the removal of the Government of which Dr. Koht was a Member, the Foreign Minister took care not to make any claims on behalf of the Government, but gave the King a free hand. Dr. Bräuer tried to persuade the King by flattery and by threats. He assured him that Hitler held the King and his House in great esteem. On the other hand, he stressed the horrors which the war would bring to Norway, and the overwhelming forces which Germany had sent to the country. When the King said he would have to put the matter to the Cabinet, Dr. Bräuer made an impatient gesture and declared that this was not the time for formalities. He insisted on an immediate answer. The

King was so deeply moved by recent events and the overbearing attitude of the German envoy that he found it difficult to find the right words in German. After an hour's 'conversation', with German 'planes circling overhead as if to stress the weight of Bräuer's arguments, the King ended the conference abruptly without being able to hide his feelings, and said that he would consult his Cabinet.

His Majesty returned immediately to Nybergsund with the German ultimatum: German rule with Quisling as puppet, or else . . . The Cabinet met at once in the living-room where the Ministers had been waiting. The Ministers had been informed of the result of the negotiations by telephone. They realized that capitulation was impossible, although they had in the meantime received a request from military quarters to bring resistance to an end. But they were anxious to hear what the King would say. His Majesty reported on his conversation with Dr. Bräuer and then proceeded to give one of the most moving addresses in the history of Norway. He said it was the first time he had expressed his opinion without consulting the Government. "It has made a profound impression on me," said the King, "that the responsibility of the misfortunes which will befall the country and the people if the demands are rejected will rest on me. It is a heavy responsibility—so heavy that I dread it. The Government must decide, but my position is clear. *I* cannot accept the German demands." The King went on to explain how, for 35 years, ever since he had accepted the Norwegian throne, he had worked to build up a constitutional rule in Norway and to govern the country in accordance with the wish of the Norwegian people. He said he would keep the oath he had taken to defend their liberty and independence. His Majesty was deeply moved. He had to break off many times . . . as his eyes became filled with tears and his voice became thick. The King concluded his address with these words: "If the Government should decide to accept the German demands—and I fully understand the motives which would favour such a decision in view of the great danger and all the young Norwegians who would have to give their lives,—if the Government should take this decision, then there is no alternative for me but to abdicate. I have come to this conclusion after a hard conflict within myself. . . . I feel it is right that the Government should be aware of my views, but I wish to make it clear that it is not my intention to exercise pressure on the Government. I do not wish that my decision should have a decisive influence upon the Cabinet. It must act independently of my personal decision."

The Cabinet Ministers were deeply moved. They realized the magnitude of the inner struggle which the King had experienced before he had made up his mind. Once more the character and loyalty of the 'man'—not only the 'King'—was brought home to them. Although they fully shared the King's views they were grateful that the monarch had taken such a strong lead and had expressed their own feelings with such clarity. The Prime Minister thanked His Majesty, and one after the other all the Ministers gave their support. Now

Norway was pledged to fight the mighty German war machine. Dr. Koht, who had remained in Elverum, was advised by telephone. It was eight o'clock in the evening. Shortly afterwards, as agreed, Dr. Bräuer telephoned Dr. Koht from Eidsvold, where, by a strange coincidence, Norway had received her Constitution. Dr. Koht informed him of the Norwegian Government's reply.

"Does that mean that Norway will continue to resist the German invasion?" asked Dr. Bräuer.

"Yes," replied Dr. Koht, "as long as possible."

After the meeting the King, the Crown Prince, the Cabinet Ministers and some of the senior officials had supper at the inn. As there was not enough room for them all round the table at the same time they had to eat in turn.

After supper the Government continued their conference and decided to appoint General Otto Ruge Commander-in-Chief of the Army. They also drafted a proclamation to the Norwegian people (see Appendix II) explaining the attitude of the Government and exhorting the whole nation to support them. The proclamation was signed by King Haakon and Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, and issued the same evening. At long last the Norwegian people, who had been kept in suspense for nearly two days, knew that they would be allowed to fight for their country and their liberty. The King and the Ministers had done a great day's work. At last they could look forward to a good night's rest, undisturbed by doubts and fears.

The King, the Crown Prince and the Prime Minister went to spend the night at a farm a few miles away. But not all the Ministers could go to bed right away. The telephone had to be watched. They took it in shifts, two at a time, every two hours.

The Minister of Supply, Trygve Lie, and the Minister of Social Welfare, Sverre Stöstad, had the first shift from midnight to 2 a.m. Mr. Lie had given up his bed to the Director of Health whilst on duty. When the Director of Health went to make use of the offer he found someone in the bed already. He remained standing by the bed, politely but firmly. Eventually a head emerged from under the eiderdown and a voice announced: "I am General Låke, the Commander-in-Chief." He did not know that he had just been replaced by General Ruge. The Director of Health withdrew and found a vacant space on the floor downstairs. Everyone had to fend for himself to get a bed. Mr. Ystgaard, Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Hindahl, Minister of Labour, and Mr. Hjelmtveit went across to a private house attached to the local bank, and climbed the steep staircase to the loft. There were only two narrow beds in the room; Ystgaard and Hjelmtveit had to share one of them whilst the Minister of Labour requisitioned the other. It was bitterly cold and they only half undressed, piling their overcoats on top of the beds. Shortly before 2 a.m. Ystgaard stirred, got up, put on the rest of his clothes and went downstairs to report for duty. Soon after he had left a stranger came into the room. He introduced himself as Captain Irgens and then, without any more ado, crawled into Ystgaard's place in the bed, beside Mr. Hjelmtveit. But Captain Irgens could not sleep. He tossed and turned. Then he got up, took off his jacket and waistcoat and went back to bed, still wearing his trousers. But still he could find no peace. He got up again, put on his jacket and waistcoat again and returned to bed. But it was no good. He kept tossing and turning. He got out of bed a third time and put on his overcoat. But he twisted and turned more than ever, and now he was much more bulky, and the bed was narrow enough as it was. The Minister of Education had had enough and went downstairs.

Captain Irgens, who had acted so nervously during the night, it appeared the following morning, had come on behalf of the highest authority as he called it—Vidkun Quisling (Irgens later became Minister of Shipping in Quisling's Government)—with a message to King Haakon. During the morning he was taken to see His Majesty. He asked the King to return to Oslo and repeated the German request that the King should appoint Quisling Prime Minister of Norway. When, on his way back, Captain Irgens was asked by the Ministers what the King had said, he replied: "His Majesty gave the only answer which the King of Norway could give."

CHAPTER II

After King Haakon had sent away Quisling's emissary, Captain Irgens, in the morning of April 11th, the Cabinet Ministers went to Hegg, the farm near Nybergsund where the King and Prime Minister had spent the night, to attend a Cabinet meeting. At this meeting the appointment of General Ruge as C.-in-C. of the Army was officially confirmed by an "Order in Council". Other measures included the establishment of an information office attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

After the meeting, the King and the Crown Prince returned with the Ministers to the inn at Nybergsund where they had lunch. By now still more people had arrived at Nybergsund. One of the newcomers, an M.P., had brought with him some aquavitae, a welcome 'pick-me-up'.

Later in the afternoon, after everyone had had lunch—they were now so crowded they had to have lunch in several sittings—one of the Ministers went into the living-room which had been turned into a kind of office. He asked the Prime Minister's secretary, who was attending the telephone, to try to get through to Elverum. They got through as far as Törberget, a few miles to the west, where an air-raid warning post had been set up to notify the approach of enemy 'planes. The Minister asked whether the air-raid wardens were at their posts. He was told by the telephone operator at Törberget that she had seen some people go up on a hill . . . then she broke off and shouted into the receiver: "Three large German 'planes have just passed—going east." The Minister ran out to the nearest car and sounded the horn continually—the signal for an air-raid.

The King and the Crown Prince, the King still struggling with his greatcoat, ran up the road to the edge of the forest, followed by some of the Ministers and a large number of officials, clerks, and typists. The Prime Minister, Torp, Stöstad and Hindahl dashed out of the building, looked round for the nearest cover, climbed over a fence and ran towards an old barn facing the inn. The Prime Minister, large and heavy, was too slow. The 'planes were already there, low above the rooftops. There was nothing to stop them. The bombs whistled through the air. The ground rocked. Snow and stones cascaded. The Prime Minister squeezed himself up against the shed. The first bomb fell square on the school. The local store was hit, then the post-office, and then all the windows in the guest-house were blasted out. Incendiaries began to shower down. The 'planes turned round and raked the village with machine-gun bullets. Then there was a short lull. The Prime Minister waded through the deep snow to a small door which he forced open. He joined the others inside the barn. Another wave of bombers was approaching. They crowded together in a narrow passage. Outside they could hear the flames crackling. The bombs began to explode again. The concussion threw them from one wall to the other. They listened to the regular rat-a-tat-tat of the machine-gun bullets against the roof. They stood there for about an hour, just waiting. Each time they heard the sharp whistle of the bombs they thought: 'That's for us.' It seemed impossible that they would not be hit. And in any case, sooner or later, the incendiaries would set fire to the dry hay in the loft above them.

By the time Mr. Hjelmtveit had finished sounding the 'air-raid siren' it was too late to reach the forest. He ran up towards a hill behind the house, where he had already selected a nice crag for himself for such an occasion. But he was too late. He, too, was caught in the open. He threw himself into a ditch. When the first wave had passed he continued to run up the hillside. But there was no proper cover, only a few trees here and there, and the second wave of bombers was coming. He dived into the deep snow beside some logs. Machine-gun bullets were whipping up the snow a few feet away. He lay there and watched how, soon, practically the whole village was on fire. It was a strange sight. The bright red flames against the pure white snow. A bomb fell close by and scorched his overcoat. The snow was black where the bomb had fallen. Suddenly he heard rifle-fire from the village. 'At last some opposition; at last they are firing at the 'planes,' he thought. But it was only the cartridges at the local store blowing up. An old farmer emerged from a small house across the road. He drew at his pipe and looked round calmly. Then he blew out the smoke, went inside the house again and slammed the door.

It was wet and cold lying there in the snow. Just after a 'plane had passed over, Hjelmtveit got up. Then, quite plainly, he saw the rear-gunner of the 'plane. At that very same moment the rear-gunner opened fire and the bullets whizzed past. The Minister was down behind the pile of timber in no time.

When the raid was over, Mr. Hjelmtveit emerged from behind the stack of wood and waded through the deep snow down to the road. He began to walk towards what had been the centre of the village. There was not a soul to be seen anywhere. An eerie feeling came over him. He was sure now that he was the only survivor. As he was walking down the road, lost in thought, he suddenly met two members of the Norwegian Telegraph Agency. "This is all that's left of the Telegraph Agency," said one of them. 'So there are two survivors,' the Minister thought to himself, and did not feel quite so lonely. But the man was referring to a small suit-case he was carrying. The bus which had been carrying the equipment of the Agency had been blown to bits and the house where they had been billeted was burned to the ground.

Then, gradually, people began to trickle forth from the forest. The Prime Minister and the others in the barn had rushed out during a short lull, scrambled into the nearest car—the Crown Prince's car—and driven off at high speed through the burning village and out into the forest where they had thrown themselves down in the snow under the nearest tree. All the others had been hiding in the forest, crawling through the snow a little further into the forest during each lull. The German 'planes had machine-gunned the edge of the forest, tearing off branches above their heads and hitting the snow at their feet. The detonations of the high-explosive bombs had sent down showers of snow from the heavily-laden branches above, almost burying the people crouching under the trees. They were now emerging, scratched, bloody, wet and cold, after spending an hour and a half in the snow. The women's silk stockings were torn to shreds and their shoes were soaking wet. The King was holding a machine-gun bullet which had hit the snow a few inches away from him. "A personal present to me from Hitler," he said. The Prime Minister was completely exhausted. He rolled himself through the snow towards the road, where someone helped him up. But he sat for a long time in the ditch, recovering, before he felt strong enough to walk into the village. It was a miracle that of some 200 people at Nybergsund at the time, there were only two casualties, and only one of them fatal.

They all assembled in what had been the village square, and there, among the mounds of rubble and smouldering buildings, the King and the Ministers decided to go to Innbygda, a still smaller place, a few miles farther north, to get some breathing space and then decide what to do next. Before they left they searched amongst the débris for their belongings and for documents. The Prime Minister was amongst those who searched high and low but could not find anything, except his stick, which he lost again later on.

The convoy of cars edged its way past a huge crater in the middle of the road. They were off again. Every time they had hoped to get a short respite and do some work—organize the defence of the country and deal with the hundred-and-one problems which were facing them—they had to flee like hunted animals. At a later stage of the war in Norway, a German pilot who was shot down and injured in another part of the country produced a diary in which he had written "Nybergsund—Oslo Government bombed—all destroyed." He said that he had been ordered to kill the King. It may have been a coincidence, but it was strange that the raid on Nybergsund occurred as soon as Captain Irgens, Quisling's envoy who had come to see the King that very morning, had returned. On the other hand, the Prime Minister's secretary used to answer the telephone: "Government Offices—Nybergsund." They had not yet adjusted themselves to war conditions.

The King had remained calm. In those days the Norwegian King and the Government became, perhaps, more intimate than any King and Government has ever been before. The Ministers' respect for His Majesty and his wise statements and sound counsel was enormous. He was no longer only a Royal figure—he was also a human being just like the rest. The King and his Cabinet behaved exactly as a community of people react when they face death together. One day, at Nybergsund, one of the Ministers approaching the King noticed that His Majesty was talking to one of the other Ministers. He wanted to retire but the King called out to him: "No, we are not so formal now; we are all one family now."

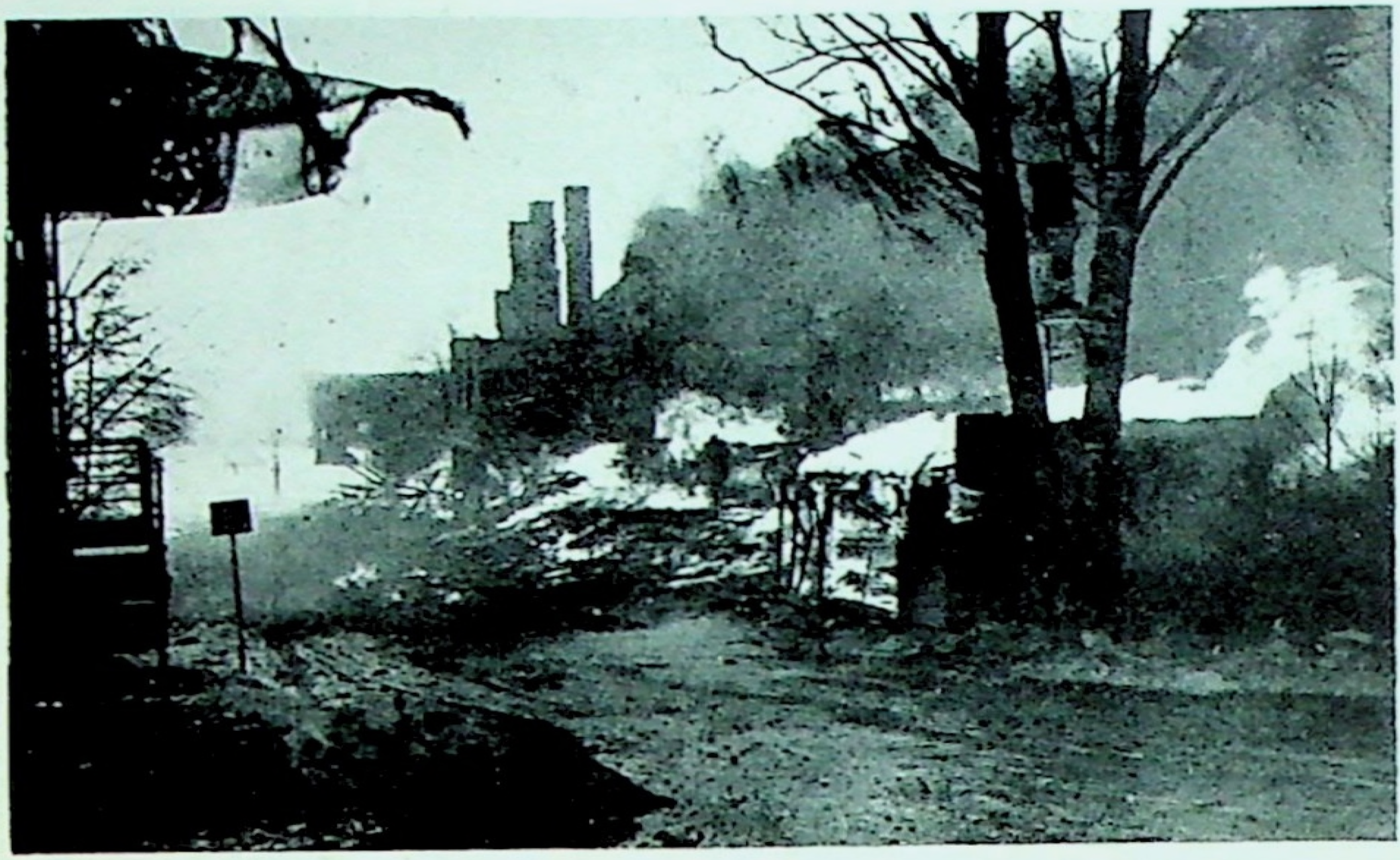
At about 6 p.m. the procession of cars pulled up amidst a small group of houses, the village of Innbygda. They went to the sheriff's house, and his wife served coffee and a snack and gave them some dry clothes.

The first thing they did was to see to it that the number-plates of the cars were painted over. It had suddenly occurred to them that the King and the Crown Prince were motoring about in cars marked A1, A2 and C1, markings well known throughout the country. Whilst this was being done, the King and the Ministers had a long conference, debating what to do and where to go next. They all agreed that German troops might be following up the air-raid, and that they ought to move on immediately. But they did not agree where to go and how to get there. However, there were not many roads to choose between and they finally decided to make a dash for it and try to reach Lillehammer by the southern route, via Rena, Elverum and Hamar.

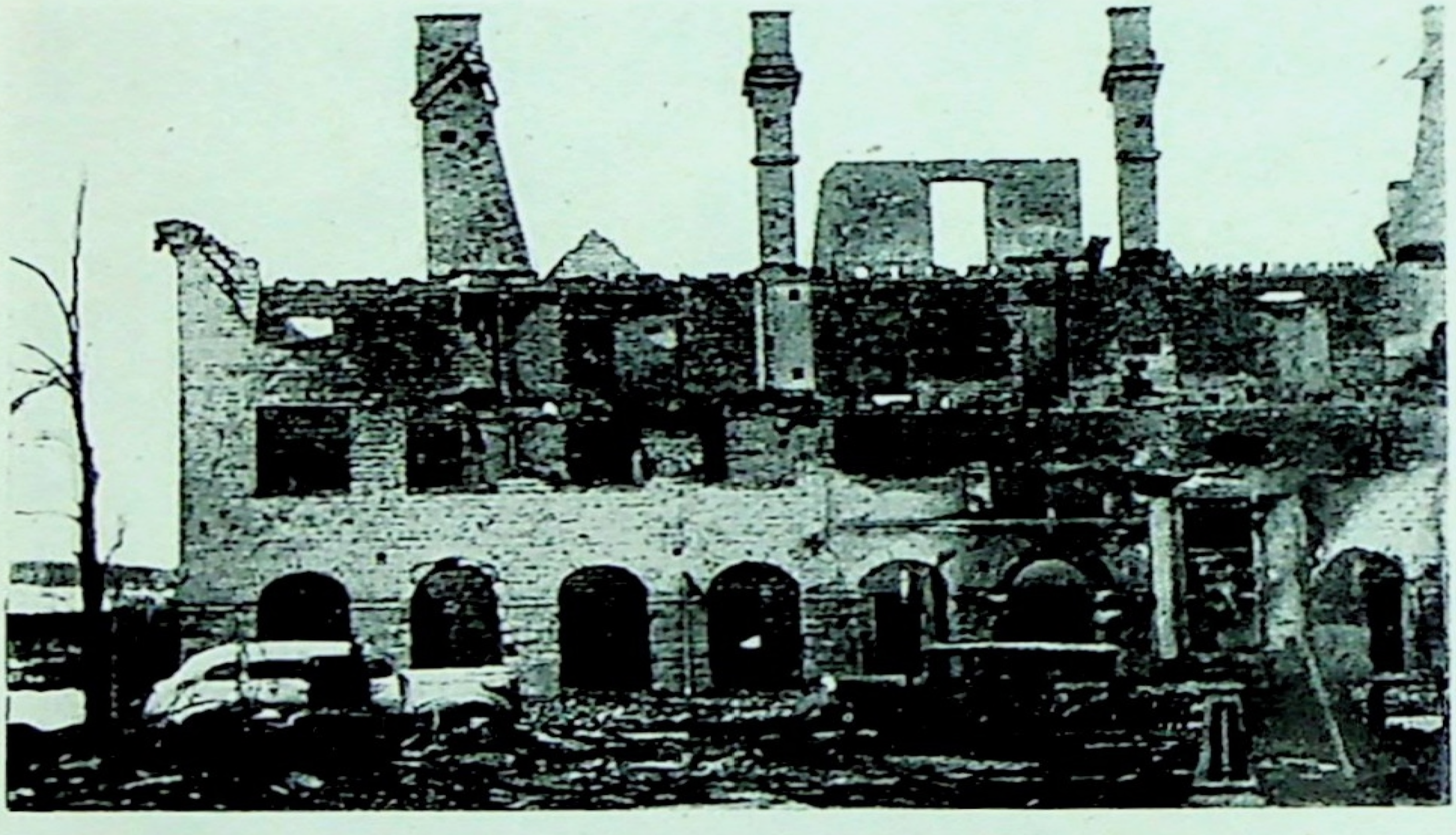
At about eight or nine in the evening, just as it was getting dark, the procession of cars set off again. This time a proper schedule had been worked out by one of the Ministers. Each car was allotted a specific place in the convoy, and they were to follow each other at a distance of about 200 yards, not always so easy along the twisting roads, especially as some of the cars had no rear light. Just in case the cars should become separated, they fixed a rendezvous at the Grand Hotel in Lillehammer for seven o'clock the next morning. But fate was to overtake them in spite of all precautions.

Leading the convoy were Frihagen and Hindahl, who was in charge. The second car carried the Prime Minister, Stöstad, and an official from the Foreign Office Information Bureau. Then followed Hjelmtveit and Torp. In the middle of the convoy were the King and the

King Haakon seeking shelter during the air-raid on Nybergsund



Elverum was burning as the Government drove through the town



The Central Hotel in Elverum which was bombed shortly after King Haakon had taken refuge there

Crown Prince, with the other Ministers following behind. Just as they were leaving, one of the cars broke down and Hjelmtveit and Torp had to get a lift in the King's luggage van. The rest of the party, the Foreign Office Information Bureau, the Norwegian Telegraph Agency and the others, made up the rear of the convoy.

The air-raid sirens were howling as they entered Rena, where the Army had had its headquarters from the 10th till the 11th, having left only a few hours before. They had had enough of air-raids for one day and sought shelter in the cellar of the local dairy. As soon as the raid was over, the convoy continued southwards to Elverum. It was pitch dark and they did not dare use the headlights. The first car in the convoy went very fast and the second car, with the Prime Minister in it, only just managed to keep pace. They were frequently stopped by military sentries, farmers and other travellers who warned them not to go any farther as there were German troops ahead. But they did not quite believe these rumours, and in any case they had to get through otherwise they would be trapped.

Presently the sky ahead of them became brighter and brighter, and soon they were driving through the streets of burning Elverum, raided only a few hours earlier by wave after wave of German bombers in an effort to kill some of the M.P.s, and just in case they should not have wiped out the whole Government and Civil Administration at Nybergsund. It seemed, not 48 hours, but many weeks since Parliament had been assembled there and the streets had been thronged with statesmen, M.P.s and diplomats. Now the streets were deserted. Elverum looked like a dead city. Only the flames were alive. The leading cars tore through the town and soon the red glow disappeared behind them.

When the rear of the convoy reached Elverum the cars were stopped near the station. Faces lit by the red flames peered through the windows. "It's sheer suicide to go on," voices shouted from without. They were told that the last northbound train was just due to leave and that they ought to return by it. But no, they were bent on getting through, and raced on towards Hamar. As they got farther away from the flames it became darker and darker, and as they were still driving without headlights the pace became slower and slower, till eventually a man had to stand on the running-board and direct the driver to keep the car out of the ditch. When one of the cars was forced to the side of the road by another car, driven recklessly in the opposite direction, the man who was standing on the running-board was squeezed against the snow-bank and injured. After that the headlights were put on and the speed increased.

Whilst the first car in the convoy took a side turning just before entering Hamar, so as to by-pass the town, the Prime Minister and Stöstad continued into the town. Fortunately, there were no signs of the Germans. They drove about the dark streets looking for the others, till eventually they stopped in front of the Mayor's house, hoping to snatch a few hours' sleep. They knocked at the door. There was no answer. They walked round the house and tapped on the windows. There was still no answer. The house was dark and silent. It seemed deserted. They discussed what to do next. They had not slept for three nights and they just had to get some sleep. The chauffeur told them that his parents lived on a farm near by, and suggested that they should go there to get some rest. They accepted gratefully. The farmer and his wife received them well and gave them coffee and milk and bread-and-butter. It was the first food some of them had had since their lunch at Nybergsund. At long last, at 4 a.m., the two Ministers retired to one of the bedrooms. It was a double bed and they had to share it, but they were getting quite used to sleeping two and even three in a bed.

But they were not left in peace for long. An hour or so later the farmer woke them and said there were two officers downstairs who wanted to talk to the Prime Minister. Mr. Nygaardsvold was tired, but it might be important so he thought he had better see them. He put on some clothes and went downstairs. The two officers asked the Prime Minister bluntly what the Government meant by resisting the Germans. "It is useless," they said. "It's criminal." The Prime Minister told them quietly that not only the Government but also the Storting had decided to fight—"And fight they would to the bitter end." The two officers left, but it was a terrible shock to the Prime Minister to find that such defeatism could exist among high officers in the Army. He seemed to have taken a heavy responsibility upon himself. He went back to bed but it was difficult for him to sleep.

In the morning they had some more coffee and bread-and-butter, and then they said good-bye to the farmer and his wife and left to reach Lillehammer in time for the rendezvous.

There was an 'Alert' on as they entered the town. Here, to their surprise, they found everything on a war footing. There were proper air-raid sirens. Every car was stopped and the passengers carefully scrutinized before they were allowed to enter the town. A couple of men were standing ready with a bucket of blue paint which they dabbed on the headlights to dim them.

They went to the Grand Hotel. Ljungberg and Ystgaard were already there. Hindahl and Frihagen, who had spent the last few hours of the night at a hotel outside the town, arrived a little later. Whilst they were waiting for the others to turn up they went into the town to do some shopping. All of them were inadequately dressed for this sort of life and had been wet and cold all the time. So they bought some suitable clothes—heavy skiing boots, thick sweaters, plus-fours, socks, and cloth caps which would not get blown off at the slightest provocation.

Neither the King nor the other Ministers had arrived when they returned to the hotel. The Prime Minister was very annoyed that they were late.

It looked as if the war was soon coming to Lillehammer, too. The air-raid warnings kept sounding, the inhabitants were being evacuated, and there were rumours that the Germans were approaching.

After lunch the Ministers had a conference with the local authorities who advised them to move on to Tofte, a tourists' hotel some miles further north. But they wanted to wait for the others. When, however, later in the afternoon, the others had still not come, they thought it would be safest to leave, and so they were on the move again.

On the way north they called at Army Headquarters, now established in a farmhouse at Nermo. The Commander-in-Chief and his Staff were greatly relieved to see the "lost Government"—or at least half of it—as they had not heard from them since before the bombing of Nybergsund. Here the first step was taken to build up a Civil Administration again. Colonel Broch, a 60-year-old Army officer who had just arrived at Headquarters to report for duty, was appointed Secretary-General to the Ministry of Defence. This done, and after a conference with the Commander-in-Chief, the Ministers continued northwards. It was slow going for the road was narrow and the snow deep. Twice they had to put the car into reverse to get round the sharp bends. One car overturned. Colonel Broch was in a very awkward position. He was virtually seated between two Ministers of Defence. On his right was Colonel Ljungberg and on his left Major Hvoslef who had been appointed Minister of Defence by Quisling on the 9th, but who had reassured the authorities that he was loyal. Colonel Broch asked jokingly which of the two Ministers was his boss.

They reached Tofte Tourists' Hotel at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The hotel stands on high ground above the village proper, overlooking the wide valley.

The Ministers were in conference practically the whole evening. General discussions were held in the living-room, but as there were a number of private guests staying at the hotel, more secret conferences were held in the bedroom of one of the Ministers. At these conferences the basis was laid for many important decrees which were issued later.

But the King and the rest of the Government did not turn up. The Ministers telephoned the police and the local authorities at all the places where they were likely to get information, but no one had seen or heard of them. They were getting extremely worried. Had they met with an accident, or—had they been captured by the Germans? In the meantime, as long as the King and his Ministers were separated, Norway was adrift, without a captain and without a helmsman, and the sea was getting rougher. The Germans were marching on. There was so much to be dealt with, yet no decisions could be taken and very little work could be done. They just had to wait. It is extraordinary how much time is spent just waiting in war-time, and that does not apply only to the private in the Army.

A mixed crowd of people—professional and amateur journalists, civil servants of all ranks, professors and typists—most of them eager to serve King and country, arrived at Tofte in the course of the evening. Some of the journalists had been attached to Army Headquarters who, however, had found themselves so cluttered up with civilians that they transferred them to the Government and told them to report to the

Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Some of the civil servants were members of the Central Administration, others had been temporarily attached to one of the Ministers, but as there was no work to do for any of them many went away again.

The Minister of Defence paid another visit to Headquarters. A representative of the British Government, who had just arrived, assured him that help was on the way. The Commander-in-Chief thought they would be able to hold out till reinforcements arrived. Still, the situation was serious. The German mechanized Army was advancing. The Norwegians did everything they could to stop them—they blocked roads, blew up bridges and fought tenaciously, but the German tanks rumbled on, driving off the roads and by-passing every obstacle they encountered, and even using the frozen rivers as highways.

That night, after having made the necessary preparation in case of air-raids, the Ministers were able to sleep in proper beds.

They were up early again the next morning. It was the 13th. There was still no news of the others. They had not seen them since the 11th. The situation was getting desperate. The Government left at 8 a.m., after a hasty breakfast, and motored south again to Nermo to see the Commander-in-Chief. For security reasons the cars left separately and at long intervals, and as they were going south one car after another dropped out of line so as to confuse the enemy in case he was keeping an eye on them. The Commander-in-Chief had not heard from the King and the rest of the Cabinet, either. Moreover, he asked the Government to go to the west coast, to Åndalsnes or Molde, as soon as possible, as he expected the only railway line and the only road to be bombed soon, and then they would be cut off.

So they were on the move again. They motored up the Gudbrands Valley. The first stop was to be Dombås, an important railway junction about one hundred miles further north, where they expected to be directed to a suitable residence in the Roms Valley which runs from Dombås to Åndalsnes on the west coast. As they were driving north a steady stream of heavily-laden German transport 'planes were flying north over their heads. On the ground there were scattered units of Norwegian soldiers barricading the roads, and Norwegian lorries were depositing ammunition dumps here and there along the road up the valley.

In the meantime, Colonel Ljungberg and Colonel Broch went to Lillehammer to try and trace the King and the rest of the Government. On the way they were stopped by a sentry who would not let them through. They tried to explain who they were but the sentry simply would not believe them. Fortunately they had two civil servants with them in the car and one of them had an elaborate pass issued at Headquarters. This satisfied the sentry, and the Minister of Defence was allowed to pass.

At Lillehammer they got in touch with the Chief of Police, who communicated with Police Headquarters at Hamar. They arranged for patrols to be sent out in search of the King and the other Ministers. Afterwards, Colonel Broch bought some equipment—a typewriter, paper, maps, and so on—for the Ministry of Defence. They then followed the others northwards.

In the meantime the Ministers arrived at Dombås. They had telegraphed in advance to an M.P. there and asked him to help them to find accommodation. But he was away, so they went to the local police station instead. But the police could not think of anywhere where the Government could stay. When someone suggested Lesjaverk, a large farm, a little farther west, the Chief Constable thought they might try there. So they continued their journey.

At about 7 o'clock in the evening the cars turned off the main road, down a short country lane and pulled up amidst a group of ancient log houses—Lesjaverk farm. Lesjaverk lies where the highland of the Dovre Mountains comes to an end and the deep narrow Roms Valley begins. But it still seems to be within the grasp of those mighty mountain regions, isolated in the midst of vast tracts of fir forest and deep snow. It was a beautiful evening, quiet and peaceful. It was like coming home, like waking up after a nightmare—waking up and finding yourself safely at home. This was the real Norway—ancient and unshakeable. The spirit of tradition and stoic steadfastness seemed everywhere—in the pure air, in the forest, and in the solid houses and the thick logs with their gaping windshakes. The farm is several hundred years old and said to be haunted. It was once a prosperous estate and part of an ancient ironworks. Inside, huge logs were burning in the open fireplace which filled the whole corner of the room. The heavy beams gleamed with warmth and friendliness in the light of the fire. The walls were lined with brown hessian and decorated with knights, flowers and scrolls in bright colours, painted long ago by a Dutch master.

The farmer received the Government with traditional hospitality. The Ministers seated themselves on the long wooden benches by the refectory table, and everything the house could muster in the way of food—ham, smoked meat and fish, cream and coffee, home-baked bread, etc.—was spread out before them.

CHAPTER III

WHILST the Norwegian Government and a few civil servants had fled from Oslo to Hamar, Elverum, Nybergsund and Lillehammer, and whilst the Ministers who had finally reached Lesjaverk were anxiously awaiting news of the King and the Ministers who had been "lost" on the way, the bulk of the Central Administration was left behind in Oslo. When the Government and the Storting left Oslo early in the morning of the 9th, the capital was left to its own fate, left to suffer the humiliation of surrender, left, perhaps, to be laid in ruins. But whatever happened—whether bombed or burnt by the Germans, shelled by the British Navy, or left intact, the gates of this fair city, with its green parks and avenues, surrounded by blue water and sweeping, fir-clad hills, had been forced wide open and the enemy would march in. That was inevitable. And its 300,000 inhabitants were there—trapped. The man in the street was ignorant of the fate which was about to engulf the town within a matter of hours. He rose when the alarm clock rang, a little bothered and reluctantly after having been disturbed by the night's 'air-raid practice', and went as usual by tram to factory or office.

It was different for most of the civil servants. Theirs was a harder lot; they knew. They had been asked to stay behind because the future was uncertain and the entire Administration could not have been evacuated at two hours' notice. Besides, someone had to remain in the capital to look after the interests of the public. Some of the civil servants had not been to the office during the night or the early hours of the morning. When they arrived they found the others still busy burning documents. Throughout the morning columns of black smoke from burning paper rose into the clear sky from the chimneys of most of the Government buildings. But when everything of importance had been evacuated or destroyed, there was nothing more for the staff to do. Some stayed in the offices just in case. Others went home, or got in touch with friends to find out what they were doing. A few were walking aimlessly about the streets. All were fighting a battle with themselves. It was a hard struggle, a conflict between their craving for action on the one hand and their devotion to duty on the other, and it was one which grew more intense as the day wore on.

Four Cabinet Ministers remained in Oslo after the others had left: Colonel Ljungberg, Minister of Defence; Mr. Trygve Lie, Minister of Supply; Mr. Oscar Torp, Minister of Finance; and Mr. Terje Wold, Minister of Justice. When they had seen the King and Government off at the station, they went to the Ministry of Defence and discussed a number of problems relating to the defence of the country with the Chief of Staff. After the conference, each Minister went about his own business. There were still many affairs of State to be attended to. The Minister of Supply wanted to arrange for the evacuation of as much grain and other essential commodities as possible. Torp, the Minister of Finance, telephoned the Director of the Bank of Norway to make sure that the Norwegian gold reserve had been removed according to plan. He was told that the gold was already safely in Lillehammer. That was a great relief. He then visited various Government offices and removed secret papers. At midday Mr. Torp went to a certain spot in Oslo where the Ministers had agreed to meet in order to leave the town together. But none of the others had arrived. He waited for a short while, but as they did not turn up he hurried off to collect some more papers and to look for the others. When he returned to the meeting-place he learnt that the others had gone. So he joined the long procession of cars which was now moving out of Oslo.

When he reached Grorud, a few miles out of Oslo, he suddenly stopped the car. He had remembered some more papers that should have been removed, so he turned the car round and motored back to Oslo. As he was driving fast down one of the main streets of Oslo he noticed that, just ahead, German soldiers were stopping and examining all cars. He jammed on the brakes and turned down a side street. After that narrow escape, as soon as he had fetched the papers, he handed them over to his son for safe keeping and went down to the station to go by train—the last train from Oslo. But that was not the end of the Finance Minister's troubles. As he was sitting in the train waiting for it to start he suddenly remembered still more documents which should have been removed. He left the train again and went straight back to his Ministry. As he was collecting the papers he heard German soldiers entering the building. Was he trapped? He felt in his pocket. It was still there. He pulled out an ancient, six-inch long iron key, the key to the courtyard at the back of the building where he usually parked his car, ran down the back stairs, unlocked the old iron door and let himself out into the courtyard. Once safely in the street he managed to get a car to take him to Hamar.

The first German troops marched into Oslo at about 1 a.m. They occupied in turn the Broadcasting Station, the Post Office, the Telegraph Office, and other official and public offices. The skeleton staff left at the Broadcasting Station refused to serve the Nazis, but Quisling sent some of his lackeys, and shortly afterwards the Oslo radio was telling the bewildered Norwegians that the mobilization order had been a mistake. The Germans occupied most of the Ministries right away, but, strangely enough, not the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; perhaps because they were still 'negotiating' with the Norwegian Government. The Norwegians became increasingly bewildered as the day wore on. No proclamation or instructions were issued by the Norwegian Government. The wildest and most contradictory rumours were circulating: the Norwegians were fighting on all fronts; the Government had capitulated, had rejected all German demands, were negotiating with the Germans; the British Navy was steaming up the Oslo Fjord to shell Oslo; the R.A.F. was on its way to bomb the Germans out of the town; the Norwegian Civil Administration in Oslo would be left intact; Quisling had been appointed Prime Minister; and so on. This last rumour was true. In the course of the day Quisling had proclaimed himself Prime Minister, and in the afternoon he had telephoned the Norwegian Telegraph Agency and told the staff to send for the list of the new Cabinet. Incidentally, at 11 a.m., the German Press Attaché had blatantly called at the office of the Norwegian Telegraph Agency and invited a representative of the Agency to attend a Press Conference.

It was difficult, in the midst of all these rumours, to know what to do for the best; but gradually, as the people recovered after the initial shock, they left the city in increasing numbers, by car, on foot and on skis. But whatever they did, whether they stayed to serve their country behind the German lines or whether they left, it was personal initiative which counted. It was up to each individual to do as he thought best. One young secretary from the Foreign Ministry made a habit throughout the campaign of obeying whenever he was told to go somewhere and of disobeying when he was told to stay behind. And it always worked. He became of great service to his Government and country by following this principle.

When some of the civil servants who were still in Oslo the next day, the 10th, went to the Foreign Office, two German sentries, armed to the teeth, with fixed bayonets and bunches of hand grenades hanging down their legs, were standing outside the main entrance. Some of the civil servants were denied admittance. Others bluffed their way in—German soldiers are used to taking orders—and found some more papers to burn. The Germans had still not taken possession of the building. Instead, curiously enough, a platoon of the Royal Guard was standing guard inside. Nobody knew who had ordered them there or what they were there for. Later it appeared that they had received instructions from someone or other to keep Quisling out. And, in fact, when Quisling tried to get in that day, the Royal Guard kept him out.

The next day, the 11th, Quisling tried again to get into the Foreign Office. The senior official who had been left in charge of the Foreign Ministry merely grabbed him by the collar and pushed him away.

Many of the civil servants had left Oslo by the 11th, and when, early that morning, the news that the Government had accepted the challenge and appealed to all Norwegians to fight spread like wildfire throughout Oslo, most of those who remained cleared out.

Many of those who had left during the early part of the 10th had gone by car, but towards the end of the day, and on the 11th and on the following days, the Germans tried to put a cordon round Oslo, and most of those who left, old and young alike, went on skis through the forests which lie to the west and north-west of the town.

One man who went to a sports shop on the 11th to buy a sleeping-bag asked the salesman if they would accept a cheque as he would be needing his cash. "Cheque? No, I don't want either cash or cheque, you just take whatever you need," he said. "We have been doling out everything from skis to plus-fours ever since Tuesday. We don't want the Germans to get it."

Not only officials of all ranks, but hundreds of other people, trade unionists, newspapermen, radio technicians, bank managers, welfare officers, professors, business men, and so on, many of whom were to become temporarily connected with the Government, sneaked out of Oslo and through the German lines.

Most of those who left on the 9th followed in the wake of the Government and arrived at Hamar in the course of the afternoon, or in the evening after the Government had left for Elverum. Some continued to Elverum and others spent the night in or near Hamar. When the Government had to flee from Elverum in the middle of the night, most of the civil servants were in bed, and only a very small number were told to go to Nybergsund. Some of those who went to Nybergsund had to be sent back to Elverum as there was not sufficient accommodation, and as a large staff, or indeed any staff at all, would only hamper the Government's movements and make them more conspicuous.

The 10th was a lovely day. Those in Elverum walked about in the sunshine wondering what was going to happen. No official news had been published, but most of them knew that the King was going to meet the German envoy in the course of the day. They were waiting anxiously to see what the outcome would be. The meeting was over in the afternoon, but still no official statement was issued. Like everyone else, the civil servants did not know whether the country was at war or whether a negotiated armistice had been reached. During the morning, and whilst the negotiations had been going on, the Members of Parliament, of whom there were still about a hundred left in Elverum, had held party conferences and had elected three additional Cabinet Ministers, and two representatives from each of the main parties to form a consultative body.

When the conference with the German envoy was over, and the King had returned to Nybergsund and Dr. Bräuer to Oslo, Dr. Koht, who remained in Elverum to pass on the Government's reply, called together those M.P.s who were still available and, in the very same room where the Parliamentary Session had been held the previous night, told them that the fight was on. After that, the Members of Parliament dispersed. The three new Ministers set out to join the Government, but in the confusions that followed they failed to find them. In fact, only one of the new Ministers succeeded in joining the Cabinet whilst it was still in Norway, and even he, Major S. Nielsen, did not find the Government till eleven days later. While he was waiting to come in contact with the Government he put in a week's active service in the Army.

But whilst the M.P.s were told that the German demands had been finally rejected, most of the civil servants who were not in direct touch with the Government were still ignorant of the fact. Those who had already left Oslo were widely dispersed, singly or in groups, somewhere within the triangle Lillehammer—Elverum—Oslo. A few who had received false or vague instructions were on their way back to Oslo. Some were waiting for official instructions or trying to join the forces. Many had found useful work helping to recruit soldiers, building barricades, arresting suspected quislings, organizing air-raid precautions, broadcasting, producing newspapers, issuing communiquès, distributing leaflets, assisting the public health services, transporting banknotes to safety, solving local supply problems, and so on.

Even when, on Thursday the 11th, the Government issued their proclamations, the civil servants did not know what to do, except to get out of occupied territory. They received no specific instructions. They did not know whether the Government needed them. They did not even know where they were, and had no means of finding out. But that did not prevent them trying. And whatever they did; whether they continued with the work they had found, tried to join up, or attempted to find the Government; practically every one of them experienced the most extraordinary adventures and found themselves in the most fantastic situations.

One party of young civil servants who left Oslo on skis on the 11th arrived at Hönefoss, about 25 miles north-west of Oslo, in the evening. They reported to the Chief Constable to find out where the nearest recruiting centre was. But as there were two lawyers in the party the Chief Constable thought he could make use of them, and told them to report the next morning. After having spent the night sleeping on the floor of a school, they went along to the local hotel early in the morning. The hotel was deserted, but there was plenty of food there and they had a hearty breakfast before they set out for the police station. On the way they met a man who told them that he had arrested the Chief Constable, as he did not think he had been sufficiently firm. But the Police Chief had escaped and was now looking for him, and, he said, had put a price on his head. As they had two German Mauser pistols between them he asked them to act as his bodyguard. Shortly afterwards they came upon a car which they requisitioned. Next, they found an ambulance which they also requisitioned, and when they met a large lorry they took this over, too. Then they passed a flour-mill. Thinking that some flour might come in useful, they loaded three tons of it on to the lorry. This done, they continued on their journey, the saloon car and the ambulance, followed by the lorry with the bags of flour. After a while they came to a hospital where there were many wounded, and the head surgeon complained that they had no bread; so, much to his astonishment, they unloaded the bags of flour and also handed over the ambulance. Then they continued on their way.

On the 13th this party reached Gjövik, 45 miles north of Hönefoss. The strange companion, on whose head there was a price, was becoming too dictatorial for their liking; so they dropped him. They wanted to join up, but as there were no facilities they reported at the local police station again. But here, too, the Chief Constable had been arrested. Once more they were told to report the next morning, when they were all appointed police superintendents. They had a busy morning interrogating refugees and arresting a host of suspects. In the afternoon they were arrested themselves. Their landlord had gone through their baggage and reported that their rucksacks were full of Nazi propaganda. What had compromised them were the two German pistols and a swastika which had been stamped on the passport of one of them, who had been to Germany. They tried to explain this, but there was nothing doing. To add to their troubles, it was discovered that a man bearing the same name as one of them had been a member of the Nazi party. But that was not all. This man was actually his brother—a young boy of 18 who had joined the Nasjonal Samling before the war, principally to annoy his elder brother, but who had left it again in 1939.

As, throughout the morning, they had done their work with such zest that the prison was now full, there was no room for them. They were taken to a hotel near by and placed in the care of a special guard, who did not hide his feelings towards the 'quislings'. They remained under arrest for three days, and were already beginning to visualize the dreadful possibility of being released by the Germans when, at long last—on the 16th—the matter was cleared up and they were released.

They were now free to try to find the Government again, but that was not so simple. No one seemed to have the vaguest idea of the Government's whereabouts. Moreover, they had exhausted all their cash. They went to Lillehammer and called at the biggest hotel in the town where they were given food and lodging in return for service rendered. The service consisted of odd jobs, carrying luggage, fuel and water, and washing dishes. One of them was offered a generous tip by the Danish Minister when he carried his luggage into the hotel. The Minister gave him a coin, glanced at him casually, and then recognized him as an official from the Foreign Office whom he had often met in Oslo.

The next day the party, which now included two typists from the Foreign Office, went in search of the Government. They picked up a rumour that the Government were somewhere in the Gudbrands Valley, and went to the station. As they had no fare money they just requisitioned the tickets.

On the way north they saw the first British soldiers. A train standing at a siding was full of British troops. The Norwegian soldiers who had been stemming the German flood for ten days were completely exhausted, and it seemed a waste of time, they thought, for the British soldiers to be kept waiting at the station. But then, many Norwegians had very exaggerated ideas of the speed of military transport in those days. But it was a great relief to see the troops. They were cheerful and optimistic, singing 'Tipperary' at the top of their voices. They looked tough and wild, just as soldiers ought to look, with steel helmets at the backs of their heads . . . and with real weapons. 'Yes, we'll soon be back in Oslo,' they thought.

When they came to Otta they ran into the Foreign Minister in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel.

From the 12th onwards an increasing number of professional, amateur, and potential civil servants congregated in Lillehammer. That was the day when those who had been attached to the Army Headquarters Information Bureau and had followed it to a farm near Lillehammer, were transferred to the Foreign Office. On the way to Tofte to join the Government, they stopped at Lillehammer and issued the first Army Communiqué which, together with King Haakon and the Prime Minister's proclamation, were printed on leaflets and in special newspaper editions and read out from loudspeakers in the market-place. Communications were very erratic and they had great difficulty trying to transmit the news to all parts of the country, but in one way or another, by telephone or telegram, direct or indirect, they managed to reach a large number of newspapers in both occupied and unoccupied territory.

This job completed, they set out to join the Government. First they went to a dairy, where they received fresh instructions to proceed to a country store at another village; and so they travelled in relays until they found the Government, or rather half of them, at Tofte. When the Government left Tofte the next morning some of the 'hangers-on', as they were sometimes described by the harassed Ministers, followed them north to Lesjaverk, whilst others returned to Lillehammer where they joined forces with other members of the Foreign Office Information Bureau who had got lost, and with stray members of the Norwegian Telegraph Agency who had set up a branch office at Lillehammer. There were also a number of broadcasting people there, and together they carried on some sort of information service, of which the country was in dire need.

More pressmen kept arriving in Lillehammer during the next few days. Some came in contact with those already working there. Others moved on farther north. One man, a press photographer, who arrived in Lillehammer on the 12th, was told that he was most likely to find the Ministers, if any of them were still in the town, at the Bank of Norway. He wanted to get hold of the Finance Minister and thought it quite reasonable that he might find him there. With his camera slung over his shoulder, he went up to the first policeman he met in the street and asked to be directed to the Bank of Norway. The policeman was very polite and carefully explained where the Bank was. When the man had gone about 50 yards down the street he heard someone running behind him and then he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder. It was the same policeman. He was far from polite now and asked him to come along to the police station. The man protested vigorously, but there was nothing doing. Had he known that Norway's entire gold reserve was deposited at the local branch of the Bank of Norway he would have been more tactful. At the police station he gave a long list of references—Ministers and high officials—but the Chief Constable merely laughed and said: "That's all very well, but can you suggest one single person who is actually available?" It was a long time before the photographer was released.

But there were not only pressmen at Lillehammer, though, of course, they had a knack of being on the spot. There were also members of the Ministry of Justice to help the police, welfare officers, civil defence officers, representatives of the Ministries of Supply, Commerce, Church and Education, and other departments. There were high officials and there were clerks and typists. The Directorate of Public Health and other official institutions were operating from headquarters at Lillehammer for anything from a day to more than a week. But it was difficult to maintain 100 per cent. efficiency. The Government was far away. Members of the staff came and went. Conditions were changing incessantly, completely upsetting all calculations and often rendering what had already been achieved completely useless. And finally, before they had even had a chance, the Germans arrived and the last remnants of the Administration were on the move again.

The many parties of civil servants, pressmen, bank directors, professors, clerks and typists who, on Saturday the 13th, followed the Government north through the Gudbrands Valley, reached Dombås in the course of the afternoon and evening without unreasonable difficulty. But at Dombås there was more trouble. They were supposed to report to the stationmaster for further directions, but as the officer in charge of two battalions of Norwegian soldiers, who had just arrived at Dombås, had not been forewarned that all these people were expected, he would not trust them and refused to let them continue. Many of them had passes signed by General Ruge himself, and by Cabinet Ministers and other high officers and officials, but they were all written on scraps of paper bearing no stamps or official seals. Some of them were even able to give the telephone number of the Army Headquarters, but it made no difference, probably because the officer did not know the number himself. So he simply placed the people under arrest as and when they arrived.

As one party was stopped by a sentry, the driver gave his own and his wife's full names. The soldier said that was his name, too, and that the christian names were those of his mother and father, and asking the driver sarcastically if he was any relation, took the whole party along to the Commander.

Eventually, in the middle of the night, the people who were being held up at Dombås were allowed to go as far as Lesjaverk under strong military escort. They had soldiers with fixed bayonets, and eager to use them, in front and behind. They were told that anyone who put his head out of the car would be shot. It was hard going, driving on the icy roads in the darkness; some of them had been driving for 24 hours or more without a break. When they arrived at Lesjaverk, at about 4 a.m. on Sunday morning, they were ordered to leave the cars and walk in single file up to the farm. Anyone who left the file would be shot, they were told. Cold and miserable and closely guarded by the soldiers, they stood outside the farmhouse whilst one of them knocked and knocked. At long last the farmer appeared in the doorway. He fetched Colonel Broch, the Secretary-General of the Defence Ministry, who, recognizing one or two of the professors in the darkness, admitted the whole party. The farmer received them with the same hospitality he had shown the Ministers. They were given food, and a few of them were provided with beds, whilst the rest slept on sofas and in chairs.

Sunday, the 14th, was a brilliant, sunny day. They all had an excellent breakfast together. Afterwards, one of the rooms was turned into an office. Some of the new arrivals had typewriters and some stationery material with them, and it looked as though now that they were in such close contact with the Government it would be possible to get some work done. More people arrived in the course of the morning. The Ministers spent the morning in conference. From time to time they called in some of the others, and in consultation with them issued several decrees and made a number of appointments, signed passes and authorizations, and so on. In the "office", things began to hum.

But there was still no news of the King and the rest of the Government. The Ministers had to face the fact that they had probably been captured by the Germans, and discussed how the work could best be divided between those available.

CHAPTER IV

JUST as the last section of the Royal convoy was leaving Rena, on April the 11th, after the Government had been bombed at Nybergsund and decided to meet at Lillehammer at 7 a.m. on the following morning, a policeman stopped the cars and delivered a message said to come from a Norwegian General, instructing them to turn back, as the Germans were already in or near Elverum. It appeared later that no such message, or indeed any message at all, had ever been sent. It was owing to this misunderstanding or deliberate falsification—the origin of the message has never been discovered—that the King and half the Government became separated for three whole days, each party ignorant of the fate of the other.

When the King, the Crown Prince and the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Supply, Finance, Justice and Education received this message, they returned the way they had come. At Jordet, north of Innbygda, some of them stopped and tried to get in touch with the rest of the Government by telephone. Whilst they waited they had some food. But they could not trace the other Ministers, and as, according to the information they had received, the Germans were also at Nybergsund, less than 15 miles to the south, and probably at that very moment moving towards them with the lightning speed with which the Norwegians were becoming only too familiar, they hastened farther north to Drevsjö Customs Station, near the Swedish frontier.

On the way, the driver of one of the cars carrying two of the Ministers, fell asleep. The car sheered off into a deep snowdrift, and it was only with great difficulty that they managed to get it out of the snow again.

They arrived in the middle of the night. Drevsjö is a tiny little customs station situated in the middle of vast forest tracts, with a fine view across Swedish territory. The station itself consists of two small log cabins. The customs officer and his wife lived in the smaller of the two huts. The larger contained one room and a kitchen. The King, the Crown Prince and the Ministers, unkempt and with their clothes still torn and dirty after the Nybergsund ordeal, settled down in the one and only room, whilst the chauffeurs and one or two of the officials joined the customs officer and his wife in the kitchen. The hosts were busy making breakfast and doing everything in their power to make their guests feel at home. All general business was conducted in the kitchen, whilst in the other room the Minister of Finance was consulting some incomplete volumes of the Constitution to see what would happen to the Norwegian gold reserve if it were taken to Sweden; the Minister of Supply was trying to figure out what would become of the King if he were forced to cross the frontier into Sweden; the Crown Prince went to sleep on a sofa; the King was pacing the floor in his General's uniform; and the Foreign Minister, at the telephone, failing to contact the rest of the Government, was taking down a message from the Polish Government, wishing the Norwegian Government a successful fight against the invaders. They telephoned Stockholm to find out what would be the attitude of the Swedish authorities if the King were to rest in Sweden for a few days. The reply was unsatisfactory.

One of the first things they did was to have a pathway tramped in the deep snow to a nearby hilltop, from whence the arrival of the Germans could be reported. The next thing was to find a hideout for the King. A tiny, one-roomed cowshed was selected, built of heavy timber, with only a narrow slit for a window, and hidden away in the forest practically on the Swedish frontier.

No sooner had these preparations been completed than the alarm was given. German 'planes were heading for Drevsjö. Fortunately, however, they were only transport 'planes which continued northward. The Norwegians had not yet learnt to distinguish between bombers and transport 'planes.

But time was getting short. The Germans were expected to arrive at any moment. The strategical situation was discussed with the help of a map, three inches by two, attached to the back of an almanac; the only map available. Drevsjö was a dead end. The only road led either into Sweden or into the arms of the advancing Germans. Whilst they were talking they watched a large number of refugees streaming across the Swedish frontier. They agreed that some of the Ministers, Dr. Koht, Mr. Torp and Mr. Hjelmtveit, would have to go to Sweden on various urgent missions.

In the meantime, the refugees brought fresh news which showed that the military situation was not quite so desperate as they had been led to believe, and that the Germans were not yet at Jordet or Rena, which meant that there might still be time to get out of the trap. They left immediately; it was now late in the evening. When they reached Rena they turned due north, assuming it was too late to travel via Elverum, Hamar and Lillehammer. At 3 a.m. the next morning, the 13th, they arrived at Rendalen, where they spent the rest of the night.

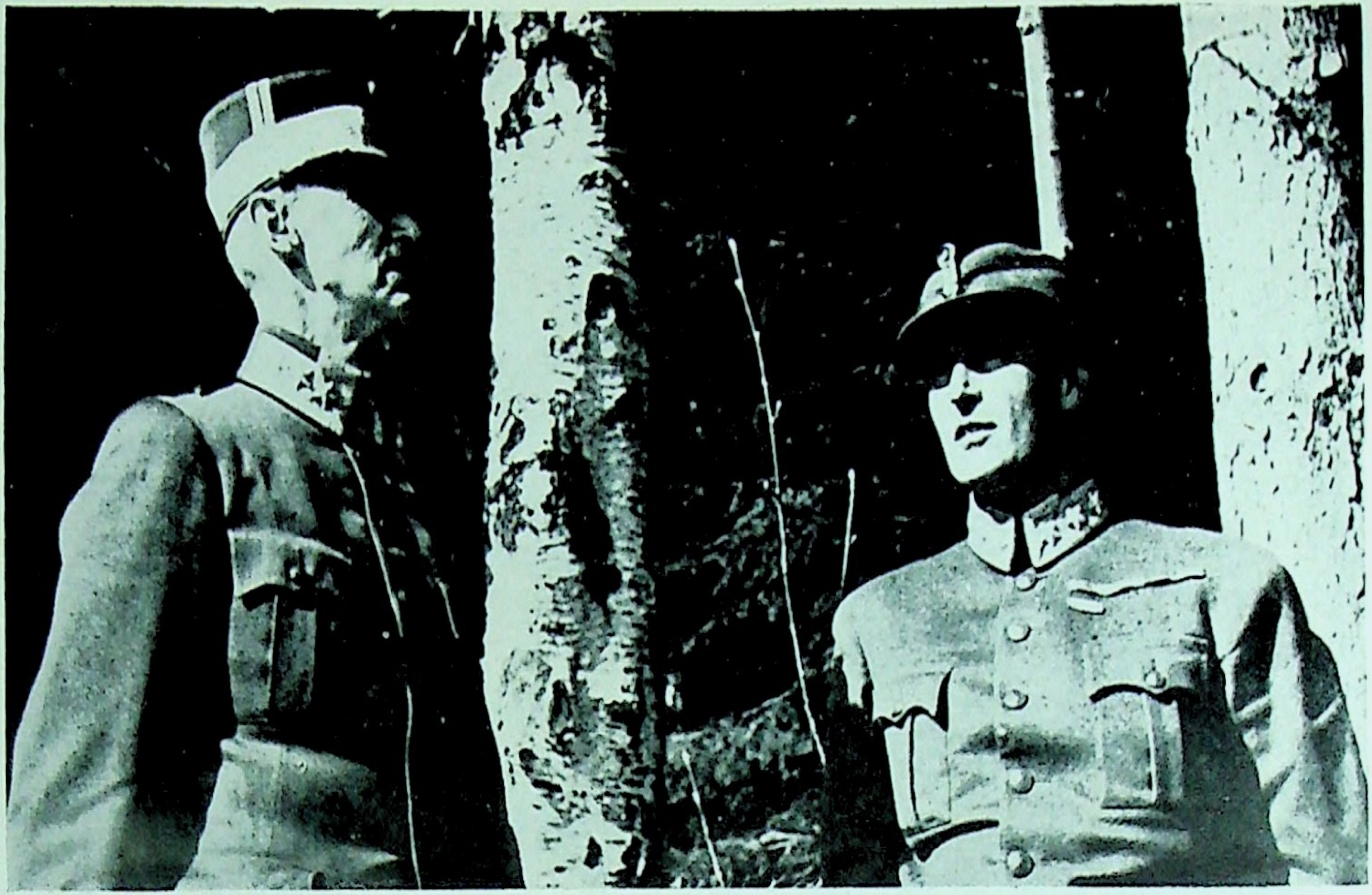
An official who came to Nordre Osen, just east of Rena, shortly after the King had passed through, found an amusing scene: six policemen chained together and practically awaiting execution. What had happened was that quisling quarters, wanting to transmit a message to the King and not knowing his whereabouts, had sent the message to the local police station; which had thrown suspicion on all the policemen in the district.

The King and his party were off again early in the morning, continuing up the Ren Valley to Tynset, where they turned up the Foll Valley to Hjerkin railway station, some miles north of Dombås, on the Gudbrands Valley-Trondheim railway. It was a trying journey. German 'planes were constantly overhead and they frequently had to leave the cars and wade through the deep snow to seek shelter. In many places the road was more like a river than a highway, and over the mountains the snow was so deep that the cars only just managed to get through, although everyone got out and pushed. At one place the King's car slid off the road and it was only with great difficulty that they managed to get it out of the ditch.

They arrived at Hjerkin, a small railway station on the desolate Dovre Mountain plateau and at the foot of Snöhetten (Snow Cap), one of the highest peaks in the country, at six o'clock in the afternoon. From there the road southwards over the Dovre Mountains to the Gudbrands Valley was not serviceable, and the Germans controlled the railway head at Trondheim. But, strangely enough, although the Germans did not accompany the trains south, they allowed them to leave, and only an hour after they had arrived a train came through to Hjerkin from the north. They had to go south again to try to find the other Ministers—although it meant travelling down the Gudbrands Valley towards the German lines. One of the Ministers knew the guard and the 'important gentleman', now more or less camouflaged with dark sun glasses and strange headgear, was discreetly put into the mail van. An hour or so later the train passed Dombås, where, only a few hours before, the other half of the Government had passed through on their way to Lesjaverk. Shortly after midnight the train arrived at Otta. The King and the Crown Prince found accommodation at Heggelund, a boarding-house near by. At last they could rest. The sixty-seven-year-old King had hardly been out of his clothes for four days. He was mentally and physically exhausted. In addition to having had to carry the responsibility for Norway's future, he had spent three days running for shelter and travelling by day and by night, by train and by car, under the most appalling conditions, to escape the Germans. This time they had only just evaded capture, but now they were safe for the time being at least, and could sleep in peace. Little did they know what tribulations and how many more narrow escapes lay ahead of them.

The next morning, Mr. Frihagen, who had been to Gjövik to fetch the banknotes belonging to the Bank of Norway, arrived at Otta. He was able to tell the King that the other Ministers were at Lesjaverk. He telephoned the Prime Minister at once. They received the news that the King and the other half of the Government were safe, just as they were discussing how they could best face the future alone. It was a tremendous relief. It was only too easy to imagine the consequences had the King and half the Ministers really been captured. But now all was well again—after three days of suspense. Hurriedly, the Ministers gathered their papers, put their few belongings in their suit-cases and left by car to join the King. The Prime Minister

The Government "pulling out" of southern Norway



King Haakon and Crown Prince Olav sheltering in the forest during an air-raid was in such a hurry that he forgot his gold watch. After he had left, it was hidden in the chimney-flue so that the Germans should not get it. It might still be there. . . .

For three days Norway had virtually been without a constitutional Government, but at last the King and the whole Government had been brought together again. First the Ministers held a conference at the hotel at Otta. Afterwards they joined the King at Heggelund Boarding-house, where a Cabinet Council was held. One of the first things they did was to give each other code names. When the names had been agreed upon, each one put them down in his diary. The code names suggested themselves quite spontaneously:

King Haakon	The Chief
Crown Prince Olav	Number Two
The Government	The Co-operative
The Prime Minister	The Old Man (*gubben*)
Dr. Koht	The Philosopher
Mr. Frihagen	The Bank
Mr. Wold	The Lecturer
Col. Ljungberg	Sixty-three
Mr. Hindahl	Electricity
Mr. Stöstad	Daddy
Mr. Lie	Dannemann (a fictitious name)
Mr. Ystgaard	Fatma
Col. Östgaard	Peter
Mr. Torp	The Sportsman

Torp was probably nicknamed 'The Sportsman' because he carried a rucksack on his back throughout the long journey to north Norway. Yet it was a misleading title because the rucksack was not full of sports gear but of banknotes. As Minister of Finance, Mr. Torp was responsible for their travelling and other current expenses, as well as for more important national finance, and had to carry sufficient cash with him to meet all eventualities. Anyone who wanted money came to him. One day, at Otta, the Prime Minister came to Torp for some cash. They went up to Mr. Torp's bedroom. The Finance Minister hauled the rucksack out from under the bed, and then they both sat down on the bed and Torp counted out the money. The Prime Minister wrote out a receipt on a piece of paper torn off a newspaper.

'The Co-operative' might have seemed a fairly obvious code name for the Government, but they learnt later that it had completely hoodwinked the Germans.

After they had had some food and told each other about their experiences, they settled down to business. There was much lost time to make up. The King drafted a proclamation appealing to all Norwegian men and women to do all in their power to save their country, and telling them of the raid on Nybergsund. Among the Orders in Council issued that Sunday was one authorizing the Ministry of Defence to proclaim war zones, and giving the military authorities supreme jurisdiction in such areas. New regulations were issued in regard to criminal law, and the Ministry of Justice was authorized to issue regulations affecting enemy property, communications, the use of radio receivers, the storage of arms and ammunition, the distribution of leaflets, facilities for holding public meetings and demonstrations, and so on. Some of the measures taken by the Ministers at Lesjaverk were ratified.

After the meeting, the King and the Government were anxious to move on to the west coast and to greater safety. They had learnt by now that the Germans had no scruples and that they did not waste any time in their attempts to kill or capture Members of the Government. They knew that if the Germans should succeed they would have struck a mortal blow at the country. The Ministers motored down to Otta immediately to take the main road up the Gudbrands Valley. But at Otta they met a number of Norwegian trade unionists with whom they had to discuss the organization of labour.

In the meantime, Mr. Frihagen, the Minister of Commerce, who did not attend this meeting, continued northwards. When, at 6 p.m., he was about a mile beyond Dombås on his way to Lesjaverk, the air-raid sirens were going as usual. A few minutes afterwards, ten exceptionally large 'planes came down low over the tree-tops and dropped parachute troops all around him. About ten heavily-armed Germans were dropped at Dombås only a few hundred yards away from where the Minister had stopped his car. Fortunately, the battalion of Norwegian soldiers which had arrived at Dombås on the previous day was still there. The German paratroops were obviously not prepared for any opposition. They were taken quite by surprise when the Norwegians opened machine-gun fire on them, and those who were not killed were taken prisoner. But there were others. Altogether about 250 parachutists had been dropped in the area. Mr. Frihagen, who had watched them descending, knew he was cut off on all sides. He drove quickly to Bottheim railway station which was quite near. There was no military garrison there and the Minister waited for several hours at the station, expecting the Germans to come bursting into the room at any moment. Fortunately, the telephone line to Dombås was still intact, and he was in constant touch with the commanding officer there. But late in the evening the Germans were still master of the situation, and the Minister had to spend the night at the railway station, just waiting.

When the rest of the Ministers had finished their conference with the trade unionists at Otta, they, too, left by car, driving fast to reach Lesjaverk before nightfall. The King was coming later. It was now 6 p.m. As they reached Dovre, about six miles south of Dombås, several German 'planes were flying northwards, following the valley. They parked the cars under some trees and sought shelter behind a small chapel. They watched the 'planes circle over Dombås and then return. The 'planes went as far as Otta, and then turned round and came back again, flying quite low. At the same time rocket signals were being fired near Dombås. The Ministers expected a serious raid to develop at any moment, and looked round for better cover. There was a small door at the back of the church. They tried it, found it unlocked, and went inside. It was the mortuary. They stayed there whilst the 'planes were going backwards and forwards. Dusk was falling. It was strange standing there in the mortuary whilst it was getting darker and darker, listening to the steady boom of the engines overhead. At long last the traffic ceased, and they returned to their cars and continued northwards. Halfway between Dovre and Dombås they met a car coming at full speed in the opposite direction. In the car was a Norwegian officer who said that a small girl had told him that some 'umbrella men had descended from the sky', and that on making investigations he discovered that the German 'planes had been dropping parachute troops south of Dombås, only a mile or two away. The paratroops, he said, were now marching south, pursued by the Norwegian troops stationed at Dombås.

The Ministers returned to Dovre immediately. The village lay in utter darkness now. It was a quaint little place, with its station building, a church, a school, an inn, and a few other houses. They went to the inn and had some food, whilst they waited for the Norwegian battalion at Dombås to mop up the parachutists. But there were no Norwegian troops between the Ministers and the Germans. The local farmers took down their rifles from the walls of their homes and went out to protect their Government. As the inn would be the first place the Germans would go to, the Ministers went across to the school building. One of the pupils suggested to the Prime Minister that the Government should go to his digs, an attic in one of the houses near by, where they would be out of the way. The Ministers thanked him and went with him. They walked across a field to the house and climbed the narrow staircase to the loft. It was a small, sparsely-furnished room. They sat down on the bed and on the few chairs available. There was no proper black-out, but they fixed something across the window and put the lamp on the floor, well covered, to be on the safe side. Their host made them coffee and they all ate some sandwiches which they had brought with them from the inn.

At midnight, an officer who had arranged with some of the local people to guard the house came upstairs and reported that the men would not stand guard any longer. They suspected they were guarding a bunch of nazi spies and wanted proof that it was really the Government who were hiding in the loft. The Prime Minister told him to bring the men up. The officer returned with three of the guards, two teachers and a farmer, all in their civilian clothes but with their rifles slung over their shoulders. The officer flashed his torch in the face of the Prime Minister and asked them: "Do you know this man?"

"Yes," one of them replied; "we'll stand guard!" They told the Prime Minister that the Germans were approaching Dovre and said that the Government ought to go to Brennhaug. Two of them, who lived at Brennhaug, offered to go with the Government to find accommodation for them. The Ministers waited a little longer, but at about

1.30 in the morning they decided to leave. It was only a few miles to Brennhaug, but it was pitch dark and slow driving. When they arrived they found all the houses barred and bolted. Either the owners had gone away or else they had locked themselves in, thinking the callers were German parachutists. As the Ministers could not get in anywhere, the farmer who had accompanied them said they could come with him to his father's home.

The road up to the farm was not fit for driving so they hid the cars amongst some trees and set out on foot. It was now between two and three in the morning. It was no easy march. It was dark and the path was rough and covered with a sheet of ice. First, they felt their way down a steep hill to the river, crossed a small bridge, and then began to climb up the side of the valley. Like most smallholdings in that part of the country the farm was practically clinging to the mountain-side. The road was steep and slippery and it took them an hour's strenuous climbing to reach the farm. But they were well received. The farmer got out of bed and made them coffee and gave them milk and bread-and-butter. Afterwards he and his wife insisted that they should have their bed. The Prime Minister and Mr. Stöstad shared the old-fashioned four-poster. They could not sleep, but at least they had two or three hours' rest.

The following morning, on Monday the 15th, they got up about 7 a.m. and walked back to Brennhaug. Having telephoned to Dovre and been told that the night had been quiet and that the Norwegians were now attacking both from the south and the north, they motored up to Dovre expecting to get through. As they arrived, a convoy of lorries with Norwegian soldiers with machine-guns were just leaving to tackle the Germans. The Ministers followed the lorries, but after a while the captain in charge asked them to turn back as he thought the German positions were only a couple of hundred yards away. The Ministers obeyed what was virtually a military order and returned to Dovre.

For the second time within twelve hours they were back at Kirkestuen, the old inn at Dovre. But it was completely deserted now. Everyone had taken to the mountains except a deaf old man. "Here I have lived all my life," he said, "and here I'll stay as long as there is anything left of the house." He gave them some milk, and the Minister of Supply found a saucepan with some stew in it which he heated up. So they got some breakfast that day, too. They sat about waiting for a couple of hours, and were just about to make another attempt to get through when they heard a voice outside. The door was flung open and a young man staggered into the room. He was soaking wet and his clothes were dirty and torn. He was very agitated, and to begin with it was difficult to understand what he was saying. He was one of the soldiers whom the Ministers had followed up to the German lines. But it was not clear whether they had wiped out the Germans, or whether the Germans had annihilated them. Eventually, however, he made it clear that it was the Norwegians who had been wiped out. He said that they had been ambushed only a few minutes after the

Government had turned back. Just as they were rounding a bend in the road a large number of parachutists had sprung forward from the forest on both sides of the road, and had just swept the lorries with their tommy-guns. He thought he must be the only survivor. He had crawled back through the forest, and on the way he had discarded his uniform and put on some civilian clothes he had got hold of. Finally, he had found a motor-cycle and had hurried back to warn the Government that the Germans were now probably marching on Dovre. Shortly afterwards, the Ministers received a report to the effect that the Germans had cut the telephone and telegraph wires and destroyed the railway line, and that they were, in fact, marching south. They had no choice but to return for the second time. Some of them joined the King and the Crown Prince, who had been staying at Heggelund Boarding-house. The others stayed at a hotel in Otta. That afternoon they passed an Order in Council tightening up the legislation dealing with espionage, and also sent some telegrams to the Norwegian Legation in London, giving instructions concerning the Norwegian Merchant Navy.

That same morning, on April the 15th, Mr. Frihagen, who had spent the night at Bottheim railway station surrounded by German parachutists, was informed by telephone from Dombås that the road between Bottheim and Dombås was now clear. Mr. Frihagen went to Dombås, where he was told that the road to Otta was also clear. So, accompanied by 24 soldiers travelling in two lorries, Mr. Frihagen motored south to join the Government. When they were about three miles south of Dombås they suddenly came within short range machine-gun fire from both sides of the road. Five of the Norwegian soldiers were killed outright. The others had to abandon the lorries and retire towards Dombås. But the Minister and his chauffeur were not able to get away. They threw themselves into the snow behind the car. The Germans continued to fire and several bullets hit the car, but neither of them was injured. They lay there in the snow for several hours. As soon as it became dark they began to crawl away from the German lines, leaving one million kroner in notes behind in the car. But they could not reach the Norwegian lines. They had to spend the night in No-Man's Land—in a deserted school-house.

The situation was getting serious. Although many of the parachutists had been mopped up, the Germans were evidently still very strong. Once more the Government was cut off—this time completely bottled up. Dombås controlled all roads and railway lines to the west, north, and the east; and in the south the Germans were marching north from Oslo. And there were still no Norwegian troops between the Government and the German parachutists. Had they known that the Prime Minister and most of the Ministers were only a mile or two away and practically unprotected, it might have changed the history of Norway. As it was, they did not know and stayed where they were, well entrenched in ideal positions dominating the road and the railway.

In the meantime, Major Sunde, an Oslo bank director who was later sent to London as a representative of the Government and finally appointed Member of the Cabinet, had escaped from Oslo on skis and had reported for service at Army Headquarters, near Lillehammer. The C.-in-C. had requested him to join the Government at Otta. But the Government was not at Otta when he got there. So the next day, on Monday the 15th, Major Sunde continued northwards by car, together with some friends. They passed through Dovre, not knowing that most of the Ministers were waiting at the inn, and were heading straight for the German parachute positions when they were warned by the same soldier who, shortly afterwards, warned the Government at Dovre. They went forward a little to investigate, but as the forest was getting more dense they returned to Dovre, and arrived just as the Ministers were leaving. Major Sunde's car formed the rear of the convoy so as to protect the Government in case the Nazis should get hold of some cars and overtake them.

Afterwards, Major Sunde took matters in his own hands. He forced his way into a railway telephone booth and reported the situation to Headquarters, and asked for troops. He then got hold of seventeen members of the local Sharpshooters' Club and organized a line of defence at Rosten Bridge, a few miles south of Dovre. They felled some trees and barricaded the road. The men were posted behind trees and boulders so that they would get the Germans under crossfire, should they attempt to cross the bridge. Some of them were sent up the hillside to guard an old road across the mountain. The Norwegians had no automatic weapons and, although a few more volunteers turned up during the day, it was doubtful whether they could have held the enemy. But fortunately the Germans did not attack. Towards the end of the day, Major Sunde sent a man down to Otta to telephone Headquarters to find out what had happened to the troops which had been promised. The reinforcements, 113 men including some ski-troops, arrived early the next morning. After having sent patrols forward and ascertained that there were no enemy troops immediately ahead, the Norwegian garrison advanced very cautiously and established a new line of defence about two miles north of Dovre.

Meanwhile, the Government was at Otta waiting to be told that the way was clear. In the morning, on Tuesday the 16th, they attended to the affairs of State and passed a number of decrees concerning payments of debts and taxes. In the afternoon they made another attempt to get through to the Roms Valley, but they only got as far as Brennhaug. Whilst the others returned to Otta, the Minister of Supply and the Minister of Defence and his aide-de-camp tried to get through the German lines on their own, but had to withdraw when the bullets started whizzing past them.

In the evening, many of the Ministers and civil servants were gathered in the Tourists' Hotel at Otta. This was, perhaps, the most depressing evening they had experienced so far, since the 9th of April.

For two whole days now they had been forced to remain at Otta, unable to get any further and unable to do any work. They were cut off from the rest of the country, from their representatives abroad, and from their Allies. They were completely exhausted and did not even seem to be welcome at the Tourists' Hotel. Those in charge of the hotel knew what had happened at Elverum and Nybergsund, and were convinced that if the Government remained, the same fate would befall Otta. Some of the Ministers spent the evening in their bedrooms, resting. Three or four of them who had retired to one of the bedrooms were singing folk songs to cheer themselves up. The other Ministers —except those who were with the King at Heggelund—and some of the officials, were in the lounge. It was a big hall with a long wooden table with wooden chairs round it in the centre, and a few armchairs in the corners. There was no proper black-out and the only light came from one small candle standing in the centre of the table. The people were seated round the table or were wandering to and fro in the semi-darkness. They could not settle down—could not find anything to do except just talk, or speculate about the future. There was not enough light to work, read, or even play cards. Now and then, someone would go outside for a breath of fresh air. Outside, the engines of the German transport 'planes were humming high above his head, and he would go inside again wondering whether the Germans were reinforcing their parachute troops. Gradually, one after the other, they left the narrow circle of light and disappeared into the dark passages of the hotel to grope their way to their respective bedrooms.

Very early the next day, the 17th, the King and the Government set out again to try to get through. Among the first to leave were the Foreign Minister, Dr. Koht, and Mr. Lie, the Minister of Supply. They reached the inn at Dovre at about seven in the morning. The door was locked, but after they had banged on it for a long time a sleepy man in pyjamas opened up. It was a civil servant. He and another civil servant were alone in the house. They had been so tired after helping to build barricades and patrol the front, that they had slept through a battle which had raged all night. They invited the Ministers inside and prepared some breakfast—strong coffee and fried eggs. After they had all four had breakfast, one of the civil servants went out to start the car whilst Mr. Lie walked on ahead down the road. Outside the church gate the car caught up with Lie. The civil servant got out, and as they were standing by the car talking together a shot rang out from the forest and a bullet whizzed past, only a few inches from their heads. They jumped into the car, but the engine would not start. The civil servant, who was driving, pressed the self-starter furiously, but the engine just would not start—until he discovered that he had forgotten to turn on the ignition. They picked up the other two at the inn and drove away as fast as they could.

On the way back they met Mr. Sunde, who explained that the Germans had attacked during the night, and that by using flares, dazzling the Norwegian troops, they had managed to drive them back to Dovre. He said that the Prime Minister was anxious that all the Ministers should return to Otta; so Dr. Koht and Mr. Lie continued south to join the others. Major Sunde and the two civil servants followed shortly after. A mile or two down the valley they bumped into a car which was parked in the middle of the road. The door of the car they had hit was flung open and a man came flying out and threw himself flat in the snow. It was the Foreign Minister, who thought his car had been hit by a bomb. Then, whilst they were still laughing, two men came running up to them from another car behind, and asked them to pull aside as German bombers were coming up the valley and they wanted to get past. The civil servant, turning down the window to see who was trying to order him about found himself face to face with Crown Prince Olav. But the car had got stuck in the snow, and whilst the civil servant sat at the wheel the Crown Prince and his aide-de-camp had to push to get it out of the way. A little farther down the road the King and some of the Ministers were putting on their white camouflage suits. The King had previously bought some white sheets at Otta for this purpose.

Meanwhile, the military situation was rapidly deteriorating. Two or three officials who tried to sneak through the German lines a little later, discovered that the officer in charge of the Norwegian troops had been captured and that the second-in-command had lost contact with all his men, except eight. Moreover, the Germans, true to their nature, had advanced under cover of a white flag and established a machine-gun nest only two or three hundred yards from the Norwegian positions.

Fortunately, the Germans did not know how weak the Norwegians were or they might have broken through and tried to capture the Government, especially as they were being pressed from the north. The situation was reported to the Minister of Defence, and General Ruge, the C.-in-C. of the Army, ordered more reinforcements to be sent north, and instructed Major Sunde, still wearing civilian clothes, to take over command in the area.

The Government had to return to Otta once more. The King and his Ministers held a conference to discuss any other possible ways of escape. They had no 'plane at their disposal. There were no other roads or railway leading out of the Gudbrands Valley, and they were surrounded by desolate mountain regions. The only way they could get to the west coast would be by crossing the Jotunheimen Mountain to Geiranger, at the bottom of Stor Fjord. There is a road across the mountain, but it is only serviceable in the middle of the summer. This would mean that the sixty-seven-year-old King and the Cabinet Ministers would have to march twenty to thirty miles on skis. The Commander-in-Chief recommended them to wait, but he thought it would not be safe for them to remain in Otta as the Germans had already tried to bomb the railway station and would probably try again. He suggested they should move to Vågå, up a small branch valley to the west of Otta. They set out for Vågå immediately, only too happy to leave the gloomy atmosphere of Otta Tourists' Hotel.

They motored up the fertile valley, beneath steep mountains, between yellow fields with white patches of snow, and past an occasional cluster of timbered farmhouses.

Vågå is a small and prosperous farming district. One of the widely scattered farms clings to the north side of the valley, where the river is joined by a tributary from the north. It was to this farm that the King and the Ministers were going. It was not possible to go all the way by car, and the elderly statesmen had a steep climb up the mountain-side. It was an ancient farm consisting of some 16 houses built of massive timber. It belonged to a wealthy shipowner who had restored all the buildings without depriving them of their tradition and character.

The owner was there to receive his Royal guests and the Cabinet Ministers. After a good lunch and excellent wine in the 'Knights' Hall,' amidst suits of armour and ancient weapons, the King, the Crown Prince, the Ministers, some of the officials, and the host and his friends, gathered outside on the terrace where they had coffee and whisky in the sun. Some of those present had decided to cross the mountains to the west coast on skis, with reindeer to pull their luggage. Thus the question of whether the King and the Government would like to travel in the same way came up again. They could use the reindeer. Maps were produced, and a possible route discussed. The King was very enthusiastic, but as he was very tired it was thought that the long march would be too strenuous for him, and the Royal aides-de-camp had to use all their tact to lead the conversation into other channels.

In the afternoon, the Government went into the main living-room, lined with hessian and decorated with painted knights, to get down to business. They issued a proclamation to the Norwegian people pointing out that the so-called Cabinet which Quisling had set up in Oslo had been dissolved, and that an Administrative Council had been appointed by the High Court of Justice. It was stressed that, although the Administrative Council might be useful as an administrative organization in occupied territory, it held no authority and had no legal basis. The proclamation concluded by appealing to the people to help in the struggle for freedom. The Government also passed a number of decrees concerning civilian evacuation, black-out regulations, air-raid precautions, fire services, first aid, and so on. Many details had to be worked out, and it was late in the evening by the time they had finished.

The King and most of the Ministers spent the night at this farm. They certainly enjoyed all its comforts—luxuries compared with the existence they had been leading for the past eight days. Each one had not only a bed, but a whole room to himself. They could bath, and there was clean linen on the beds. Large birch logs were burning cheerfully in the hearths.

On the 18th, whilst the Government was still waiting at Vågå, the Norwegians drove the German parachutists into a pocket, and in the evening Major Sunde sent an envoy asking them to surrender. As it was expected that they would surrender at any moment, the King and the Government arrived at Dovre during the night. They stood about in the cold and the dark for several hours waiting to get through, but the messenger had had some difficulty in reaching the Germans, and when the ultimatum expired, the Norwegians attacked. Negotiations were then opened by telephone, but the Germans refused to capitulate and the fighting continued throughout the night. The King and most of the Ministers returned to Vågå early in the morning.

Back at Vågå the Government held another Cabinet meeting. On the previous day the King had received a letter, dated the 16th, from Mr. Paal Berg, Judge of the Supreme Court in Oslo, explaining that the Supreme Court had appointed a temporary Administrative Council to control civil administration in occupied territory on the condition that the Quisling Cabinet was dissolved. Mr. Berg had also pointed out that the Council did not claim any authority which would bring it into conflict with the legal Norwegian Government. The Cabinet approved a reply to this letter in which King Haakon expressed his appreciation of the circumstances which led the Supreme Court to take this step. In the course of this meeting the Cabinet also dealt with various other questions, such as the price of grain, the maintenance of hospitals and the duties of doctors, nurses, and other hospital staff, and so on. But later in the morning, at 11 a.m. on the 19th, the remaining German parachutists—45 men and two officers—surrendered. As soon as the road was clear, in fact, as the Germans were marching down the road carrying a white flag, Colonel Ljungberg and Mr. Lie were on their way to Åndalsnes to find accommodation for the Government and to attend to urgent business. At Dombås, much to their relief, they found Mr. Frihagen, whom they had given up all hope of ever seeing again. But the one million kroner had disappeared.

Meanwhile, the King and the rest of the Ministers remained at Vågå.

On the 21st, Admiral Evans of the *Broke* arrived at the farm, having come to Norway by 'plane as a representative of the British Government. He had a conference with the King, and later, with the Ministers. The Admiral told the King that he thought the British would soon attack Trondheim. The King asked him not to tell the others—not even the Ministers—so that they should not be disillusioned and lose confidence if the operation should not be successful. That was a wise move, because the Allies never launched the attack on Trondheim at all. The Admiral presented the King with fresh asparagus and other luxuries which he had brought with him from London. After lunch, Admiral Evans went to the Norwegian Headquarters, and then via Dombås and Lesjaverk to Åndalsnes. In the afternoon, Major Nielsen, who had been elected Minister without Portfolio by the Conservative Group of the Storting at Elverum, arrived at Vågå after having passed through the German lines to get there.

At nine o'clock in the evening the King and the Government went to Roms Valley by car. The King and the Crown Prince stopped at

Lesjaverk, where half the Government had stayed for one night, eight days before. The others continued to Stuguflåten, a few miles farther down the Roms Valley.

CHAPTER V

After the Ministers had left Lesjaverk on Sunday morning, the 14th, to join the King at Otta, most of the officials, semi-officials and would-be officials who remained, settled down to put the decisions taken by the Government into action and tackle whatever job they had been commissioned to do. Those who had been appointed to organize the Norwegian Broadcasting Service telephoned to Åndalsnes and ordered typewriters, radios and other equipment. King Haakon's proclamation to the people, and the decrees which the Government passed during their Cabinet meeting at Otta, were telephoned to the Norwegian Telegraph Agency at Lesjaverk for publication. Fortunately, the man who telephoned the proclamation and the decrees to all the newspapers and authorities with whom he could establish contact had the foresight to give the most urgent items first, because, as he was reading some of the details, the telephone connection with southern and eastern Norway went dead.

Shortly afterwards, a farmer came bursting into the 'Genera Office' breathlessly announcing that German parachutists had been dropped on the premises. Parachutists! Parachutists were still something new in those days. Surrounded by German troops! So that was why the telephone line had gone dead. They had cut it. There was a commotion. Were they trapped or would they be able to get away? The cars had to be started. But they were cold. Buckets of hot water were brought out from the farm. Soon the engines were running. Clothes and papers were packed pell-mell, and very soon the cars were on the move again. Fortunately, it appeared that the parachutists had been dropped a few miles to the east of Lesjaverk, so the road to the west through the Roms Valley and to Åndalsnes was still open. The local population eyed the cars balefully and suspiciously as they drove through the village. They did not trust so many strangers. But there was worse to come. They soon ran into hostile troops—Norwegian troops, but very hostile all the same. Each member of the party was thoroughly searched. They carried no weapons, yet the soldiers, or rather the volunteers from the local Sharpshooters' Club, were grimly pointing their rifles and shotguns—mostly shotguns—at the group of exasperated professors, directors and officials. The soldiers would not let them go a step further. After a long and heated argument they finally condescended to let them go as far as Stuguflåten, some twelve miles down the valley, but not a step further. They said they would order the sentries there to shoot them without warning if they went beyond Stuguflåten. So off they went in the gathering dusk, driving down the narrow road between high snowbanks.

In the meantime, one member of the party had been left behind. It happened like this. As some of the people were too tired to drive any further in the twilight, changes had to be made in the seating arrangements, and Dr. Arne Ording, a lecturer at the Oslo University and a regular radio commentator on foreign affairs, had to walk from the last car in the convoy to the first one. But the first car moved off before he reached it, and as the other cars were already full, Dr. Ording had to be left behind. It was agreed that when they caught up with the first car, which had a vacant seat, one of the cars should go back and fetch Dr. Ording, who, in the meantime, would follow on foot. But when they were held up by the sharpshooters and virtually placed under arrest, they were not allowed to send a car back to fetch the missing man. So Dr. Ording trudged on, without any identification papers and with only 25 öre (threepence) in cash. He lost his way in the dark and finally came to a small farmstead. The farmer was in a grim mood because all his friends had joined a fighting unit to tackle the parachutists, and he, having no gun, had not been able to go with them. To make up for it he had sworn to kill a German at any cost ; so when he heard someone approaching he hid behind the door with an axe poised above his head. Fortunately, the farmer caught sight of Dr. Ording before he struck, and seeing he was a civilian, he hesitated. But the farmer, and especially his wife, were still convinced that the queer-looking stranger, wearing a hat, an old coat, an odd scarf, and carrying a suit-case, was a parachutist. Dr. Ording tried desperately to explain who he was. "You know . . . Dr. Arne Ording," he said. "You have heard me on the Oslo radio—Arne Ording . . . you know!" "Ah," said the farmer, "Oslo radio, eh? . . . a quisling?" and took him to the nearest military garrison. Eventually he was taken to Stugufläten under military escort, where his identity was established.

It was getting darker and darker as the others were approaching Stugufläten. As they could not see much in the dark they began to wonder if they had gone too far, and stopped. But owing to the high snowbanks on either side of the road it was impossible to turn the cars round. One man, therefore, got out and walked back to find out where they were. The others waited. Suddenly a single rifle-shot rang out in the night. They were sure he had been shot by German parachutists. Some of them wanted to drive on immediately. Others insisted that they should first find out whether he was dead or only wounded. When one of them went back to investigate, he found the other safe and alive. What had happened was that the driver of one of the last cars in the convoy, who had not been able to see the road in the darkness under a bridge, had put the headlights full on, and a Norwegian sentry on the bridge had fired a warning shot. The sentry told them that they had passed Stugufläten. The convoy had to go all the way back to Stugufläten in reverse, a painfully slow and exacting operation. When they arrived, they were marched up to the building under military escort.

The next morning, a Norwegian battalion arrived and more or less took over the hotel. The captain in charge was no less suspicious than the soldiers they had come up against so far. In fact he was far more suspicious, and as he was responsible for keeping a sector of the road and railway open for the British troops who were due at Åndalsnes, and who were being sent to the front in the Gudbrands Valley, he was still more officious. Without any more ado, he placed the whole party under arrest, stowed them together in one room and locked the door. Once they were safely under lock and key he proceeded to interrogate them one by one. They suggested that two of them should answer for the lot. The captain wouldn't hear of it. This was war, and Captain Juel was a soldier to the *n*th degree. There was a brother of the captain in the party—Mr. Dagfin Juel. He was a member of the Ministry of Social Welfare, but had been temporarily transferred to the Ministry of Defence. They discussed among themselves whether it would be wise to run the risk of confusing the military authorities by explaining all this, or whether it would be best to say he belonged to the Social Ministry, which was not strictly correct. Anyway, they arranged for Juel to be one of the first to be interrogated in the hope that he might have a sobering influence on his brother. But the captain was unimpeachable in his military authority. "Who are you?" he asked, as his brother entered.

"I am your brother; you know—your brother."

"I don't know you as my brother. You are just one of those I have to question," the captain retorted, and proceeded to take down all particulars: date and place of birth, names of parents, etc.

They were kept under house arrest for a week. For a whole week—the most important week of the campaign in southern Norway—the greater part of the Norwegian Civil Administration, or what there was of it, was completely impotent. No work was done. and the decrees which were being passed by the Government trapped in the Gudbrands Valley could not be efficiently published as the Central News Services were locked up at Stugufläten. Owing to the lack of news, one of the principal radio transmitters, the station at Ålesund on the west coast, played records and gave the interval signal part of the time. They were not even allowed to telegraph or try to telephone the Government. They were not exactly forbidden to telegraph—they were given telegram forms and told to go ahead—but they could not send it priority, and the non-priority telegram which they despatched never arrived.

Stugufläten lies off the main road, a little way up the side of the valley, surrounded by forest. It is an old tourists' hotel used only in the summer. It had been closed all the winter and it was cold and damp within the massive, timbered walls. The officials chopped wood for the fireplaces, but it was so wet that it would not burn. There were not sufficient beds and they had to sleep in chairs and on the floor, wrapped in overcoats. Strict discipline was maintained and they were not allowed outside the building without a military escort with fixed bayonets. To begin with they were not even allowed in the kitchen and had to exist on the packets of sandwiches they had brought with them. But after a time the women were permitted in the kitchen and the men were allowed to carry water, though still under military supervision. But the troops took nearly all the food, and the daily ration of a plate of porridge, a square of chocolate, a slice of bread and part of an orange was shrinking from day to day.

There was nothing to do all day except play cards and chess and ludo. They had hardly any tobacco. The wireless—even this was taken away from them for a few days—was not much good, and they had to stand holding each others' hands to form a human aerial to hear the last free transmission from Hamar, and even so, only the man nearest to the set could hear what was being said.

Mad with rage, frustration and bitterness, their nerves became increasingly frayed. They became ill-tempered and liable to snap at the least little thing. Eventually the atmosphere got so bad that something had to be done. A form of punishment was invented. Anyone who lost his temper was banished to the rocking-chair, where he or she had to sit and rock for a nice long time. This cleared the air every time there was a crisis.

More people kept arriving at Stuguflåten, and it became so crowded that a few were allowed to continue to Åndalsnes, whilst some were transferred to farms nearby. Among those taken to a farm under military escort were the director of the Norwegian Telegraph Agency and one of his staff, a photographer. They had to share a double bed.

One day the photographer sneaked down to the local store, which also functioned as a telephone exchange, and asked if he could use the telephone. The operator, very understandingly, said that if he had the proper authorization he could not stop him. So he put through a call to Otta, hoping that Dr. Koht might still be there. He got straight through to the head of the Foreign Office Information Bureau, who was acting as Koht's secretary, and who promised to try to get them all released immediately.

In the meantime, on Sunday the 21st, some of the Cabinet Ministers arrived at Stuguflåten. All the prisoners were summoned from their various 'cells' and assembled at the hotel, where, under pressure from the Government, Captain Juel had to release them.

At midnight, the rest of the Government arrived at Stuguflåten. The Ministers went straight to bed. The house was still overcrowded, and some of them had to sleep three in one bed. The bedrooms were small and unheated, but by making the best use of their overcoats and the clothes they had with them they were able to keep reasonably warm and to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Monday the 22nd was destined to be an important day in Norway's history. The Ministers got up early. There was only one small wash-basin in each room. The water in the basins was frozen practically solid, with only a little water on top of the ice for shaving. Then came the problem of breakfast as there was hardly any food left. However, everyone present—Ministers and officials, professors and directors, typists and chauffeurs—gathered in the dining-room and shared the remains of the porridge, the bread, and the coffee, in true democratic style.

After breakfast, two of the Ministers went to Molde to find accommodation for the King and the Government. The King and the Crown Prince, who had spent the night at Lesjaverk, arrived at Stuguflåten in the course of the morning, and the Government was then able to begin the day's work, not in ideal circumstances, but at least with their backs free from the enemy. They retired to one of the bedrooms. There were not enough chairs and beds to sit on, so they brought in a long wooden bench. The proceedings began.

But the meeting was soon interrupted by an air-raid. The King and the Ministers went downstairs and watched the German bombers come zooming down into the deep valley trying to hit the railway and the road. The Germans probably did not know that the Government were there, but there was a machine-gun post on a hill just behind the house which attracted their attention and a few bombs were falling very close to the house. The King paid no attention to the bombs, but stood calmly smoking in the passage, together with his Ministers. The confined space within the narrow valley, without any proper defences, was an easy target for the German bombers. They kept coming over incessantly, interrupting the Cabinet Council.

But there were many important items on the agenda, and the Government had to get on with their work. Most important was the Merchant Navy. Not only was it Norway's greatest asset, if not her only asset in the circumstances, but, being the fourth largest and most modern fleet of cargo ships and tankers in the world, it was also of vital importance to the Allied war effort as a whole. Eighty per cent of the ships were employed overseas. The Government had been cut off from the rest of the world for the greater part of the two weeks Norway had been at war. The Germans had issued instructions from Oslo in the name of the shipowners to all Norwegian ships to seek a German or a German-controlled port. It is true that the Norwegian Minister in London and Norwegian shipping men there had stepped in to countermand these measures, and had instructed the ships to go to Allied ports—an appeal which every single Norwegian ship followed—and that they were organizing the administration of the fleet. But these measures had no constitutional foundation, and without this the one thousand Norwegian ships scattered all over the world were virtually drifting about ownerless. The lack of a decree establishing the status of the Norwegian fleet in relation to International Law could result in all sorts of complications. The first thing, therefore, the Government did in that bedroom at Stugufiåten was to issue an Order in Council requisitioning for use all Norwegian ships over 500 g.r.t. This Order in Council was written in ink on a scrap of paper (see facsimile facing page 65). A plenipotentiary, Mr. Öivind Lorentzen, head of the Shipping Directorate of the Ministry of Supply, who was present at the meeting, was directed to London to establish an office to take control of the fleet. A committee consisting of Major

Sunde, who was also at Stugufläten, Mr. I. Hysing-Olsen, a representative of the Norwegian Shipowners' Association, who was in London at the time, and Mr. Erik Colban, the Norwegian Minister in London, was appointed to assist Mr. Lorentzen. Other decrees issued at the same Council Meeting dealt with expropriation, compulsory labour service, obligations to protect property and staff, evacuation, war damage, prize and contraband, and appropriation of cargoes and whale-oil. Moreover, a new Board of Directors was appointed to the Bank of Norway, and its seat was officially transferred from Oslo to unoccupied territory, and a number of regulations concerning currency and rates of foreign exchange were issued. Finally, the Government decided to send the gold reserve to Great Britain by British warship.

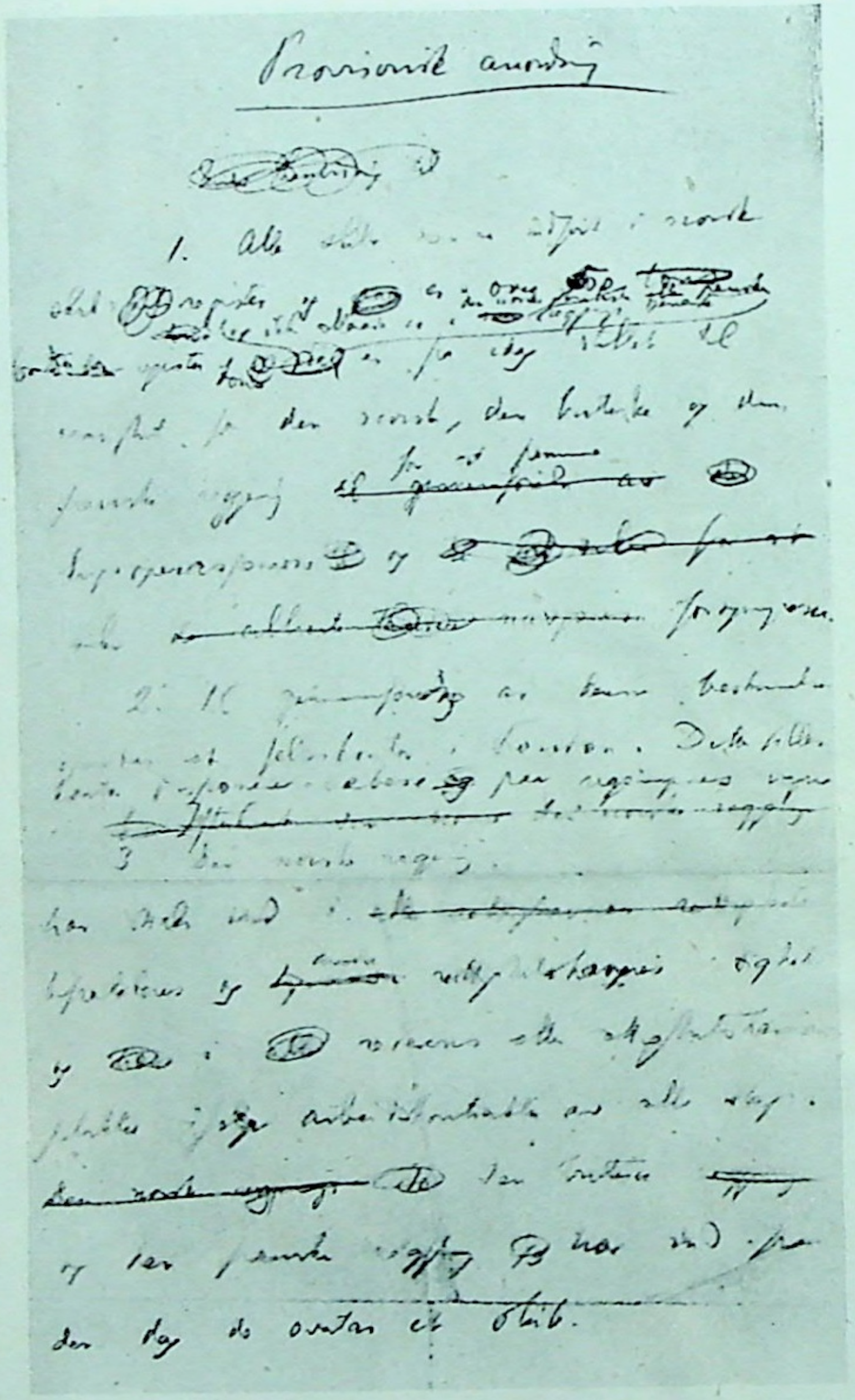
By the time all these decisions had been taken, formulated, written out on plain paper, the only stationery available, dated 'somewhere in Norway' and stamped and signed, the day was nearly over.

CHAPTER VI

WHILST inside Norway, the King, the Government and the Parliament had manœuvred the Ship of State safely through the initial impact of the worst gale Norway had ever encountered, and saved her from becoming a "total loss"; outside the country, Norwegian officials and citizens were doing all they could to help their country. Their difficulties were of a different nature. For over a week they were almost completely cut off from the Government. They had no instructions to act upon and, more important, they had no official mandate. Besides, Norway's position was by no means clear. In a Europe flung into a turmoil overnight, Norwegian representatives abroad had to act swiftly and with great forethought. There were many problems facing them. There was the question of military co-operation, made more difficult by the lack of Norwegian service attachés in London. The Allies—the British and the French Governments declared on the 9th that they would give Norway military support—needed all kinds of military information. There was the urgent need for effective communications with the Norwegian Government. And there was the safety of the Merchant Navy, perhaps the most urgent of all the problems.

Of Norway's 1182 merchant ships over 500 gross register tons, some 900 were on the high seas or in friendly or neutral ports at the time of the invasion of Norway. Twenty-five thousand Norwegian Merchant Navy officers and seamen picked up the news of the invasion on the ship's radio at sea or were told whilst their ships were in port. Within twelve hours they learnt that the Germans had taken all the principal towns in Norway, and the German-controlled Oslo radio was telling them, in the name of the Norwegian Shipowners' Association, to take their ships to German, German-controlled or neutral ports. The Norwegian captains and crews did not fall for this clumsy manœuvre. As one captain put it: "This order was so absurd, so

The "Central Administration" at work during the early days of the war in Norway



Provisorisk anordning

The Order in Council requisitioning the Merchant Fleet stupid, that we did not even take offence." Their duty was clear. Every single ship at sea proceeded to an Allied or friendly port.

It was different for the seamen who were in port at the time. They wanted to fight—go straight home and throw out the Germans. The crew of one ship in Santos did not waste any time but went into action immediately. They marched into a bar usually frequented by German seamen and thoroughly beat up every German present, until armed detachments of the Brazilian police intervened. They then decided to sail for Europe on board a Swedish ship the next morning, to fight in earnest. They were bent on leaving their own ship, and the captain had to fetch the Norwegian Consul. The Consul came on board at three o'clock in the morning and explained to the seamen that they could render better service to their country on board their ship by bringing vital war material to the Allies. Similarly, Norwegian Consuls in almost every important harbour in the world helped by deed and counsel.

Back in London, the Norwegian authorities and Norwegian business men were trying to solve all the problems which had arisen overnight. But it is no small responsibility suddenly to find yourself with some 900 ships—they did not know the exact number—on your hands, especially when you have no idea where they are, where they are bound for, or what they are carrying. Telegrams kept pouring in from captains and Consuls everywhere asking for instructions. This gave the clue to the whereabouts of some of the ships. The positions of others were obtained from Lloyds, the Tanker Pool and London shipbrokers. But in most cases they still lacked information as to destination and cargo. Then there was the question of insurance, port, loading and discharging expenses, collection of freights, and so on. And there was no machinery to cope with all these problems—work which only the day before had been handled by 500 individual shipowners and shipping companies with a total staff of 6000 experts, fully familiar with the circumstances of each ship. But the Norwegian Minister and Norwegian shipping experts in London set to work as best they could. Instructions would have to be sent to every ship. Every day of idleness meant the delay of millions of tons of vital cargo and the loss of hundreds of thousands of pounds. During the next few days they were in conference with the British authorities every day and several times a day. The British Government feared that the Norwegian Government might be captured by the Germans and forced to act against the interests of their country. In view of this possibility, and as a measure to protect the legal status of the Norwegian merchant ships, they suggested that the Fleet should be transferred to the British flag. But the Norwegian Minister in London had no authority to transfer the Fleet to another flag, and in any case he expressed the opinion that it would not be a wise move. He thought it would demoralize the Norwegian seamen, and that the Allied war effort would be best served by maintaining the Fleet under the Norwegian flag. Instead, a request was sent to the Norwegian

Government to requisition the Fleet. Provisional marine and war risk insurance was arranged with the British Ministry of Shipping. This meant that all Norwegian ships could safely continue their voyage. Details of this arrangement, together with instructions to all ships to ignore the German-inspired orders and proceed to an Allied port and to avoid neutral ports, were broadcast by the B.B.C. An arrangement was made with the British Ministry of Shipping for the disbursement of Norwegian ships in British and other ports. It was arranged that the control of the Norwegian Fleet should be centralized in London, and all Consulates were instructed to keep London advised of the movements of Norwegian ships.

In the meantime, the Norwegian Chamber of Commerce in London had taken the first steps to organize an administration to take over the management of the Fleet, and at a conference held at the Norwegian Legation on April the 18th and attended by the Minister, the Consul-General and a number of Norwegian shipping and business men, final steps were taken to set up an organization to manage the ships. The next day—on Friday the 19th—offices were rented at 144 Leadenhall Street, and quickly put into working order. For instance, fifteen telephone lines were installed over the week-end. A handful of shipping experts moved in to tackle from scratch the gigantic task of managing 4,000,000 tons of shipping. That was the birth of the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission—the largest shipping concern in the world.

On April the 11th, two days after the invasion, a Norwegian Military Information Office was set up at Norway House in London on the initiative of two Norwegian officers. Contact was established with the War Office, through the Norwegian Legation, and the British authorities were supplied with all kinds of information needed in the planning of the Norwegian campaign, and Norwegian volunteers were enrolled as liaison officers with the British North-Western Expeditionary Force. A few days later, a Norwegian Military Attaché and a Naval Attaché, and still later, an Air Attaché, were appointed to facilitate liaison work with the British Military Authorities. Subsequently, preparations were made for the establishment of a Military Training Camp in England for seamen, whalers and all the Norwegians who were flocking to London to join up.

Meanwhile, as soon as the Government had requisitioned the Norwegian Merchant Fleet at Stugufläten on the 22nd of April, Mr. Öivind Lorentzen, who had been instructed to go to London to put the Order into effect and to manage the Fleet, and Major Sunde, who had been appointed member of a consultative committee, sailed to England on board a British cruiser.

When they arrived in London, Mr. Lorentzen and Major Sunde moved into the offices of the newly established Shipping and Trade Mission. The organization was now vested with Government mandate, and the ships officially requisitioned. Instructions were sent to all Norwegian captains to telegraph to the Mission as follows: "I hold my ship on behalf of the Royal Norwegian Government." Gradually, confirmation came in to this effect from the captain of every single ship, except one. His reply read: "I *sold* my ship on behalf of the Royal Norwegian Government." But this was only a typing error.

The Shipping Mission had not sufficient funds to operate an undertaking of this kind. But Major Sunde, who was a bank manager before the war, went to one of the principal London Banks where, on behalf of the Mission, he was given a credit of £100,000 without any difficulty. Shortly afterwards, a Payments Agreement was concluded with the Treasury and the Bank of England, and an official statement was issued to the effect that freights earned by Norwegian ships could be paid to the Shipping Mission. Soon money began to pour in, and within two weeks the bank loan was repaid. Simultaneously, Lloyds and other underwriters took over the insurance of the entire Fleet. This contract, probably the largest single insurance contract in the world, was concluded in one hour and ten minutes, and the premium of £4,000,000 paid over.

But it had by no means been possible to gain practical control of all the ships yet. The Shipping Mission was still being inundated with telegrams and telephone calls asking for instructions, funds, and so on. Gradually, however, the whole Fleet was brought back into operation. An increasing number of ships were leased to the British and French Governments. Arrangements were made with firms who had Norwegian ships on charter to keep them on a temporary basis, enabling the Norwegian Government to withdraw them as and when they were needed. The other ships were also employed in trades essential to the Allied war effort, but they were chartered on the open market.

The activities of the Mission were not limited to shipping. The whaling fleet was just returning from the Antarctic with some 140,000 tons of whale oil. Some of this oil was sold and the rest was stored. The giant floating whale-oil factories were converted to carry oil in bulk, and most of the small whale-catchers were put into service by the British Navy.

As nearly all supplies to Norway were of a military nature—and as these questions were dealt with by the Military Attaché, he took temporary charge of the Supply Division of the Shipping and Trade Mission. In the course of the next week or so five shiploads of supplies were sent to North Norway.

During the month of May the work of the official Norwegian organizations in London became more fully organized, and a sister office of the Shipping and Trade Mission was established in New York. Mr. Lorentzen went to New York to take charge of this office, whilst Mr. I. Hysing-Olsen, a representative of the Norwegian Shipowners' Association, took charge of the London Office.

It became apparent that the Order in Council issued in a hurry at Stuguflåten did not make sufficient provisions for all the technicalities of International Law. For instance, as most of the owners were resident in enemy-occupied territory, they were "technical enemies" according to International Law, and consequently their ships were enemy property. The fact that the ships had been placed at the disposal of the Government did not wholly eliminate this difficulty. Moreover, the Order in Council did not affect ships already on charter to the British and French Governments, and ships of less than 500 g.r.t. It was feared that these circumstances might result in various complications and even in the arrest of Norwegian ships in neutral ports. During the first half of May, therefore, the Norwegian officials in London, with the assistance of the legal advisers of the British Ministry of Shipping and a number of British lawyers, drafted a proposal for a revised Order in Council, which was cabled to Norway and passed by the Government on May the 18th.

There were not only legal and purely business matters to be dealt with in those days. For instance, the question of allowances to dependants in occupied Norway was causing considerable anxiety and trouble among the seamen. As the shipowners were no longer responsible for the wages of the seamen, and as they were not collecting the freights earned by their ships, the seamen feared that their dependants might be deprived of their means of livelihood. The shipowners were therefore requested by radio from London to continue to pay the usual allowances to the dependants, and were told that the Government guaranteed to redeem them. The scheme worked satisfactorily until a more stable arrangement could be made.

Gradually, a number of competent shipping and business men arrived from Norway and elsewhere and placed themselves at the disposal of the Norwegian authorities in London. For instance, one Norwegian business man, who became a departmental manager in the Shipping Mission, was trapped in Copenhagen by the invasion. He escaped to Sweden in a rowing-boat. Every time the German searchlights swept the sea he covered the boat over with a white sheet and drifted along among the other ice floes.

On the 17th of May—Norway's Independence Day—a group of high Norwegian officers arrived in London to assist the War Office and the Admiralty, and to organize the training of Norwegian soldiers in England. Thus, the Military and Naval Mission—the vanguard of the Norwegian Armed Forces in Great Britain—was set up in London.

CHAPTER VII

Two days after the invasion of Norway, on the 11th of April, a young Norwegian civil servant arrived at Åndalsnes from Molde, on his way to join the forces. Just as he entered the lounge of the Grand Hotel it was announced on the radio from London that the staff of the British Consulate and Legation had arrived safely in Sweden. A crowd of people who were gathered in the room burst out laughing. The young man looked around highly perturbed. 'Quislings,' he thought, and rushed off to the police station to report the incident.

But the people who had laughed so rudely at the news from London were not quislings—they were members of the British Legation and Consulate in Oslo.

Åndalsnes was destined to play an important and tragic part in the military campaign in southern Norway. It is the only port in that part of the country with direct railway communications with eastern and southern Norway. The first British troops to take part in the fighting in Norway were landed at Åndalsnes. They arrived on April the 15th and were immediately sent up the Roms Valley and down the Gudbrands Valley to the front line, to relieve the exhausted and ill-equipped Norwegian troops.

Two or three officials connected with the Norwegian Broadcasting Service left Stugufløten before the party was placed under house arrest, and went on to Åndalsnes. They contacted the British authorities and asked them to apply to London for two radio technicians and a reserve transmitter. This was a wise precaution, because when they arrived at Ålesund they found that the Vigra Radio Station near the town, the only powerful radio transmitter in southern Norway not under German control, had been bombed and destroyed. In the meantime they made arrangements, in co-operation with local radio experts, for the establishment of a temporary transmitter at Ålesund. A few days later, the Hamar transmitter, which had been evacuated before the Germans entered the town, arrived. There was no military defence in Ålesund, and the next problem was to find a comparatively safe site for the station. They first considered erecting it in a cave —Skjanghelleren—dating from the Stone Age, but as this was too far away they decided on a chalk quarry on an island near the town. Meanwhile the temporary transmitters were used and a fairly effective radio service was organized.

A few of the "prisoners" at Stugufløten were released before the Government arrived. Most of them went to Åndalsnes, and it gave them a new lease of life, after their flight up and down the valleys of Norway and after their futile existence at Stugufløten, to see large warships in the harbour, properly equipped troops and, above all, anti-aircraft guns—it was only later that they noticed that the A.A. shells were dated 1918. One of the most demoralizing aspects of the war, so far, had been to watch German bombers go in and, without opposition, raze to the ground any target they chose.

Those who had no specific job set about finding one. Those who were connected with the Broadcasting Service and with the Norwegian Telegraph Agency went straight to Ålesund. Those who remained at Åndalsnes made themselves useful in various ways, principally by joining the British Headquarters as liaison personnel. One of them went round to all the schools taking down the maps from the walls as the British had lost theirs in the North Sea. The women helped to cook and so on. Mrs. Raestad, the wife of the Governor of the Bank of Norway, who was staying at a farm near the town made such an impression when she was doing some washing that the farmer's wife, not knowing who she was, asked her to do some washing for her too. "Of course, I will pay you for it," she added.

The local population had had no news about the progress of the war, except for the conflicting reports put out by foreign radio stations. No newspaper had appeared in Åndalsnes since the 9th of April. Some of the officials, therefore, in addition to their other duties, decided to try to restart the local paper. The British troops were also starved of news, and the idea was to print it in English as well as Norwegian. One of them approached the British Intelligence Officer for permission.

"What, a paper, a newspaper in English? Absolutely out of the question," said the British officer, and raised his hands in a gesture indicating the utter futility of even thinking of such an idea.

But the Norwegian did not give up. He pressed home his arguments and, knowing that the Intelligence Officer was an ex-newspaper man, he could see how, gradually, the journalist in him suppressed the censor. Outwardly, the officer was just as adamant, but—"If you insist," he said, "I shall have to pass on your request, but it won't be granted."

The Norwegian nodded, to indicate that he insisted.

"Well," said the officer, "I can't stop you, but you'll have to make out a written application and then . . ." and then he gave some personal advice as to how the request ought to be formulated.

When the Norwegian came back with his written proposal the British officer rejected it outright.

"It won't work," he said; but after a short pause, "Still, if you insist . . ." and he made some alterations and further suggestions.

The Norwegian went away again and drafted a synopsis of the paper, with a feeling that the British officer was as keen as he was to get it printed. When he brought it along at about midnight the British officer took it, or so he said, to his superior, and was back again within a few minutes.

"It's all right," he said, "you can go ahead."

That day the Germans opened a heavy air attack on Åndalsnes. The bombing continued all night. Whilst one woman, who was working on the paper at the hotel where they were staying, left her desk for a moment a bomb dropped just outside covering her typewriter with glass and pitting the wall behind with glass splinters. A British soldier who had been standing outside the front door was forced through the woodwork by the blast. His face was pitted with small wounds and splinters of wood. "Hurt!" he said, when asked if he was badly injured, "blimey, no! I was standing here, see, in front of this door, when suddenly I found myself inside. See? And blimey if the door wasn't still closed!" He said a lot more which the Norwegian did not understand, but he grasped sufficient to realize that the Tommy was hopping mad and felt that the Germans had especially picked on him to play one of their dirty tricks.

Those who were working on the newspaper picked up a lot of news on the wireless and by other means during the night. Each page was taken to be censored as it came off the press. When they presented the title page with *Åndalsnes Avis* in bold letters across the top, there was an uproar. That was impossible, they were told. It had not been officially announced that the British had landed at Åndalsnes. The paper could carry the name of any other town in the country. They did not dare tell the owner of the paper, but fortunately the landing was officially confirmed just in time and the title was allowed to stay. When it came to printing the official rate of exchange there was a snag. No rate had been fixed. The editor contacted the Governor of the Bank of Norway, who got in touch with some of the Cabinet Ministers who were in Åndalsnes just then, conferring with the British authorities. So, because a special edition of this small provincial newspaper was waiting to go to press, the Ministers had a conference and fixed an official rate of exchange. It was this rate which was confirmed by an Order in Council at Stugufiåten two days later, and which remained in force throughout the war.

The paper came out just after midnight the next day—Monday the 20th—complete with English and Norwegian text, and even with an English-Norwegian glossary for the benefit of the British troops. It was sold out within the hour. Owing to the severe air-raids there was never a second edition, but for the next few days the British Intelligence Officer was all smiles and full of suggestions for the next number every time he met the editors in the street.

That day, the Grand Hotel, a large wooden building where the British Headquarters were established, was damaged by a stick of high-explosive bombs. Almost before the echo of the explosion had died away, the first packing-cases came tumbling down the staircase, and within an hour the Headquarters had vanished. One of the Norwegian officials who were attached to the British Headquarters, also had another important job on hand and had to notify certain authorities of the fact that the Headquarters had moved. He tried to get through on the telephone but failed. So he went down to the Telephone Exchange. A bomb had fallen on a house just opposite, but the Exchange itself seemed all right. Inside he was met by a strange sight. Everything was jet black, the ceiling, the walls, the floor and the furniture, and all those working there were black too, black as negroes. The lid had been blown off the stove and the soot had blown all over the room. All the telephone lines except four were out of order. One of them was a trunk line, but still he could not get through. He went out into the town again in search of a car. Finally he found a lorry and went to Romsdalshorn, a tiny railway station a few miles up the valley from Åndalsnes. A few railway wagons, apparently abandoned, were standing on a siding. The place seemed deserted. There was no one about. Inside the small station building he met "Fritjof", a young man who was in charge of the five or six railway wagons, and thirty Norwegian soldiers who were guarding them. The railway wagons contained 326,000,000 kroners-worth of gold, the entire gold reserve of the country. The official's job in Åndalsnes had been to notify "Fritjof" of the arrival of a British warship to take the gold to England, so that it could be rushed down to the port.

Whilst they were waiting, they discovered that the key to the marshalling yard was missing, and without the key they would be unable to shift the wagons. The official returned to Åndalsnes immediately to fetch it. But the station-master at Åndalsnes did not have the key either. He thought the station-master at Verma, farther up the valley, might have it, but, he said, he would not be allowed to hand it over. The official asked the station-master to write out an authorization, but he said he had no authority to do so. Just then a wave of German bombers attacked the town. They ran across the railway tracks and took cover in a small shelter in the ground. Inside, with bombs exploding around them, the station-master was persuaded to write out an authorization on a scrap of paper. He did it reluctantly and handed over 'the key to the gold' with a sigh. "I shouldn't really do this," he said; "for Heaven's sake throw it in the river if need be."

To reduce the risk the gold was to be shipped in three bottoms. During the night between 23rd and the 24th the first consignment, one-third of the gold, was loaded on board a British warship.

While "Fritjof" was at Åndalsnes supervising the loading of the gold, those who had remained at Romsdalshorn were awakened at two o'clock in the morning by the trampling of soldiers' boots. They went downstairs and found British soldiers everywhere. There were hundreds of them. They deposited their equipment in the snow and settled down, making themselves at home. They were very friendly and gave the Norwegians sherry. But that did not put the Norwegians' minds at rest. They were responsible for the safety of the remaining two-thirds of the Norwegian gold, and a conspicuous concentration of several hundred troops would make an obvious target for the German bombers. The official, who had been left in charge of the gold in "Fritjof's" absence, telephoned the billeting officer in Åndalsnes, but he could not do anything about it. He telephoned the station-master at Åndalsnes and asked him to send a train, but he would require a military authorization. The official then went to see the Norwegian District Commander. The Commander was in bed, but got up, tired and grumpy. Together they went to the British C.-in-C. He, too, was in bed, but his Adjutant issued the necessary authorization. It was now about 4 a.m. It was getting late. At 7 a.m. the German bombers would arrive. They came every morning at seven, as regularly as clockwork. When the Norwegian Commander and the official returned to Åndalsnes they found a train full of troops waiting at the station. They asked why the train had not left and were told that nobody seemed to know whether it was still waiting for someone or not. At last they got the train under way, but it travelled distressingly slowly, stopping at numerous stations on the way to take on board more soldiers. The train was getting fuller and fuller and it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep the one reserved carriage empty. At 7 a.m. the train was still rumbling on towards Romsdalshorn. The German bombers were due any minute now. It became 7.15 and 7.30 and still they had not reached Romsdalshorn. But fortunately the German bombers were also late that morning. The train arrived shortly before 8 a.m. The British soldiers, wondering what all the hurry was about and annoyed at the unreasonable way in which they were being pushed around, were hastily put on board the train. Just before it pulled out of the station the British Officer-in-Charge asked where he was going. The Norwegian official said he did not know. "Dombås?" asked the officer. "Yes," the Norwegian replied; anything to get rid of them without any further delay. It was an extraordinary stroke of luck that, for the first time, the German 'planes were late that morning. When the bombers came roaring down through the valley at 9 a.m., Romsdalshorn was deserted, and three or four unimportant railway wagons were still standing, apparently abandoned, on the railway siding.

Later in the day, the same official was asked to take 12,000,000 kroners in banknotes, which had been stored with the gold, to Molde. First of all he went to Åndalsnes to find a suitable vehicle. He selected a white fish van, a closed car big enough to carry all the banknotes, as well as the five soldiers who were to accompany him as guards.

It was hard going. The roads in Norway are notoriously bad in the spring. All over the country, long stretches of the roads, literally broken up by the frost, melting snow and landslides, have to be thoroughly repaired and sometimes even rebuilt every spring. Here, not only had Nature done its work, but the British Army lorries, much too heavy for these roads at the best of times, had cut deep furrows in them. The heavy van plunged through rivers of water and mud. Every time it got stuck they had to wait until a sufficiently large queue of cars had accumulated and there were enough men to pull all the cars through the worst patches.

About halfway to Molde they were arrested by Norwegian Marines. The official protested and said that his mission to Molde was urgent. But only when he opened the lorry and showed them the piles of banknotes, something he was not supposed to do under any circumstances, was he allowed to continue. They learnt later that the detachment of Marines was one of a number of patrols sent out to hunt for parachutists who were reported to have been dropped in the area. This report was given by a professor, at the time working with the Government, who was willing to stake his life that he had seen parachutists with his own eyes. Although the military authorities were very sceptical, patrols were eventually sent out and the strange white lorry, hermetically sealed and guarded by soldiers in Norwegian uniforms—the Norwegians were now getting accustomed to finding German soldiers in Norwegian uniforms,—was a natural object of suspicion. However, no parachutists had been dropped. What the professor had mistaken for parachute troops were the white puffs of smoke from British anti-aircraft shells. The fish van with the 12,000,000 kroners arrived safely in Molde at about midnight.

But the military situation in southern Norway was rapidly deteriorating. As the German troops were marching up the Gudbrands Valley, and as Åndalsnes and the port facilities were being systematically destroyed by German bombers, it seemed too hazardous to wait for the arrival of the British ships to take away the rest of the gold. With the approval of the Minister of Finance, it was, therefore, decided to move the gold to Molde.

So, early the next morning, on the 24th, the remaining 1200 to 1300 cases of gold were loaded on to 26 lorries. No sooner had the convoy started moving down the valley than they were attacked by German 'planes; but none of the lorries were hit. As "Fritjof", leading the convoy, passed through the ruins of Åndalsnes, a bomb fell just ahead of them piling the road high with debris. A passage had to be cleared before the convoy could continue. A little later, where the road ran alongside the fjord, they saw a Norwegian motor-torpedo-boat being bombed by a German 'plane. She was lying close inshore, apparently quite helpless, probably having run out of ammunition, while on all sides of her the bombs were throwing columns of water into the air. The lorries hurried on to get out of range.

But now the road was getting worse. It was the same road along which, the day before, the fish van with the banknotes had ploughed its way through mud and slush. It was slow going for the 26 heavy lorries. One or more of the lorries were continually getting stuck and holding up those behind. Other cars, which caught up with the convoy, were also being held up. In one of these was the photographer who had been arrested at Lillehammer for asking to be directed to the Bank of Norway where—without his knowledge—the same gold bullion had been stored. He had in the meantime been to Ålesund with the Norwegian Telegraph Agency, and had returned to cover the front as a war correspondent, but had been told that it was not opportune. He was more cautious about asking questions this time, but when they reached the ferry head and all the lorries had been parked among the trees and camouflaged with branches, he met "Fritjof", whom he knew.

Both ferries were over on the other side of the fjord. As soon as it became dark they came across, and the hard work of ferrying the lorries over to the other side of the fjord began. It was a slow process, as each ferry could carry only two lorries. The hours were slipping by. They were expected at Molde at a specific time and the alarm would be given if they did not arrive in time. It would take about six hours to get the lorries across the fjord. It was obvious that they would not be able to keep to schedule, and the authorities in Molde would have to be notified. It would not be safe to use the telephone, so the photographer was asked to drive on ahead and explain the delay. When he reached the other side of the fjord the first lorries were already struggling up the steep hill. Many of them were small, 30-cwt. vehicles, but carrying up to two or three tons of gold. One of them had got stuck on the hillside and blocked the road. It had to be unloaded and the cases disposed of among the other overloaded lorries.

Having lent a hand to clear the road, the photographer drove on as fast as mud, water and ice would allow, to keep his appointment. He was supposed to go to a certain road on the outskirts of the town, where he would meet a large black saloon car. Inside the car he would find an official, the County Governor, and probably one of the Cabinet Ministers. The car skidded across ice and splashed through mud, in some places 18 inches deep. Where the furrows and the mud were particularly deep he had to go into reverse to gather more speed, and then just force his way through and hope for the best. The car screeched, the axle bumped against the road and parts kept flying off, but he was lucky. Completely exhausted and with the car battered and dented, but with the engine still running, he reached the outskirts of Molde at the appointed hour. He slowed down, and there, in the darkness, a large black car was moving along the road at snail's pace. He stopped and got out. The other car stopped too and, peeping through the window, he recognized one of the occupants and passed on the message.

The gold lorries arrived at Molde in the middle of the night. On the way, four of the lorries had broken down and had had to be replaced; but they had found only three, so after that the lorries had been still more overloaded. At times the entire convoy had to wait whilst the road was being repaired.

After the gold had been unloaded and deposited in the cellar of a textile factory the drivers, now completely exhausted—some of them had been working for fifty hours without a break,—felt entitled to some sleep. But they could not be spared even for a few hours. The hard-pressed Army was desperately short of drivers and lorries, and they had to embark on the return journey at once.

One of the problems the Norwegian Government had to cope with was that of maintaining contact not only with the Allies, but also with Norwegian Legations and other Norwegian authorities abroad. Urgent messages and instructions were sent by radio, but often long reports or original documents had to be sent out of the country or brought into Norway. A steady stream of couriers were therefore travelling between the Norwegian authorities in Norway and Sweden. To begin with there was no regular courier system and whoever happened to be available and suitable, whether he was an officer, civil servant, chauffeur, worker or a peasant, was usually commissioned to do the job on the spur of the moment.

After the Cabinet Meeting at Stugufläten on the 22nd of April, Dr. Koht, the Foreign Minister, went up to one of the young members of the Foreign Office who had been spending the day carrying fuel and helping to type the decrees, and asked him whether he knew Norway well and whether he was a good skier. The young man

—one of those civil servants who had persistently followed in the wake of the Government, determined to do some useful work sooner or later—saw a chance for action at long last. Dr. Koht wanted him to go to Sweden as courier. He knew it would be a difficult job to cross the whole width of the rugged Norwegian mountains, with most of the roads and towns full of Germans, but he was sure he could manage it. The only thing he was worried about was how he was going to find the Government again on his return. When he asked where they would be Dr. Koht replied: "I don't know—but you found us before and you'll find us again!"

The first lap of the journey was covered by car. He was given the Foreign Minister's own car and chauffeur. They had not gone far before a German 'plane tried to machine-gun them, but it is not easy to hit a fast-moving car along a twisting road. The 'plane gave it up, and the courier leaned out of the window and waved 'good-bye'. It was a beautiful clear night as they crossed the Dovre Mountains; driving across that wide expanse of snow, gleaming in the brilliant starlight.

The next day they arrived at the north-eastern shore of the Femund Lake. From here onwards the road was blocked by snow and they could not get any farther by car. The chauffeur returned with the car and the courier carried on alone and crossed the mountains into Sweden on skis.

After having spent two days in Stockholm he returned by car to the Norwegian frontier, this time in company with a military courier. They were now faced with two problems: firstly, where to find the Government, and secondly, how to reach them, as it was reported that the Germans had now passed beyond Rörås, the town just north-west of the Femund Lake, which they had passed through on their way to Sweden. There was no way of finding out where the Government was, so first they had to try to get through the German lines. The road to the Femund Lake had in the meantime been cleared, and they went by car as far as the east side of the lake. From here it was no longer safe to go by road, so they abandoned the car and set out on skis across the mountain plateau to the north of the lake. They marched all day, carrying the heavy courier bags. The tundra seemed endless. As they marched, hour after hour, ever new stretches of vast snowfields rolled up in front of them. They were dead tired when, late in the evening, they reached a small village on the other side of the mountains. They could now continue by car, but had not got far before the road ended abruptly on the bank of a river. The bridge had been blown up by Norwegian soldiers. So they had to tramp along on foot again. Just as they reached a small farm they heard the sound of horse and sledge approaching. They hastily hid the courier bags behind a snowdrift and tried to look part and parcel of the farm. But they did not feel too confident and were very relieved as the sledge pulled up in front of the farmhouse and a familiar voice called out: "Well! Well! I didn't expect to see you here." It was a colleague from the Foreign Office who was also carrying courier to

Sweden. He told them that the Government was at Molde. That was a valuable piece of information indeed. They got hold of another car and motored down the Gaul Valley towards Stören, less than 30 miles due south of Trondheim. But after a while they were stopped by Norwegian soldiers who told them that the Germans were at Stören. That meant that they were cut off again, and once more they had to set out on skis, lugging the heavy courier bags across wild mountains. They got a guide to take them across, and, after marching all day, arrived at Berkåk at eleven o'clock in the evening. They went to a small farm. To begin with the farmer was suspicious, but when they told him their business he said: "Yes, I see now that you are the King's men," and gave them plenty of food and offered to help them. Whilst they had a short rest the farmer went to the police to arrange for their transport. But they did not get much sleep. They were awakened a few minutes later—at midnight—and told that the Germans had broken through the Norwegian lines immediately to the south, and that the enemy was now marching on the village both from the north and the south, and could be expected at any moment. So, dead tired though they were, they had to set out on skis once again and cross some more mountains. They marched all night, and the next day too, and descended into the Sunn Valley late in the evening. Here, too, the Germans were expected at any moment and everything was in an uproar. After a great deal of difficulty they managed to get hold of a car. Whilst arrangements were being made to take some other people along too, the Foreign Office courier fell asleep on a pile of timber. When he woke up again he was alone. The others had forgotten him. It seemed practically hopeless to try to get another car, but armed with his credentials authorizing him to requisition anything he might need he combed the whole district and finally found one. He got away just before the Germans arrived. Among the people who went with him in the car was a girl from Molde. She had been working at an hotel farther east, where about 200 Norwegian soldiers had been billeted. Every evening, she said, they had laid the table for 400 people, as British troops were expected at any moment.

When they arrived at Tingvoll, where the ferry crosses over to the Molde peninsula, they discovered that every single boat, small and large, had been taken across to the other side to prevent the Germans from crossing.

Fortunately the telephone was still functioning, and a boat was sent over to fetch them. As they crossed the fjord they saw a huge red glow in the sky to the north. That was Kristiansund being burnt to the ground.

They continued by car. As they approached Molde the sky became brighter and brighter. Molde, too, was in flames. When they reached the outskirts of the town they met another civil servant who told the courier that he was out of luck as the Government had left only an hour ago. He thought he would make sure for himself, so he drove through the burning town, carpeted with glass splinters and with buildings collapsing on all sides. It was like driving through Hell. At the quayside, a British warship was taking on board the Norwegian gold whilst columns and columns of water from the ship's fire-hoses were warding off the flames from the burning quay. He was told that this was the ship which was taking the Norwegian King and Government away, and that it had been delayed by the loading of the gold. So he was not too late. He went on board and reported to the Foreign Minister and delivered the despatches. The Foreign Minister was very grateful, but regretted that there was no room for him on the ship. So he went back into the burning city in search of food and a bed. Once again, as so many other civil servants, he had to stay behind, and once more he was equally determined to catch up with the Government, somehow.

CHAPTER VIII

THE King and the Crown Prince left Stugufláten after the Cabinet Meeting on the 22nd and went by car to Åfarness, the ferry head a few miles beyond Åndalsnes, where a small steamer was waiting to take them to Molde. The ship was due at Molde at 2 a.m. The County Governor and the Ministers Stöstad and Nielsen, who had gone on ahead to arrange for accommodation, were waiting on the quay to receive the King. At 5 a.m. they were still pacing the quay, waiting for the Royal ship. There was considerable air activity in the direction of Åndalsnes and they were getting increasingly worried. The ship did not arrive till about 6 a.m., but the delay was only due to a misunderstanding.

The King, who can sleep in a chair without the slightest difficulty, had had a couple of hours' nap on board and was feeling in high form. He was hungry and said he would very much like something to eat. They went to the County Governor's house and had breakfast there.

Later in the morning, German bombers came over the town, and as the house had a prominent position the County Governor went to look for other accommodation for the King and the Crown Prince. He found a secluded villa outside the town, and in the evening the King, the Crown Prince and the aides-de-camp walked to their new home carrying their suit-cases. The next day a bomb fell close to the house they had left.

The other Ministers left Stugufláten early the next morning, on the 23rd, after they had finished their stale sandwiches for breakfast. A few of them went first to Ålesund, where they had some business to attend to. The others went straight to Molde by car, arriving in the afternoon after a long and wearisome journey through the mud. Those who had gone to Ålesund arrived at Molde the next day.

All the Ministers stayed at *Knausen*, a boarding-house not in use at the time and situated on a hill overlooking the fjord, a few miles outside the town. It was a modern, white house, not particularly handsome, but commanding a beautiful view of the "town of roses", the fjord and the majestic snow-capped mountains in the background. From the verandah the Ministers could watch the battles between German bombers and British warships on their way to and from Åndalsnes. There was something unreal about those ships, blowing puffs of white smoke up into the clear sky, and the small insect-like 'planes buzzing and darting about furiously. With the towering mountains in the background, white, cool and unconcerned, the 'planes seemed infinitely minute and insignificant and the warships looked like model ships on a glass surface.

Here the Ministers worked, ate and slept. The staff stayed at another boarding-house, *Retiro*, not very far away. This was a brown, wooden building, long, low and aristocratic-looking. Here the officials worked, ate and slept. Some of the rooms were turned into offices and became the headquarters of the Central Administration.

But German air activity increased from day to day, and as it seemed an unnecessary risk for the whole Government to be concentrated in one building, the Prime Minister, Mr. Stöstad and Mr. Nielsen moved to the vicarage, a couple of miles farther out of town, a few days later. Originally they were going to have only a few rooms as the house was full of evacuees. But all the evacuees moved out when they heard that the Government was coming, as they were sure the Germans would try to bomb the Cabinet Ministers. One of the typists who had worked with Parliament offered to keep house for them and run the office. She bought food, bedclothes and stationery and made the house ready for the Ministers to move in. She 'lived out', and when she arrived in the mornings Mr. Stöstad was always up and about and had usually lit the stove and made porridge —excellent porridge—for breakfast. Most of the actual office work, however, was done at *Knausen* and *Retiro*.

Simultaneously, Mr. Hindahl and Mr. Ystgaard moved to a farm —the Minister of Agriculture, a genuine farmer of the old stock, never missed an opportunity to stay at a farm if there was one within reach. The Minister of Justice and his staff were staying at a place farther up the fjord. But all the Cabinet conferences and Council Meetings were held at *Knausen*.

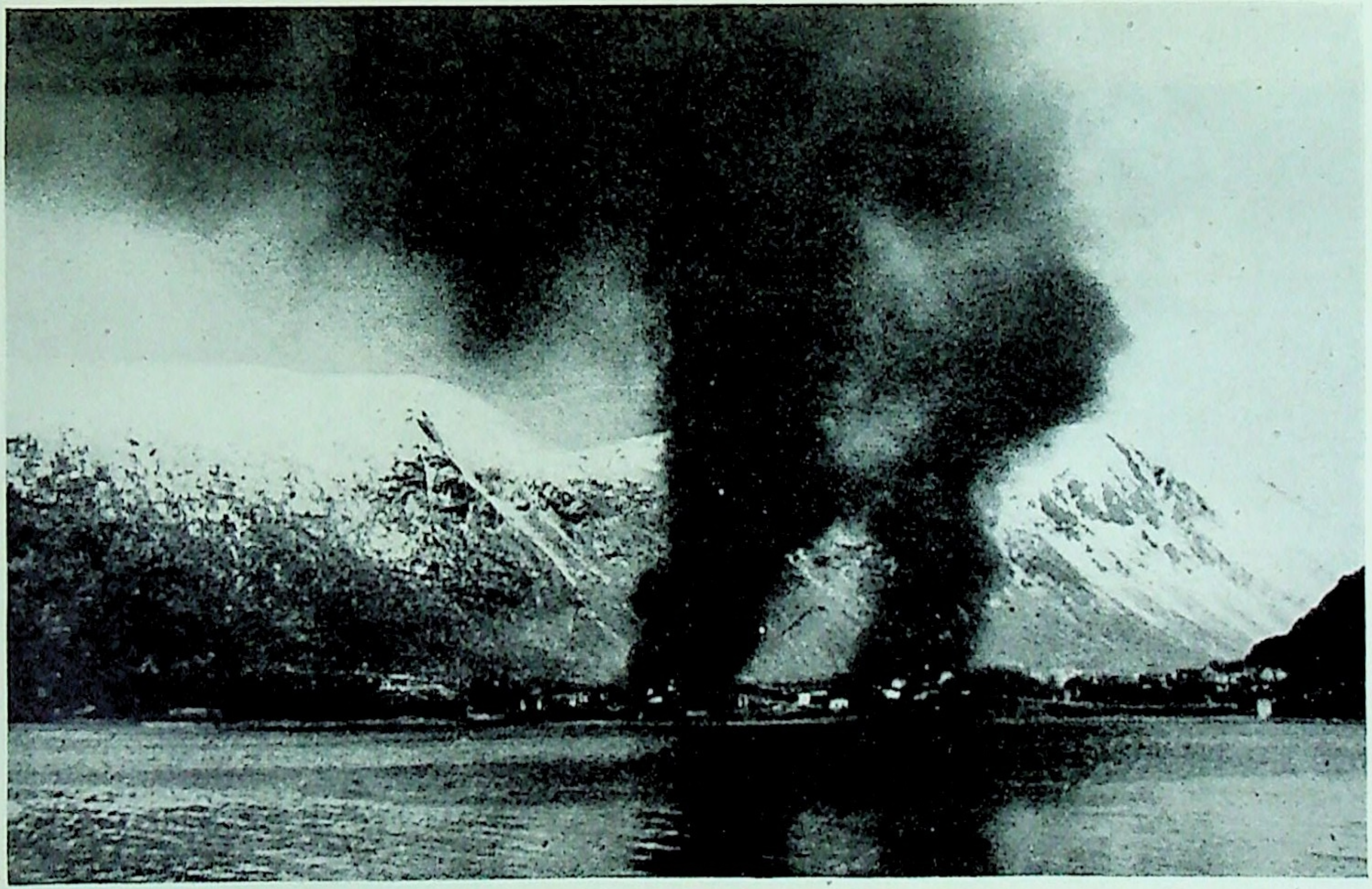
For the first time the Government was assembled in reasonable circumstances, and their immediate concern was not how to escape the enemy and where to go next. There was a lot of work to catch up with and the Cabinet was in conference all day and every day.

The civil servants, of whom more and more were arriving at Molde, also had more work to do. The reports and documents appertaining to many of the decrees which had been passed at Stugufläten had to be prepared now, as there had been no time to complete them in advance. Ministers, officials, local authorities and business men were constantly in conference. Plans were discussed for establishing a shipping line to England. Various measures were taken with regard to export and import, land and sea communications, labour and wages, payments and credits, justice and public health, food and fodder, electricity and fuel, mail services and various industries. Government representatives were sent to Ålesund, Kristiansund, and other parts of the country. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was in constant touch with the Allied authorities. The typists and clerks were inundated with reports, minutes and plans which had to be drafted, edited, typed or translated. The Ministry of Defence was busy helping the Allied military authorities, keeping the Forces supplied, arranging for ships and transport, trying to secure arms and ammunition, and assimilating all the reports which were coming in from all parts of the country. But the military reports were getting more and more gloomy. Once again the black stormclouds were drawing nearer and the impeding cloudburst was threatening to wash away the flimsy foundations which the Government had now been able to lay for the defence and administration of the country. The problem which was haunting the Government night and day was how to stem the tide and, if possible, how to push it back. Like all true patriots they were convinced that, with the help of the Allies, they would be able to do so.

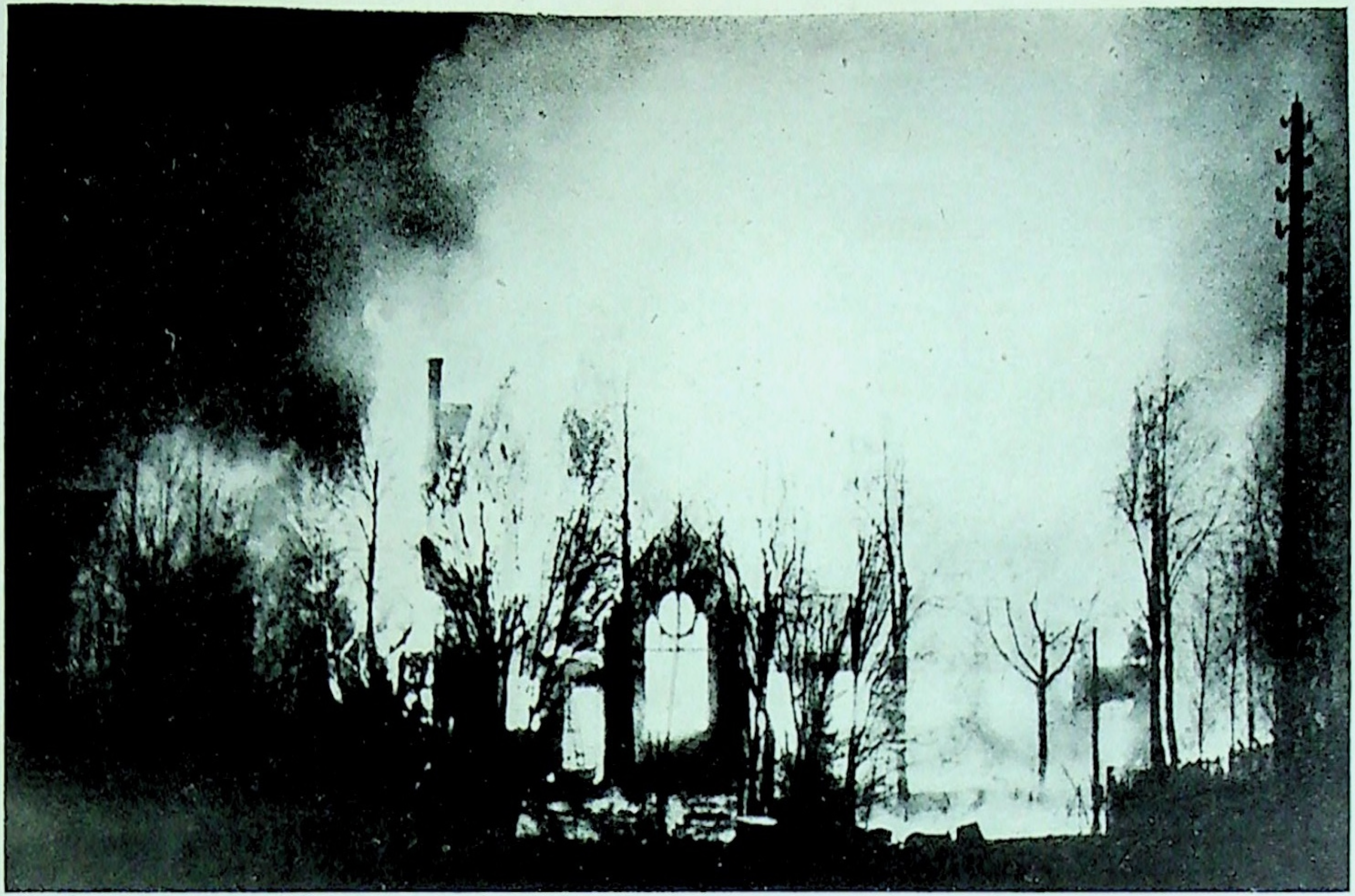
On Friday, the 26th, the Government discussed the situation with the British and French Ministers and requested that the Allies should try to recapture Trondheim, which would provide them with airfields. These requests were passed on to the respective Governments but no military action followed. The Cabinet Ministers felt frustrated. They could not understand. It seemed as if Norway was not of sufficient importance. They had a feeling as though the Allies were waiting for something to happen—something important. It was strange that they should sense this. Was it imagination, or was it intuition? Or did the Allied Governments know that the "phoney" war was nearly over and the real war about to begin, and did they unconsciously betray their knowledge to the Norwegians?

Simultaneously came the first gusts of the approaching storm. On the 28th the German bombers began a serious attack on Molde. As if in justification the German Government had proclaimed, on the 26th, that Germany and Norway were at war. The attack started early in the morning, as usual, and continued all day. The bombers went round and round in a circle, dropping their loads. They came in over *Knausen* and released their bombs immediately above the heads of the Cabinet Ministers. It took some time before they realized that the bombs were not aimed at them but at the town proper, and that every bomb was, in fact, carried forward and fell a good distance away.

The King had already acclimatized himself. "Hitler is not going to interfere with my breakfast," he said, and decided to eat very early, in good time before the daily early-morning visit by the German bombers. Every morning at about 8 or 9 a.m., just when the first 'planes arrived, the King, the Crown Prince and their aides-de-camp wrapped some sandwiches in a parcel and retired to a



Åndalsnes



The King and the Government watched the church steeple crash to the ground as they waited to get through Molde to the waiting warship nearby wood for the day. From there they were forced to watch the 'planes systematically raze the town to the ground, practically unopposed. When the bombs were getting too near they lay behind some large boulders. The King had his own shelter—his private stone, as he called it. There was ice and snow on the ground, and one day when he was particularly wet and cold he complained that the Germans had put him on ice. They used to stay in the forest all day, till about seven in the evening when the bombing ceased.

As Molde was crumbling so the Central Administration began to disintegrate. It was impossible to work efficiently under such conditions. The various offices which by now had been set up all over the town had to be evacuated as one house after another was demolished. Many of the departments seemed to disappear without trace. No one seemed to know where they had moved to, and it became increasingly difficult for them to find each other.

The next day, on the 29th, the storm broke. At about midday, whilst the bombing of Molde continued and several fires were burning in the town, Dr. Koht and some of the other Ministers went to the Vicarage to tell the Prime Minister that they had received notification from the Allies that they would have to withdraw their troops from the Gudbrands Valley and the Roms Valley. This was a dreadful shock, and obviously meant the surrender of the whole of southern Norway. The Cabinet held a conference on the spot and decided to protest against the withdrawal.

There were many things to attend to whilst they waited for the reply. The Ministry of Defence had to make some swift decisions. Various officials in Government offices in Molde, Kristiansund, Ålesund and elsewhere had to be warned. Provisional arrangements had to be made for transportation, although they could not really believe that they would have to flee again. The Foreign Minister had a hundred and one things to attend to, and the Minister of Finance had to make arrangements for the "luggage"—the gold—which was still stored in the cellar of the textile factory. Something had to be done about the gold immediately, before the factory was set on fire. Whilst he was wondering what to do with the gold, the Minister of Social Welfare came to him to get kr.10,000 for fuel for the local sanatorium. Mr. Stöstad tried to take the money to the sanatorium himself, but all the roads were blocked by debris and craters and he could not get through. He gave the money to a parson who promised to take it to the hospital as soon as possible. Shortly afterwards Mr. Stöstad watched the sanatorium go up in flames.

The King, too, was cut off. He could not get in touch with his Government. The telephone network had been completely destroyed. He wanted to see some of his Ministers and sent his aide-de-camp in a car to fetch them. The aide-de-camp drove through the burning town, edging his way past collapsed houses and deep craters, and past women and children pushing their belongings in handcarts or carrying them on their backs under a hail of machine-gun bullets from the German 'planes. Eventually he found the Defence Minister, and together they literally fought their way back to the King.

The Allied reply came in the afternoon. It was final. The Allies had to uphold their decision. The Norwegian Government had no choice. The Norwegian troops were far too exhausted to hold out on their own, and in any case they had no arms or ammunition. At about 8 p.m. the Cabinet held a conference at *Knausen* to make last-minute dispositions. During the meeting they were informed that a British cruiser would come to take them away at 10 p.m., and they were asked to be there punctually. That gave them only an hour to make all arrangements and to go home and fetch their belongings.

Shortly before ten the King, the Crown Prince, the Ministers and some of the senior officials met just outside the town. The British cruiser was already alongside the quay, but between them there was a sea of flames. The whole town, or what was left of it, was on fire, and still the Germans were not satisfied. High explosive bombs were bursting all around them. While they stood there in the heat of the fire and sheltering as best they could from the bombs, the flames licked up the church steeple in the centre of the town. Soon the tower was filled with yellow flames and the clock stood out as a round silhouette. It was a fantastic sight. Then the whole steeple crashed to the ground. All the time a stream of refugees were passing by on their way out of the inferno, carrying their belongings or pushing them in carts, prams and wheelbarrows. Some of them were injured. A man was rushing about looking for a doctor for a small boy with a glass splinter in his eye. When everyone was ready, they entered the cars and these moved off to make the dash through the flames. The heat became more intense as they penetrated into the centre of the town. Soon it was almost unbearable. There was a yellow wall of flames on either side. Sparks were flying about and hitting the windscreens, and the wheels were crunching broken glass. They had to drive fast so that the vehicles should not catch fire. The cars were escorted by Army officers who stood on the running-boards, and went ahead to explore every time they came to a street blocked by debris or craters. They reached the water-front safely, but by now the quay, too, was in flames. All the cruiser's fire-hoses were in action, pouring water on the quay and round it to ward off the flames. The King and the Ministers had to walk beneath the cascades of water to reach the ship. The air was thick with smoke and steam. They could not see farther than two or three feet in front of them and had to feel their way across the slippery quay. But they got aboard safely, and there the Commander was waiting for them with strong whisky.

The cruiser did not leave immediately. There was still the "luggage"—the gold—to be got on board. It had been brought safely out of the cellars of the factory, which was now in flames, and was being taken on board the warship by British soldiers. They were carrying the heavy cases in a long file, through flames, water and smoke, and up the gangway.

Shortly after the King and the Ministers had come on board a German 'plane attacked the cruiser. All her anti-aircraft guns opened up. Some of the Ministers and officials who were on deck threw themselves flat on the deck to find protection against bombs and shrapnel, and the showers of water which poured down over the ship when the bombs exploded in the water near the ship's side. During the first lull the Norwegians were ordered below deck. Many of them had not been aboard a warship before and were not too happy when the steel bulkheads closed and, trapped inside, they listened to the bombs exploding close by. The British Commander could not risk the lives of the Norwegian King and Cabinet Ministers, so H.M.S. *Glasgow* cast off her moorings immediately—at 1 a.m. on the 30th of April—and steamed out to sea, leaving the rest of the gold behind.

All through the night the cruiser steamed westwards at high speed, escorted by two destroyers. Then she turned north.

Where was the Government going? That was a question—the usual problem—which had not been decided. Somewhere down in the stern of the warship, in a room vibrating with the beat of the engine, and to the clatter of the steering-chains, the King and the Ministers discussed the problem. Some of them wanted to go to Tromsö, the capital of North Norway. Others thought it would be better to go somewhere farther south, to Mo in Rana, or to Mosjöen, still farther south. Those who advocated the latter alternative were of the opinion that it would demoralize the people if the Government went as far north as Tromsö. Those who thought it would be wisest to go to Tromsö pointed out that so far the Government had not been left in peace at any one place for more than a few days, and that with the present speed of the German advance it might not take long for the enemy to reach Mosjöen or even Mo in Rana, and that they could quite easily be cut off again, or captured by parachutists. A lively debate ensued. The Government could not agree. Finally the question was put to the vote. But they all had a feeling that, whatever they decided, the British Commander, who had been instructed by the British Government to take the King and the Norwegian Government to safety, would take them to Tromsö. Their suspicion was probably well founded because the British knew, and the Norwegian Government did not know, that the Allies intended to abandon both Trondheim and Namsos. In any case, the Norwegian Government decided by one vote to go to Tromsö.

So H.M.S. *Glasgow* continued on her course northwards. The weather was brilliant. For the most part the trip was uneventful. But now and then the *Glasgow* would twist and turn as if trying to escape an invisible grip, one destroyer would disappear over the horizon at high speed, belching forth black smoke, and the other destroyer would dart backwards and forwards like a fussy mother. On board the cruiser the big guns were manned night and day. The Norwegians had a deck at their disposal where they walked about in the sun.

The Government had many conferences on board. "What next?" was the burning question. The military outlook was grim. In south-eastern Norway the Norwegian Forces had been driven into Sweden, and the Germans were now in possession of practically the whole of southern Norway. Had the Bergen sector, too, fallen into their hands? Probably. With the withdrawal from the Gudbrands and the Roms Valleys the whole of western Norway was doomed. In the Trondheim area, as elsewhere, only partial mobilization had been possible in the short time available, and there was no news from that front. Would the Allies withdraw from Namsos? If so North Norway would be directly threatened. Would the Germans try to land in North Norway? What was the policy of the Allies? Was it a "wait-and-see" policy? Did they intend to give up the fight on this front, or would they concentrate on pushing the Germans out of Norway? All these questions were discussed, weighed, and discussed again. The situation had to be clarified. The Government decided to send the Foreign Minister and the Defence Minister to England and France to talk the matter over with the respective Allied Governments. They were to go to England on board the *Glasgow* as soon as the others had been landed at Tromsö.

On the 1st of May they were still at sea. As two of the Norwegian officials were walking on deck, one of them looked puzzled at the sun.

"What's wrong?" asked the other

"Are we going north or south?"

The other looked puzzled, too.

"Well, of course," he said, "there is no doubt that we are going north, but according to the sun we are steaming south."

They were, in fact, heading south. The cruiser had made a wide detour and had been as far north as on a level with the North Cape.

That day a 'plane was catapulted from the *Glasgow* and sent to Tromsö with a message to the local authorities to arrange for accommodation for the King and the Government, and to send a ship out to meet them as they did not want the cruiser to sail into Tromsö harbour.

Later in the afternoon they were met by a small Norwegian auxiliary warship somewhere in the skerries off Tromsö. It was the old steamship *Heimdal* which, in 1905, had brought King Haakon, then newly elected King of Norway, and his family to Norway. This was an extraordinary coincidence. The King did not comment, but it made a profound impression on him. It awakened memories of a time that seemed to belong to another world. He recalled how he had carried the baby Crown Prince in his arms down the gangway and set foot on Norway—a land to which he was to dedicate his whole life. And now half this land had been taken by the enemy.

The *Heimdal* came alongside. The Ministers said good-bye to Dr. Koht and Colonel Ljungberg who were going to England, and climbed down the gangway and boarded the Norwegian ship. Then the British Commander went below to fetch the King and the Crown Prince. On deck the entire crew were on parade and His Majesty

King Haakon and His Royal Highness Crown Prince Olav were piped off H.M.S. *Glasgow* as they slowly descended the gangway.

The *Heimdal* was a small, antiquated ship and not very awe-inspiring compared with the *Glasgow*, but at least they were back on Norwegian territory. The crew and naval officers were Norwegian, and she was flying the Norwegian flag.

Half Norway was still free, and they were on their way back to their own country. The overcrowded ship steamed through the skerries towards Tromsö without an escort. It was a beautiful evening. They sailed past the snow-clad mountains dropping sheer into the sea. The water was clear and calm. It was quiet and peaceful.

They steamed into Tromsö at 11 p.m. on the 1st of May, exactly two days after they had left Molde.

CHAPTER IX

On the 29th of April, whilst Molde was burning and the King and the Government were fighting their way through the flames to reach the British warship, many members of the Civil Administration were waiting at *Retiro*, their headquarters. It was cold and most of them were sitting about in overcoats. The electric light was not working and the only light came from a few candles. They knew that the Government was leaving, but they did not know when. Some had been told they would go with the Government, some that their transport north had been or would be arranged, whilst others had received no instructions at all, and they were all becoming increasingly impatient as the evening wore on. Eventually they sent a delegate down to the town to find out what was happening. He arrived on the quay just as the *Glasgow* cast off. There had been room for only 25 passengers on board the *Glasgow*, in addition to the King, the Crown Prince, the Cabinet Ministers and some of the diplomatic corps, and there had not been time to make complete arrangements for the evacuation of the rest of the Civil Administration.

He met "Fritjof" on the quay and asked him how they could get north. That was the first time he had known "Fritjof" to lose his temper.

"Hell!" he snapped, "can't you let me finish this job first?"

"Fritjof" had been left behind with the gold. As the British warship had moved away, the Minister of Finance had shouted down to him: "You'll have to get north as best you can!" So there was "Fritjof" on the burning quay with several tons of gold on his hands.

But he was sorry he had lost his temper. He explained that a small coastal steamer, *Driva*, berthed at the other end of the town, would take them north. But how was he going to get the gold through the town to the ship? He looked from the gold to the burning inferno and back to the gold. Something had to be done quickly or else the gold would melt away. A bomb fell close by, just to give him that extra push. There was only one way back—across a flimsy bridge not intended to carry heavy traffic. The bridge was still intact but considerably weakened by nearby bomb hits and by the heat from the fires. One after the other the lorries tore across the bridge. It held. But still they had to get through the town. Debris and burning timber were literally raining down. The streets were littered with glass and masonry. The heat singed the hair of the drivers and the smoke nearly suffocated them. But the lorries forced their way through the desolate city and all of them got safely down to the quay where *Driva* was berthed.

In the meantime, the other official had returned to *Retiro*. There were less people there now; he told those present that a steamer was waiting to take them north. As they drove back to the quay, there was another air attack and the cars got separated and some of them could not find the ship. The others ran across the quay and up the gangway under a rain of machine-gun bullets.

The gold was now on board and the ship was ready to sail. Just then a large bomb dropped close to the ship's side. She listed heavily. Immediately afterwards another bomb dropped on the other side. The ship rolled back, threatening to capsize. A third bomb hit some houses by the quay, throwing up huge flames. At that moment *Driva* moved slowly away from the quay, carrying another portion of Norway's gold.

Orders were to sail only during darkness, but as they had not got away till two o'clock in the morning they rounded the peninsula so as to get well outside the target area. At 6 a.m. they berthed alongside a wooden landing-stage in a small bay about 20 miles north of Molde. But as another ship was laid up there, and as the two ships together might present too much of a target, it was decided to anchor *Driva* a little further up the coast. They had only gone a few hundred yards when a German seaplane appeared. The 'plane took a keen interest in the steamer and came nosing down to mast height. They turned round immediately and steamed full speed back towards the shore. A direct hit with such a heavy cargo on board, and the ship and the gold would go straight down. Just as she glided up to the landing stage the 'plane came in from astern to attack. The captain signalled full steam ahead. The ship vibrated under the sudden strain. The propeller churned up the water, the ship moved forward, and then the first bomb dropped, only a few yards astern. The steamer ran aground. Those on board jumped ashore, but there was no protection—not even a tree. The 'plane came back. They threw themselves flat in the heather, and crawled further up the hillside between each round. The attack was now concentrated against the people—many of them women. Fortunately the ship was ignored. As so often during this war, the Germans were so anxious to murder defenceless civilians that they failed to get on with their real business of making war. The 'plane made round after round. When it had exhausted all its bombs, it dropped incendiaries, but they would not burn in the wet grass. It finished up by machine-gunning them, but only one man was injured. Another died later from shock.

What now? If they put to sea again the 'plane might return and sink the ship. Should they unload the gold and deposit it in a stone quarry near by, and have it fetched later? In any case, they could not go far by sea without more fuel. The captain telephoned the owners in Molde. They could bunker at Kristiansund. But Kristiansund was in flames, and so, probably, was the bunkering station. The official who had been left temporarily in charge of the gold—"Fritjof" had stayed behind in Molde—refused to let the ship go to Kristiansund. He insisted that the coal should be brought to them. In the meantime, instructions came through from "Fritjof", who had heard about the attack, to the effect that *Driva* should bring the gold to Gjemnes—a small ferry head further up the fjord. The "passengers" went there by car, and the steamer made ready to continue her voyage. But she was firmly beached and could not get off under her own power. Only after a large proportion of the gold had been moved to the stern of the ship was it possible to get her afloat again.

Many civil servants had not known about *Driva*, and were still in Molde the next day waiting for further instructions or exploring the town in search of transport facilities. Molde was a smouldering heap of ruins with a few fires still burning here and there. It was a dead city. A handful of people were wandering about the streets between gutted houses and gaping windows, or searching amongst the debris for something—or perhaps—someone.

One man was salvaging cigarettes and chocolates from a shop which was still burning. A civil servant who came past offered to help him. Dirty and tired, with masonry and burning timber falling about them and expecting the roof to cave in at any moment, he helped to lug the heavy boxes out into the street. Seeing the ledgers on a shelf he suggested they might as well save those too. "Ledgers!" said the other. "What the hell do I want with ledgers? It's not my shop." The civil servant, mad with rage, picked up a box of chocolates and walked away.

The only sign of real life in Molde was a constant traffic of lorries in and out of the town. Those who were still waiting at the *Retiro* were getting increasingly impatient. They felt sore enough as it was at having been left behind, without having to witness all this activity and still being ignored. They tried to find out what it was all about and where the lorries were going, hoping that this might give them a clue as to how to get away, but they could not get any specific information. Later in the day, someone had managed to collar "Fritjof" and the word got around that they should all meet at Gjemnes. So, during the afternoon, most of the civil servants went there by car.

In the meantime, "Fritjof" had had a frantically busy day making arrangements for the remainder of the gold—some of it had still been left behind at Molde,—deciding what to do with the beached *Driva*, and finally trying to get hold of a number of fishing-smacks to take all the gold north. By the end of the day the rest of the gold had been taken from Molde to Gjemnes by lorries—that was why the civil servants had been ignored,—*Driva* had arrived safely at

Gjemnes, and the necessary fishing-smacks had been procured. Then, for the umpteenth time, the heavy gold cases had to be transhipped—this time into several fishing vessels. It was a race against time. It was only safe to sail during darkness and if they lost another day they might be spotted by a German 'plane—or the German Army might arrive. They had no idea of its whereabouts, but opposite Gjemnes, which lies on the western side of a narrow fjord, there was a ferry head linked directly with central Norway by road, and German guns might come rumbling down into the village at any moment.

The civil servants who arrived at Gjemnes in the course of the day were kept segregated in one house. They were virtually put under house arrest so as not to set the village talking. They were not even allowed to go shopping. One man had to do the shopping for all of them. Most of them were exhausted and dozed off as the evening wore on. But during the night the fishing-smacks crept out of the harbour one by one. It seemed as if "Fritjof" was most inclined to leave as many of the civil servants behind as possible. His desire, if so be it, not to overcrowd the "gold ships" with civilians was, perhaps, understandable in the circumstances. But most of them awakened in time and sneaked out in two and threes and joined the fishing-boats. Those who woke up last and found themselves completely deserted rushed down to the quay. All the boats had left. But one of them—the last one—was still within sight. They shouted—they screamed so loudly it sounded like murder in the stillness of the night. Forgotten was all regard for secrecy and security. The possibility of being left behind . . . anyway—perhaps in order to avoid more din—the boat came back and fetched them.

As the five cutters steamed north, the next day—the 1st of May—soon dawned and they had to seek harbour again. They anchored at Kvalvåg. They had covered only a few miles, and ahead of them lay hundreds of miles of enemy infested waters and a coastline partly occupied by the Germans. They had no idea where they were taking the gold. Had they known they would have to take it as far as Tromsö—500 miles away—they might well have lost heart. Each ship was hidden away separately in nearby bays to avoid the attention of German 'planes, and the "passengers" were kept indoors all day. Most of them spent the day sleeping in a barn.

That night they left as soon as it became dark, at about ten o'clock. In the west, half the sky seemed to be aflame. It was Kristiansund—still burning. But the nights were short, and by dawn they had only got as far as the island of Tustna, about 15 miles north of Gjemnes. Once again the vessels sought shelter in nearby creeks and crannies.

The next night they intended to go as far as the island of Smöla, or Hitra, but during the day they heard on the radio at one of the farms that the Allies had now evacuated not only Åndalsnes but also Namsos, which meant the final abandonment of Trondheim. That settled it. They would have to make more headway. With the Germans to the south, to the east and perhaps to the north of them, and with the German Navy to the west, the *Luftwaffe* overhead and U-boats beneath, and with a 500-mile sea journey before them, they could not afford to travel at the speed of ten miles a night. At that rate it would take them nearly two months to reach Tromsö. So that night they took the risk and left at 8 p.m., whilst it was still light, and sailed to Titran on the island of Fröya—a distance of some 40 miles. The first boat arrived at 3 a.m. and the others soon after. But there was only room for one boat alongside the quay at a time, and each vessel had to wait her turn before she could disembark the passengers. And in the meantime it was getting lighter and lighter and the regular German air patrol was expected at any moment. The officials clambered ashore as quickly as they could. It was only five minutes after the last boat had disembarked her passengers that the first German reconnaissance 'plane came buzzing down the coast. But by that time all the vessels were tucked away and the people were safely indoors. The barren coast lay quiet and undisturbed. There was no sign of life at the occasional farmsteads and fishermen's cottages. In the east, a bright red sun was emerging from behind the snow-capped peaks.

But the prospects were far from rosy. They were now outside the entrance to the Trondheims Fjord, with German warships passing in and out. Farther north, the Germans were probably at Namsos. Ahead of them lay 200 miles of open sea with hardly a single island where they could hide. The waters around were probably thick with German surface craft and submarines. It seemed inconceivable that they could continue without being spotted. And then came a rumour that the Germans had reached Hitra, an island only a few miles to the south, and that they were expected at Fröya the next day.

Should they venture as far as the small Froan group of islands during the night? They consulted a lighthouse keeper. He had seen many ships out at sea. It seemed sheer madness to risk shipping the gold across the open sea. What would happen if they lost it, or still worse, if the Germans should get it? The gold would be needed to buy weapons, ammunition and 'planes. Should they hide it on one of the islands and fetch it later? It was a tremendous responsibility. Finally, one of the civil servants and the author and poet Nordahl Grieg (subsequently killed as an observer during a raid on Berlin in 1943), a private in the Norwegian Army and one of the thirty soldiers guarding the gold, offered to put to sea in one of the fishing-smacks and look for a British warship. The idea was to try and persuade the warship, if they could find one, to come and fetch the gold or escort the fishing-smacks across the open waters. But they had a feeling that it was not going to be easy to persuade a British man-of-war to do anything. Nevertheless, they set out, armed with an authorization signed by one of the Foreign Office secretaries, with two signal flags, one saying, "I am in distress and want immediate assistance", and the other, "I want personal contact", and with a powerful torch on which they were first taught how to flash an S O S.

But they did not feel very happy. They were convinced that they were embarking on an extremely hazardous expedition and that they were far more likely to meet a German than a British ship. They did not think it was very probable they would ever see their friends again, and the others rather confirmed this feeling when saying goodbye to them on the landing stage, sadly, as if for the last time.

They began to feel a bit sheepish as, hour after hour, they steamed on without seeing even a speck of smoke on the horizon. Ignorant as they were of war conditions they had exaggerated ideas of the efficiency of sea patrol. But there was also the *Luftwaffe*. A fishing-smack so far out to sea would obviously not be allowed to continue her voyage. Anyway, although nothing happened, they still felt apprehensive and kept a sharp look-out. It was another brilliant day. The sea was calm and the coast a study in black and white—snow and rocks. They wandered about among the fishing gear on deck, humming to cheer themselves up. All of a sudden they looked at each other. Strange. They were both humming the same song:

"One fine day you'll notice
A thread of smoke arising
On the sea, on the far horizon,
And then a ship appearing . . ."

Suddenly they stopped dead. A black shadow was breaking the surface near by. They looked at each other significantly. One of them said: "Either it is a U-boat or else it's a whale, and it is not very likely to be a whale so far inshore!" Just then the whale snorted, throwing a fountain of water up into the air.

They arrived at Sauöy—one of the islands in the Froan group—early in the morning. They had arranged to meet the gold ships there, but although it was already quite light the other ships had not turned up. The coastguard had not seen any fishing-smacks. Something must have happened to them. Perhaps they had been sunk or captured. There was nothing to do but to wait; but they waited in vain. They asked the coastguard if he could telephone Fröya. "Oh yes," he said, "by radio-telephony." They had learnt enough about war by now not to use radio-telephony to trace Norway's gold. Later in the day, Nordahl Grieg borrowed a small motor-boat and set out to return to Fröya.

The official stayed behind in case the cutters should arrive, or in case he should see a British warship; but no ship appeared. His hopes sank lower and lower. His wife had been on board one of the gold ships, too.

Then, shortly after nightfall, he heard the throbbing of an engine out to sea and two large fishing-smacks loomed up out of the darkness and came chug-chugging into the harbour. But no, it was some other vessels which he had not seen before. Yet, wasn't that a familiar voice? Yes, to his great surprise and relief, his wife, "Fritjof", Nordahl Grieg and some of the others stepped ashore.

What had happened was this. A report had come in saying that a Norwegian torpedo-boat flying the Norwegian flag but with a German crew on board was patrolling the coast to the north. It had therefore been decided not to continue the journey with a fleet of five vessels. A meeting had been convened at the local schoolhouse and "Fritjof" had told the Government officials that they would have to find other means of conveyance; whereupon the five gold ships had disappeared. They had gone to a small harbour near by where the gold had been transhipped into two large fishing cutters. Some of the local people helped to transfer the cargo. Lugging the heavy cases they asked if it was ammunition. When "Fritjof" confirmed this was so they asked if they could not have a couple of cases to blow up some of the installations before the Germans arrived. After that he had great difficulty in trying to convince them that the stuff was needed still more urgently farther north. They did not seem quite convinced.

Now the gold had reached Froan safely, but there was still a long way to go. They left the next day and arranged to meet at Langsundet, north of Namsos which was now in German hands. It was not a trip to look forward to—a seventy-mile stretch of open water except for one solitary island with a lighthouse on it. This was the only long stretch of open water of the 2000-mile-long Norwegian coastline, except for the extreme north. The small cutter went ahead as a decoy. They wanted to take her along as she was the only one fitted with a radio, and they could do with some news as they had no idea where the Germans were, whether Bodö was occupied, or whether Narvik or the Lofoten islands were still free.

There were only about half a dozen "passengers" accompanying the gold now, in addition to the crew. Even the soldiers had been left behind at Fröya as at this stage of the journey they would probably have been more of an attraction than a protection.

From Langsundet, where they left the small cutter behind, they went to the island of Dönna, near Sannessjöen. It was now the 6th of May, and as they had still not had any contact with the mainland, two of them went to Sannessjöen to get information and to buy maps and other equipment. But it was a fruitless journey; they got no maps and very little information. So they returned to the fishing-smacks and continued northwards.

The weather was still perfect—calm and sunny. They lounged about on deck in the sunshine. Only when there was a suspicion of the enemy did they scramble into the cabin. For a month now they had been pursued by the Germans and their nerves were getting frayed. The thousands of surface reefs—long black rocks in the water—had an uncanny way of looking like U-boats, just as the iron stakes which marked the rocks and submarine reefs resembled periscopes. Once a U-boat crash-dived about 60 feet ahead of one of the cutters. She had been lying with her periscope sticking out of the water—just like a stake marking a reef—and probably did not want to be seen. The cutter put ashore and they telephoned the nearest naval authorities. The U-boat was sunk a few hours later. One day, one of them jumped down the hatch and shouted to the others that a 'plane was coming straight for them. They could not hear anything. They thought it was gliding with the engine cut off, and sat quite still and waited for the crash. But nothing happened. Carefully, one of them peeped out. It was a seagull which had come out of the sun on spread wings.

As the leading cutter was approaching Bodö, a small motor launch came out to meet her. A man on board started to wave frantically, but those on the fishing cutter did not pay the slightest attention. They had made it a rule to ignore all strangers, and just steamed past at full speed leaving the much slower motor launch and the gesticulating man behind. When the second cutter came along she found the motor launch right in her path. Again the man waved frantically, and being much closer this time, managed to induce the cutter to stop. It was the customs officer from Bodö, and he was mad with rage at having been slighted by the other vessel. Once again they were struck by the extraordinary contrasts they were encountering everywhere. During their long odyssey they had seen the reaction of the people in all its stages: stupefaction, indignation, determination. They had seen the effect of rumours of imminent help, the arrival of British troops, retreat, uncertainty, and finally they had seen the mood of the people when they were waiting for the Germans to march in. And now they were back in a part of the country where the people had no idea what the war meant. It made a strange, uneasy impression after Nybergsund, Elverum, the Gudbrands Valley and Molde, to be so crudely reminded of the general state of unpreparedness—to be intercepted by a tiny motor-boat far too slow to catch up with a fishing-smack, and without even a rifle on board. When they met the naval authorities at Bodö they commented on the fact that they had not once been intercepted by a Norwegian patrol. To their surprise they were told that the naval authorities had followed their route from day to day, and that they had lost trace of them only on the previous day. The reason for this was equally typical of the extraordinary conditions which prevailed during the campaign in Norway. A patrol boat had been sent to Sannessjöen to keep a check on them. Whilst the patrol boat had been waiting in the harbour, a superior naval officer had come along and given the Second Lieutenant in charge of her a dressing-down for exposing himself, and had told him to hide his boat somewhere. So for a long time Coastal Command had not been able to trace him.

There was altogether a strange atmosphere at Bodö. It was most definitely a town which had not yet come into direct contact with the war. When they asked one of the officials at the Police Headquarters to requisition a car for them, he said he had no authority to do so, and quoted some law or other of 1898, long before the car had even been invented. Malicious rumours would have it that until Bodö, too, was bombed and laid in ruins it insisted on being neutral, and some of the local authorities are reported to have quoted the Hague Convention. This story, whether partly justified or not, gives some idea of the far-flung character of the country and of the isolated position of many of her towns and districts.

The gold cutters left Bodö again in the evening, zig-zagging through the minefields across the famous Vest Fjord. They woke up in the morning in a strange land, surrounded by the weird peaks of the Lofoten Mountains. The weather was still brilliant, but cold and harsh. Spring had been left behind. The sea was a darker blue, the rocks, covered with snow right down to the water's edge, more rugged and forbidding.

But it was not only Nature which was more grim. After sailing up the lonely Norwegian coast, past the Black Glacier and other famous landmarks—so peaceful and beautiful—the war was suddenly brought back to them. There were warships everywhere—battleships, cruisers and destroyers. But they were Allied ships. It was a grand sight ; those grim, determined-looking men-of-war seemed as if they meant business, and as if they were fully equal to any task. And then they arrived at Harstad, the main Allied port of disembarkation, teeming with British, French, and Polish soldiers, and stock full of tanks, guns, ammunition and other equipment.

Just as they were leaving Harstad, several German 'planes engaged a flotilla of British destroyers on the other side of the fjord. The warships ran up close to the mountain side to get cover. They returned the fire furiously. After about an hour's battle the destroyers were out of sight, and the gold cutters continued towards Tromsö.

At 8 a.m. on the 9th of May, a week after they left Molde, the two cutters arrived at Tromsö. They did not go into Tromsö proper, but anchored on the other side of the island and "Fritjof" and his companions walked across to the town and reported to the Minister of Finance. Mr. Torp came back with them and inspected the cargo and thanked all those who had helped to save it. At long last Norway's entire gold reserve was safely in port. Not one bar of gold had been lost during the whole month it had been carted about.

In the meantime, all the Government officials left behind at Fröya had had to fend for themselves. First of all, as they were running short of cash, their salaries for April were paid to them by one of the secretaries of the Ministry of Social Welfare. As there were no large notes available the money was paid out in five-kroner notes (about five shillings). This made their subsequent travels still more uncomfortable, as it was not very easy to sleep with pockets stuffed with thick wads of banknotes.

A few returned to the mainland. The rest, determined to catch up with the Government at any cost, split into two parties. The smaller party got hold of a fishing-smack. The others secured a larger boat, of the type that is used by commercial travellers on the coast. Both vessels were well provisioned by the local population who gave them cases of eggs, mountains of home-baked bread, butter, cheese, and so on. One woman who came down to one of the boats, laden with food, said: "You people from the south have given so much to the poor at Fröya every winter and now, for once, we are able to return your kindness."

So, well-stocked for the long journey, the two boats left Fröya crammed with Government officials. They sailed separately so as to attract less attention. They had the same beautiful journey as the gold ships, the same perfect weather, and they experienced the same anxieties; and, as if by some miracle, they, too, reached Tromsö safely.

But these were not the only ships with Government officials steaming north in those days. Among the others was a fishing-smack with a few officials on board, a professor, Sigrid Undset, a Second Lieutenant with a few troops, some of the Army Headquarters archives, and a number of German refugees. This vessel was armed with a few machine-guns and a number of small guns, and was escorted by an old auxiliary brig. The brig—an ancient vessel built of heavy oak planks—was manned by a crew of Norwegian naval ratings under the command of an ensign, who had "requisitioned" her somewhere in the Songe Fjord when the owner had refused to lend it to them. The brig was well armed with machine-guns pilfered from German 'planes which had crashed. But she looked more like a pirate ship than a warship, even down to the skull and crossbones which had been painted on the hull. Fortunately, the fishing-smack travelled considerably faster and did not have to keep her company all day. But they met at an agreed rendezvous every night.

From Ålesund, too, several fishing-smacks were on their way north with civil servants on board. Those who had been working in the information services and other Government offices in Ålesund received the official news of the evacuation on April the 30th—the day after the Government had left Molde. It was difficult to find boats, but between them they managed to get hold of four fishing-smacks, two small ones and two large Arctic cutters. The two small vessels got away early in the morning. In the late afternoon it was rumoured that German parachute troops had been dropped on a hill near the town. Last-minute arrangements were made in a hurry. All the equipment, radio installations, and even a small car, were stowed on board, and at about seven in the evening the two Arctic cutters stood out of the harbour, side by side. Thus Ålesund, too,—that charming little fishing port with its very streets lapped by the sea—was just waiting for the invaders to march in.

They passed the mouth of the Romsdals Fjord. The thunder from naval guns and exploding bombs echoed between the mountains and rolled out towards them. Bright flashes lit up the sky in the distance. The British troops were being evacuated from Åndalsnes. Somewhere among the dark shadows of this coast lay the dead city of Molde—once the city of roses.

A little later they passed Kristiansund—one fierce glow of flames mirrored in the sea against the dark background of the mountains.

Only when, tired and hungry, those on board the ships were making preparations to have some food, did they discover that, in the hurry, all the bedclothes had been put on board one ship and all the food on board the other.

The first of the two cutters arrived at Mosjöen on the 3rd. No sooner had they landed and been heartened by the sight of French Alpine troops than they were told that the Namsos front had collapsed and that—the familiar refrain—the Germans were expected at any moment.

Whilst steaming out of the fjord again, past the famous "Seven Sisters", they met the other cutter on her way up to Mosjöen. They signalled to her to go to Bodö.

But the captain on board the other cutter refused to continue. He had no charts of the waters farther north and he thought it would be far too dangerous to navigate that treacherous coast without, especially with 50 people on board. But the passengers would not hear of going back. They turned out their luggage and produced all the maps they had—tourist maps and school maps—and armed with a selection of these the skipper marched up to the bridge and ordered full speed ahead.

After a while, a patch of black smoke appeared ahead. It got bigger and bigger and soon they could see a large ship. She was heading straight for them. The fishing vessels altered course. The ship altered course, too. The fishing craft altered course still more. The ship followed suit. She was coming straight towards them. All the passengers were sent below deck and crowded together in the crew's quarters. Eventually the Norwegian flag could be distinguished. But that did not make them feel any happier. The Norwegians were getting used to the German tricks by now. When the ship was quite close she stopped. One of the cutters was ordered alongside. The passengers began to destroy certain documents. But they could have been spared their anxiety. It was a Norwegian coaster with a Norwegian crew which had been sent to meet them and, if necessary, take them back to Bodö. But there was no need. It was not far to go now.

At Bodö the party was divided into two. Some of them continued to Tromsö the next day. The others remained at Bodö where the Norwegian Telegraph Agency and the Norwegian Broadcasting Service established their headquarters so as to be near the front. From Bodö there was also a telephone line to Sweden and a telegraph cable to England. From here many important decrees and communiqués were sent out, and reports of the debate in the House of Commons on the campaign in Norway, Chamberlain's resignation and the appointment of Churchill, and details of Germany's invasion of Holland and Belgium were picked up, and the news made available to the Norwegian people by radio and press.

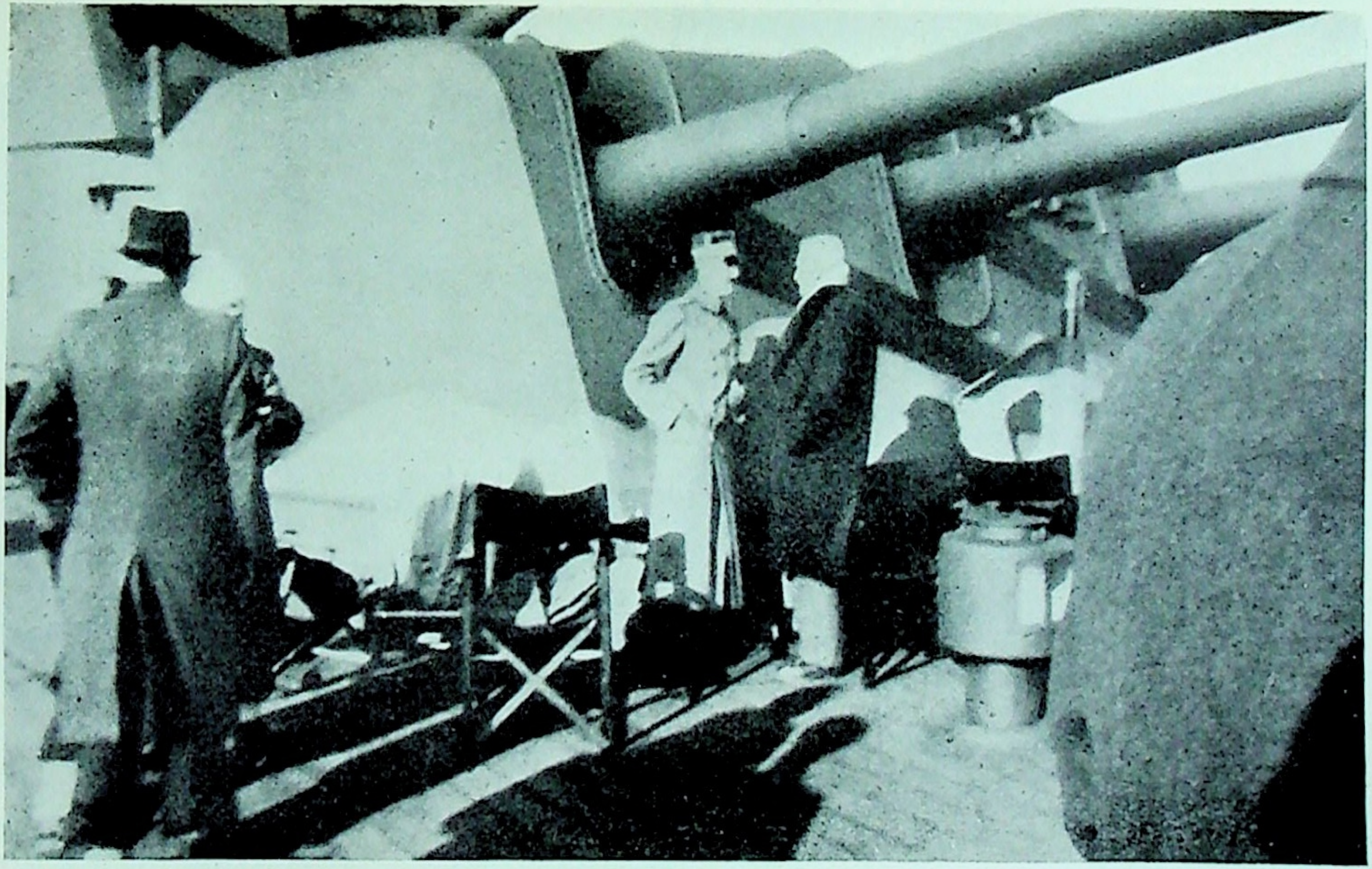
A photographer and a journalist were sent to Sweden with photographs from the war in southern Norway, but not, of course, without getting arrested. The photographer's eagerness to take pictures was his undoing. He took some pictures of a company preparing its positions. He had the captain's permission to do so, but a Second Lieutenant on the spot was less friendly. Both of them were taken by lorry to the nearest town under military escort. Those escorting them were convinced that they had caught two first-class quislings and there was no end to the tortures they would suffer. On the way the lorry was machine-gunned by a German 'plane. All the soldiers took cover in the ditch, but when the journalist and the photographer wanted to climb down from the lorry to take cover, too, every rifle was pointed at them. They had to stay where they were. Fortunately they were not hit, and when they arrived they found that the Chief Constable knew General Ruge's signature on their passes, and let them go.

But working conditions at Bodö were not satisfactory. It was difficult to maintain close contact with the Government at Tromsö. The internal and foreign telephone and telegraph lines were usually congested. Moreover, much of the work had to be duplicated in Tromsö to keep the transmitter there going, and finally, when they asked the British Commander in the area about future prospects, the reply was: "Bodö is quite safe, but if I were responsible for the Norwegian Telegraph Agency and the Bank of Norway's branch in Bodö I would go north as soon as possible." After that they decided to move to Tromsö. They sailed on the 20th of May, in a cutter belonging to the fire brigade and with the local gold reserve on board, leaving only a skeleton broadcasting staff behind. A few hours before they left, Bodö experienced its first serious air-raid, and a few days later, on the 27th, the town was razed to the ground by German bombers.

CHAPTER X

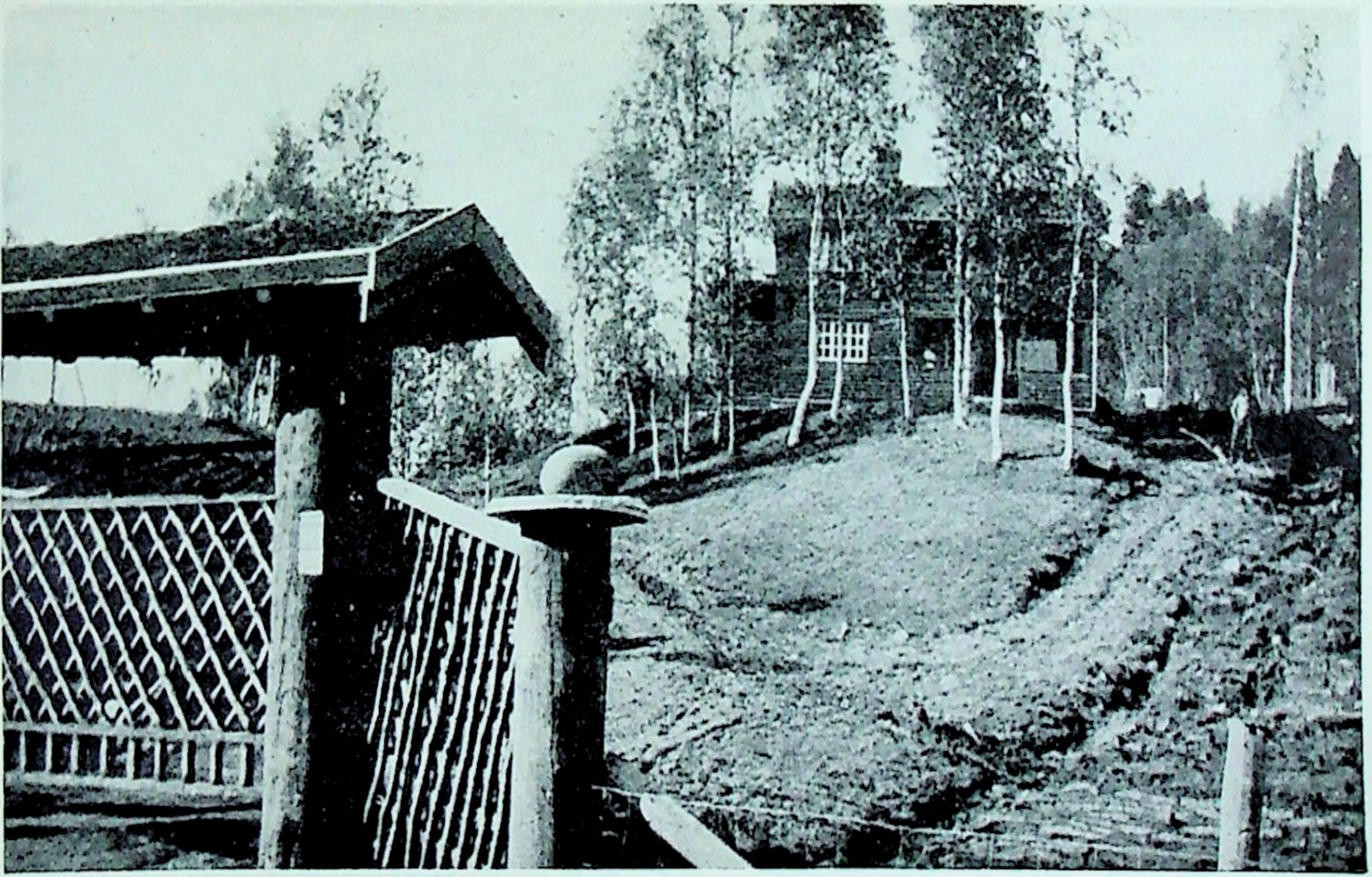
As soon as the s.s. *Heimdal* had docked in Tromsö in the evening of May the 1st, the local authorities came on board to receive the King and the Government. The Government had intended to stay outside Tromsö so as not to expose the city to air-raids, but it had not been possible to find suitable accommodation at such short notice, and the Ministers had to stay in temporary billets in the town for two or three days. But a private hut, situated a considerable distance inland, had been put at the disposal of the King and the Crown Prince.

Just before midnight, after about an hour's conference with the local authorities, the Government went ashore and the *Heimdal* left Tromsö again with the King, the Crown Prince, Nygaardsvold and Stöstad on board. The two Ministers went with them so that the King should not be out of touch with the Government. At 2.30 a.m. they arrived at Målsnes, situated at the tip of a narrow strip of land

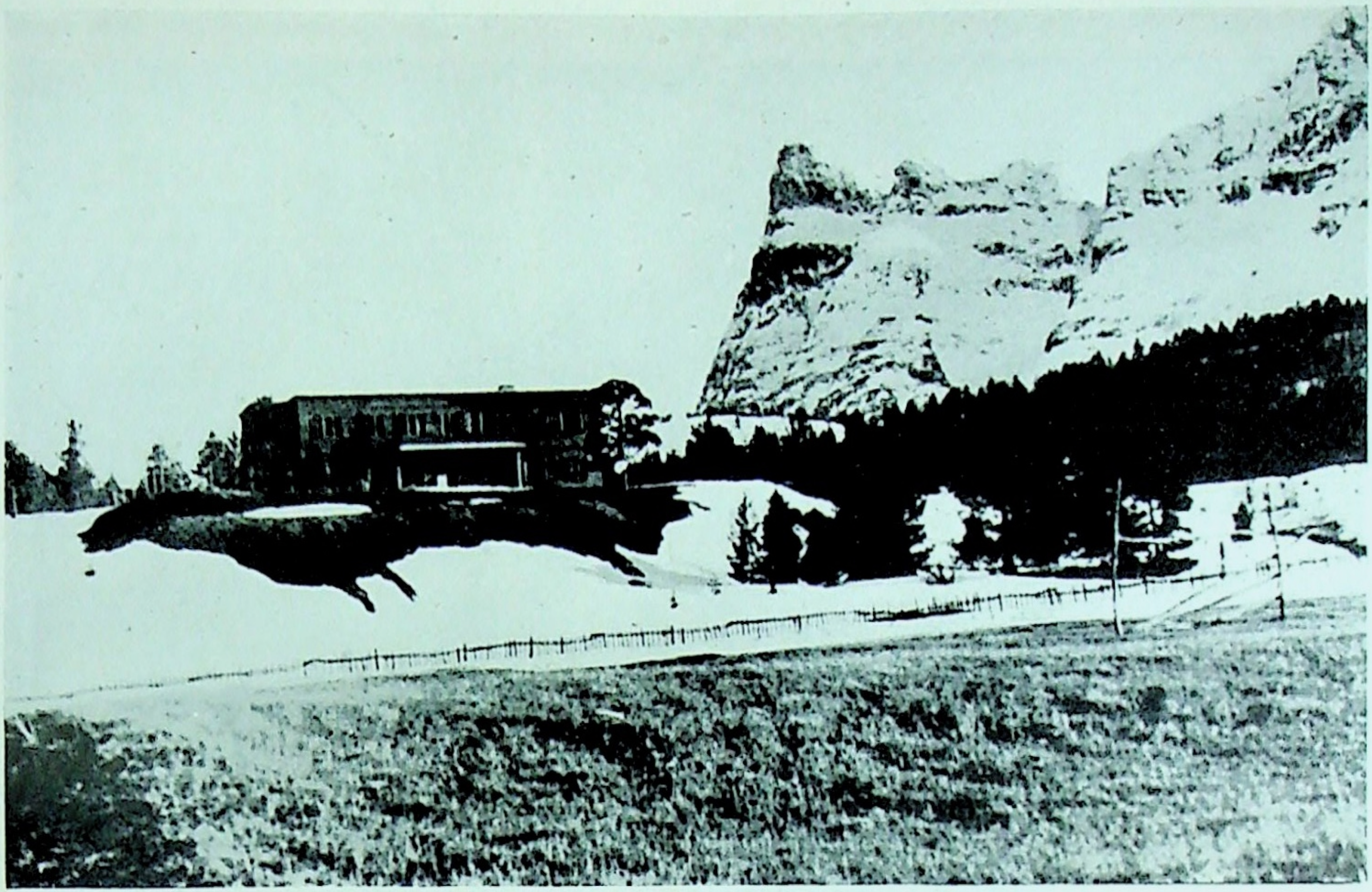


King Haakon and Sir Cecil Dormer, the British Minister to Norway, on board H.M.S. *Glasgow* on the way from Molde to Tromsö

The five fishing-smacks on their way to north Norway with Norway's gold



A "Royal residence" during the fighting in Norway



Lyngenfjord Hotel ; Trygve Lie and the Corps Diplomatique's headquarters in north Norway protruding into the Malangen Fjord. The "white night" was already turning to day, revealing the splendour of the scenery.

Although they had not yet had any sleep—there had been no sleeping facilities on the boat—they continued the journey at once, this time by car. There was no doubt they were back on Norwegian soil, harsh and unrelenting as well as beautiful. They were travelling in familiar style again, after a short interval of comfort and luxury on board the British cruiser. The battle with Nature was resumed. The snow, still several feet deep, was melting rapidly. The road was a mere trough of water, mud and slush between the white, snow-covered fields. It took them two and a half hours to cover less than ten miles and it was 6 a.m. when they arrived at the small village of Moen. After they had had some coffee and sandwiches they went to bed for a couple of hours. Next morning they saw the local postmaster to get a special telephone line laid on at Överbygd where they were going to stay. They bought some maps and other equipment and, of course, skis—the only means by which it was possible to get about except on the so-called roads.

In the afternoon the Prime Minister and Mr. Stöstad left for Överbygd, farther inland. This time they used a bus. Some of the windows were broken and it was very draughty. They did not get far before they came to a place where the road had been carried away by a landslide. They had to wait till eleven o'clock in the evening before the road had been sufficiently repaired to allow them to pass. A little farther on they were stopped by a military lorry lodged firmly across the road. Their car could not get past. The twenty soldiers who had been travelling in the lorry struggled for an hour and had practically to unload the vehicle before the bus could pull it on to the road. But still they could not get past. But at last the lorry was reloaded and they were off again—the lorry first and the bus after. The lorry was heavily loaded and swayed and heaved on the rough road. It looked as if it was going to capsize any minute, but it stopped instead. The engine had broken down. So for the third time the Ministers had to wait. The lorry was pushed to a part of the road where it was possible for the bus to get past. After that they continued without military escort, splashing their way towards Överbygd. It was getting colder as the night wore on and the road was getting firmer and slightly more comfortable. But it was also getting colder inside the bus—very cold—owing to the missing windows.

They arrived at Haug Farm in Överbygd at 4.30 a.m. It had taken some twelve hours to travel about twenty miles. The farmer and his wife were kind and hospitable and did everything they could to make the Ministers comfortable. There was peace at this isolated farm, and they felt at home amidst the wild and rugged scenery of north Norway.

The King and the Crown Prince, who had motored up separately, also arrived during the night. They went straight to *Trangen*—the log cabin which had been placed at their disposal by the owner, the

County doctor. The hut, which was used only as an occasional holiday resort, had been standing empty, but some soldiers had cleared a narrow path in the deep snow the hundred yards or so from the road up to the hut, and the doctor's wife had sent up plenty of food. A housekeeper had also been engaged to look after the Royal guests, so everything was ready for them and they were able to go straight to bed as soon as they arrived.

Next day, late in the evening, as the King, the Crown Prince, and their aides-de-camp were sitting by the fire, there was a knock on the door and a man in Norwegian uniform and a heavy greatcoat entered. It was General Ruge, the C.-in-C. of the Norwegian Army. He was on his way through Överbygd but his car had got stuck a little way down the road and he had come up to the cabin to try to get some help to lift his car out of the mud. Instead of the smallholder's family he had expected to find at this remote cabin in the middle of the wilderness, he was standing face to face with the King of Norway. Neither did the King know that General Ruge was in that part of the country; the C.-in-C. had come north on a British destroyer and was now looking for a suitable place to re-establish his headquarters. It was difficult to say who was the most surprised. After they had had a talk they helped to dislodge the car and the General continued on his way.

The other Ministers and their staff stayed two days at Tromsö. On the 3rd of May they went by boat to Balsfjord, a small place in the Bals Fjord. From here Mr. Hindahl and Mr. Nielsen went to Överbygd, where they stayed at Skjold Farm which belonged to the local schoolteacher. Mr. Torp, Mr. Frihagen and Mr. Wold and their staff went to Tennes, almost overcrowding the tiny village by the fjord. Mr. Ystgaard, the Minister of Agriculture, also stayed at a farm, of course—a dairy farm at Storsteinnes at the base of the fjord. Mr. Lie, who was acting Foreign Minister whilst Dr. Koht was in London, went to Kvesmenes in Lyngen Fjord together with his staff and the foreign representatives.

For the first time for nearly a month the Government was no longer hotly pursued by the Germans, and they were safe from bombs—at least as safe as they could be. Even if the Germans should find out where any of the Ministers were staying it was unlikely they would spot the right farm; and, in any case, it would be impossible to wipe out the King and the Government in one blow.

Yet it was not altogether a happy arrangement. There were many drawbacks; too many in the long run. Although each Ministry was able to attend to its own affairs in peace and quiet, it was difficult to co-ordinate the affairs of State as a whole. The Ministries were too widely dispersed. Communications were unreliable. The roads were often impassable—it might take half the day, or even the whole day, to motor the dozen miles or so from one Ministry to another, if it was possible to get through at all. And to go to Tromsö they had to travel another three hours by motor-boat. The telephone was not much better, except for the private line connecting the King's cabin, Haug Farm, where the Prime Minister was staying, and Skjold. To the other Ministries there were only the public lines—and public lines they were indeed. When one Minister telephoned another, four or six voices would sometimes be cutting in on the line—two discussing the fishing prospects, two the latest gossip, or, perhaps, repeating one of the Minister's previous telephone conversations. Quite apart from the difficulty of achieving co-ordinated efficiency under such conditions, there was the question of security. Sometimes the Ministers would lose their patience, and the telephone conversation might go something like this: "This is the Sportsman." "Who?" "The Sportsman." "What did you say?" "The Sportsman—you know, Torp."

But the Ministers and their staff, if they had any, continued to live and work at their respective farms. The Prime Minister and the Minister of Social Welfare, who was also acting as Minister of Education as Mr. Hjelmtveit was in Sweden, remained at Haug Farm. Apart from the fact that they had no staff to help them with their work, the only other drawback there was the deep snow. Though it was already May the snow was still four to five feet deep. When it began to melt it was quite an expedition to wade hip deep in the wet snow from one building to another until, with everyone lending a hand, lanes were cleared between the various farm buildings.

Mr. Hindahl, the Minister of Labour, was still at Skjold Farm with Mr. Nielsen, who was acting Minister of Defence whilst Colonel Ljungberg was in England. Mr. Nielsen was assisted by the Secretary-General of the Ministry of Defence, but otherwise they had no staff to help them.

Mr. Ystgaard directed the agricultural policy from the dairy farm at Storsteinnes.

Mr. Torp, Mr. Frihagen and Mr. Wold were billeted at various farms in the small farming community of Tennes. There were also a few civil servants there to help with the work, and some of the rooms had been set aside for offices.

Lyngenfjord Hotel at Kvesmenes, where Mr. Lie, the Minister of Supply and Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs, and his staff, the British Minister and his staff, and the French Minister and his staff and cook, were staying, was a comparatively ideal residence. The only drawback here, as everywhere else, was that of communications. It was a modern tourists' hotel with electric light and telephone laid on. There were about ten bedrooms and sufficient sleeping accommodation for everyone. It was a low building made of timber, stained brown, and situated a mile or two from Kvesmenes—a small, isolated village consisting of a school, a church, a local store, a few fishermen's cottages, and half a dozen smallholdings scattered about. The hotel was standing on a small hill at the foot of a sharp peak bearing the scars and gashes of the Ice Age. Below, the fjord, and beyond, the forest, and then the mountains. It was much milder down here by the sea than at Överbygd and most of the snow had already disappeared, leaving only white patches here and there. The summer, which is brief but warm in this part of the country, was approaching.

This was perhaps the busiest of the various Government headquarters. They worked, so they used to say, as long as it was light, and the sun shone night and day. Most incoming and outgoing foreign telegrams and a large proportion of domestic communications went through the Foreign Ministry. All the foreign telegrams were in code and the telephone operators spent all day and half the night taking down or sending coded telegrams. The officials had to do all the coding, decoding, and typing, themselves. There was also much work to be done on behalf of the Ministry of Supply, and numerous decrees to be drafted, passed and then put into operation.

One day, a German 'plane appeared over the mountains, circled over Kvesmenes and landed on the fjord just below the hotel. The local folk got out their rifles in a hurry and ran through the forest to protect the Government. But it was doubtful whether they could stand up to the automatic weapons of the Germans. The officials did not know what steps had been taken by the Army Command for the safety of the various Government centres, but there seemed to be no regular soldiers about. Fortunately, however, there was a Norwegian crew on board. It was a German machine all right, but it had been captured by the Norwegians and had come from Kirkenes with courier.

On another occasion some soldiers in German-looking uniforms approached the hotel. There was considerable alarm among those who were not familiar with Finnish uniforms. The soldiers were Norwegian volunteers who had returned from Finland, and Finns who had come to help the Norwegians.

But most of the time Kvesmenes lay in utter peace, wrapped in the vast stillness of nature; an extraordinary contrast to the buzzing telephones and ticking telegraph machines telling of bloody battles. One day, from the windows of the hotel, they watched a large herd of reindeer tearing past the house at high speed. It was fascinating to watch how, heading due north and led by a beautiful animal with a bell round its neck, they travelled in a straight line through forest, over mountains and across rivers and fjords. Nothing could stop them, and no man could keep up with them. They were Swedish reindeer which had come to graze in Norway.

The local authorities at Tromsö had administered the County very efficiency whilst North Norway had been cut off from the Central Administration. All the groundwork which they had done was of great help to the Government, and much of the work was left in their hands. But they worked in close co-operation with the Government and the Government Offices which had been set up in Tromsö.

Gradually, most of the officials who had been left behind at Molde arrived by fishing-smacks and other craft and joined the various Ministries, or re-established their offices in Tromsö.

The Norwegian Broadcasting Service and the Norwegian Telegraph Agency, a private concern which was doing valuable service to the Government and the country, set up branch offices in Tromsö. The Director of Public Health set to work as soon as he arrived, attending to civil and military medical problems, health and accident insurance for civilians and soldiers, and so on. With the arrival by fishing-smack of the Directors of the Bank of Norway, the Bank's headquarters were set up in Tromsö. It had been difficult for the new Board to conduct the business of the Bank efficiently during its mobile existence. Now they could attend to the many problems facing the Bank, and even appoint a staff, a secretary to begin with. The Bank of Norway had to assert its standing *vis-à-vis* the foreign powers, and had to secure the goodwill of the people of North Norway who, having been comparatively isolated from the rest of the country and not yet come up against the realities of war, found it difficult to adapt themselves and realize that all the new regulations and what to them seemed like interference, were really necessary. Then there was the question of credits and financial help to business houses and industries which had been cut off from their connections in the south. Altogether, there was plenty of work to do.

The Ministers came up to Tromsö from time to time to confer with the officials working there and with the local authorities. They had a special coastguard vessel—*Lofotgutten* (The Lofoten Boy)—to take them backwards and forwards between Tromsö and their various headquarters along the Bals Fjord.

The King and the Crown Prince lived quietly in the log cabin, on the shores of a lake in the midst of the wilderness of North Norway. The Ministers and the Military Chiefs visited them from time to time, and all Cabinet Meetings were held there during this period. But, generally, life at *Trangen* presented a peaceful contrast to the hectic existence which the King and the Crown Prince had led for the past month.

This residence consisted of two huts built of heavy timber. In one of the huts, containing only two rooms, the King and the Crown Prince had their quarters—a room each. In the other building there was a kitchen, a small bedroom, and a large living-room with a "hemsedal", a timbered balustrade resting on the cross-beams—a sort of sleeping accommodation in the old-fashioned peasant style. The Crown Prince's aide-de-camp slept in the "hemsedal" and the King's aide-de-camp in the small bedroom. By a strange coincidence the previous occupant of that bedroom had been the son of the King's aide-de-camp, the assistant surgeon in the district. The chauffeur lived in a boathouse by the lake, and the housekeeper who looked after them 'lived out', on a farm some miles away. So, after she had gone home in the evenings, the King and the Crown Prince and the two aides-de-camp were on their own. Sometimes they all helped to wash up in the evenings so that the housekeeper should not get home too late. Afterwards they usually played cards.

Contact with the outside world was erratic. They had a wireless set, but newspapers arrived only spasmodically. Even the telephone cable kept short-circuiting owing to sleet and rain.

The scanty wardrobe they had been able to take with them was hardly suitable. So after a time they telephoned to Tromsö to the doctor who owned the cabin and asked him to buy some clothes for them. That was no easy task, the King being exceptionally tall and slim and his aide-de-camp very short and bulky. But when the clothes arrived and had been sorted out—the underclothes, caps, sweaters, socks, shoes, and so on—did not fit too badly, though some of them looked a bit comic, especially as the Crown Prince's aide-de-camp had grown a long grey beard to hide his identity.

The first Cabinet Council after the Minister's arrival at Tromsö was held at *Trangen* on the 8th of May. The Ministers were an hour and a quarter late owing to the dreadful condition of the road. The Orders in Council issued on this occasion concerned ecclesiastical affairs, schools and examinations, promulgations, finance, insurance, post and telegraph services, fisheries, banking, the customs service, and other questions.

On the 13th, Mr. Torp and Mr. Frihagen went to Sweden to attend to financial and other important questions. Whilst they were away the Prime Minister took over the Ministry of Finance, and Mr. Stöstad the Ministry of Trade. The next day, they moved to Tennes where these Departments were already established. One of the young members of the Trade Ministry had to go to Tromsö to fetch an old budget so that the acting Minister could see exactly what new duties had befallen him. But by now it had become evident that the whole Government would have to be concentrated in one place if it were to function efficiently; so on the 16th the Cabinet held a conference in Tromsö and it was decided that all the Ministers and their staffs should move to Tromsö.

The next day was the 17th of May—Norway's Independence Day. It was a warm, sunny day. Suddenly it was full spring. In North Norway, unlike farther south, spring comes practically overnight. Nature was blossoming forth in all her beauty. The Prime Minister and some of the other Ministers and officials went to Kvesmenes for dinner. The French Minister made a speech for Norway. Afterwards they listened to a recording of the Prime Minister's address in a broadcast to the Norwegian people. Nygaardsvold spoke of his recent associations with the King. "The King is our stronghold," he said, "and our thoughts go to him." The Prime Minister had tears in his eyes as he heard himself declare, almost choking with emotion, that Norway was always foremost in his thoughts.

The King and the Crown Prince spent the day at their cabin. Telegrams with good wishes for the King and the country poured in all day. There was even a cablegram from the Antarctic, from the Norwegian floating whale-oil factory *Kosmos*. Over the radio from Tromsö they heard a stirring poem by Nordahl Grieg, especially written for the occasion and read by the author:

Bare today is the flagstaff
Where Eidsvoll's* trees show green,
But never as now have we fathomed
What blessings of freedom mean.
A song through the land is swelling,
Of victor's hour it spoke,
Though only by closed lips whispered
Under the foreign yoke.

. . . . . .

From the B.B.C. they heard the service at the Norwegian Church in London, in which the Norwegian clergyman incorporated a personal message to His Majesty:

> ". . . When I think of our land in the light of Christendom, I think of Norway's foremost personality—our King, who is known to have been a frequent visitor to the church. I think this is a beautiful and significant symbol. . . .
>
> "I do not know whether His Majesty is listening to this service, but if he is, I would like to say that also we over here have followed the King with the utmost devotion and sympathy. We know little of what Your Majesty has suffered in the way of persecution and danger in these ugly days, but there are many amongst us who, when praying for their homes and the Mother Land, have also prayed to God to protect our beloved King.
>
> "We, who today are assembled here in a Norwegian church in London, and all seamen throughout the world, and all true Norwegians wherever they may be, send our declarations of devotion and loyalty to the Royal House. We say it with the old words, 'God Save the King and the Mother Land'."

The next day was a busy one for the Government. There was another Cabinet Meeting at the King's cabin. A large number of Orders in Council were passed. A joint Command was established for all three Services, with General Otto Ruge as Commander-in-Chief. The revised decree appertaining to the requisitioned Merchant Navy which had been submittted from London, was passed. Other decrees issued dealt with school examinations, property in occupied territory, national registration and military service, refugees, agriculture, fire insurance, requisitioning, and so on.

On that day, too, Dr. Koht and Colonel Ljungberg returned from London and Paris. They had gone to the Allies with instructions from the Norwegian Government to find out what England and France intended to do. They returned with British and French assurances—more troops, 'planes and weapons were on the way. All the same, the Norwegian Government felt apprehensive. They were haunted by Molde, Åndalsnes, Kristiansund, and all the towns the Germans had laid in ruins. They thought of Gudbrands Valley, Roms Valley, Trondheim and Namsos. And now the German troops were marching north towards Mo in Rana. Holland had capitulated and Belgium was being overrun. What the Norwegian Government had seen of British preparedness and of her armaments was not encouraging. 'Is it possible that a world power like Great Britain could be so poorly armed, or are we being neglected?' they might easily have asked themselves. The Norwegian Government did not know that Great Britain was staging the greatest bluff the world had ever witnessed and that there was considerable weakness behind that poker face which saved the world.

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* Where Norway received her Constitution in 1814.

In the course of the 19th and the following two days the Ministers and officials moved to Tromsö. The Bishopric, a modern timber house situated on a hill overlooking the town, was made the headquarters of the Government and of the Central Administration. All the rooms were turned into offices except one, the dining-room, where everyone, the Ministers and the staff alike, had their meals, and where the Ministers held their conferences. Although all the space was utilized to the utmost—the Prime Minister had a table 3 feet 4 inches long by 2 feet wide in a corner of one of the rooms—there was not enough room and some of the staff and Ministers had to establish their offices elsewhere.

At long last the Government and a fair-sized Administration was centralized. The German bombers did not interfere. The administrative machinery was running smoothly. The Government began to plan ahead. The Cabinet had conferences every day, and all the offices were working at high pressure. The only administrative hitch which occurred during those days was when the only coding machine broke down. The foreign telegrams which were all in code began to pile up. The Foreign Office and many other Government offices were practically at a standstill. The town was combed for someone to repair it. Eventually they found a technician who was willing to try, although he was not familiar with the machine. After working on it all night he managed to repair it. But it was now out of tune, and it took him another whole day to adjust it.

One day a German prize ship was brought into Tromsö. A representative from the Ministry of Supply went on board to inspect her. The cargo was a testimony to German thoroughness. It included wine, guns, ammunition and even toys; in fact everything needed to exercise force and cajolery. Each item was duly and amply labelled, giving exact specifications, use, purpose, and so on.

At Tromsö the Ministers and the officials saw more of each other than since the invasion began. They were perhaps more intimate now than they had ever been before. In the evening, when they were not working, they would visit one another at each others' "digs" or make up small parties.

On the 28th of May Narvik was recaptured. The first victory on land. The first of many victories, it was hoped. The immediate reaction was one of elevation. A wave of optimism swept North Norway. Those in occupied territories received fresh heart. Food, clothes and medicine were sent to the starving population of Narvik.

But already the next day people began to see this event in its proper perspective. A piece of Norway had been liberated it was true, but would it have any military significance for the war in Norway? Probably very little. The Germans were marching on. The Allies were evacuating Bodö. Would the capture of Narvik have any influence on the strategical situation as a whole? Hardly. Belgium had just capitulated and the Germans were now over-running France.

The Ministers and officials remained busy. Supplies arrived and were distributed to the civilians and the Services. The radio station was still functioning, although the Germans had dropped some bombs near by. Steps were taken to assist the fishing industry. On the 31st of May, the Government issued a long list of decrees relating to the police, security, sickness and accident insurance, medical and other supplies, agriculture, fisheries, forestry, hydro-electric power, salaries, banking, libraries, etc.

The very next day, Saturday, June the 1st, Sir Cecil Dormer, British Minister to Norway, returned to Tromsö from Allied Headquarters at Harstad, charged with the unpleasant task of informing the Norwegian Government that owing to developments on the Western Front the Allies were forced to withdraw their troops from Norway as soon as possible. The Norwegian King and Government were invited to go to England and to continue the fight from there. They would have to leave on the 5th, later postponed till the 7th, of June. This was a terrible shock. For nearly two months they had suffered one blow after another. Then, at Tromsö there had been moments of hope and faith—and now this. The whole of Norway was to be surrendered to the Germans. The Government held a conference. It was a ghost-like meeting. There was nothing much to be said. They agreed that the next day, Sunday, the Prime Minister and Dr. Koht should go to Överbygd to inform the King.

Every day from the 1st to the 7th, usually several times a day, the Cabinet, frequently in the presence of the King, discussed the situation and the future. Gradually they worked their way out of the darkness. There were four alternatives to choose from: to surrender, to fight on, to evacuate, or to try to persuade the Germans not to occupy North Norway.

The first of the four alternatives—surrender—was of course not even discussed. To fight on was impossible without any weapons beyond rifles for which the ammunition was running out, and without 'planes and warships. The British could not supply any of these things. If they evacuated in accordance with the authorization given by the Storting at Elverum on April the 9th, they would be able to continue to fight actively, but it would mean the apparent abandonment of the Norwegian people, which might have a serious effect on their morale. The Government felt it was their duty to share the fate of the Norwegian people and, if at all possible, to remain on Norwegian soil, on the condition that they could remain a free Government. Moreover, it was difficult at that time to foresee to what extent an *émigré* Government could make an active contribution. The possibility of negotiating with the Germans to secure an armistice for that part of North Norway not yet occupied had been mentioned before, but had been given no further thought. Now, however, in view of these circumstances, and in order to leave no stone unturned, the Government agreed to request the Swedish Government to approach the Germans on their behalf. This step was taken in agreement with the Allied Governments. Sweden was prepared to occupy a strip of land from Narvik to the Swedish frontier to form a demarcation line, to safeguard the Norwegians from a German breach of promise and another surprise attack. Dr. Koht flew to Sweden on the 3rd to meet the Swedish Foreign Minister who was going to approach the German authorities.

But the Norwegian Government did not feel very sanguine. They reasoned that the Germans were well aware of the impending evacuation and that they would not relinquish something they could get for nothing. So, whilst they waited for the reply, they made provisional arrangements for the evacuation. And as the days passed and there was no reply from the Germans it became evident that the Government would have to leave the country, and that it would be for the best.

At one of the Cabinet Meetings Crown Prince Olav had declared that he would like to remain in Norway to try to look after the interests of the Norwegian people. The Government thanked the Crown Prince for his willingness to make this sacrifice, but, after careful consideration, advised against it on constitutional grounds, and because of possible consequences to the Royal House, and finally because they did not think the Crown Prince would be in a position to help the people under German rule.

General Otto Ruge, the C.-in-C. of the combined Norwegian Forces, also expressed his desire to remain in Norway and demobilize his troops. The Government wanted the General to come with them to England to help them to continue the fight. But General Ruge considered it his foremost duty to remain with his troops, and the Government had to give their consent. The General was held as a prisoner-of-war in Germany for the rest of the war, as he refused to give his parole not to fight.

Naturally the impending evacuation was a closely guarded secret, and one of the most depressing duties the Ministers had to perform during their last week in Norway was to mislead their trusted officials, negotiate with all kinds of local authorities, and make long-term plans as if all was well. Even the Bishop had to be misled when he asked the Prime Minister to visit Narvik—Narvik which had been retaken after such bitter fighting and so much suffering, merely to be thrown in with the rest.

On the 6th of June, there was still no reply from the Germans. The next day the Government would have to leave the country. They had delayed taking the final plunge as long as possible, but on that day the Cabinet, in the presence of the King, the Crown Prince and Mr. Hambro, the President of the Storting, agreed unanimously to accept the British offer and go to England.

On the 7th of June, that dual turning point in the history of Norway—on the 7th of June, 1905, the union with Sweden was dissolved, the King and the Cabinet held their last Council Meeting on Norwegian soil for many years. It was held at 2 p.m. at the Bishopric, where, for the last few weeks, the Ministers and the Administration had been so busy planning and working for the future of the country. The Government appointed two new Ministers without Portfolio, Mr. Anders Fjelstad, Agricultural Delegate in Paris, and Major Arne Sunde, who had taken part in combating the German parachute troops at Dovre and who was now a representative of the Norwegian Government in London. These appointments were made in accordance with a decision made by the Cabinet a few days earlier to strengthen the Government, as two of the Ministers who had been appointed at Stuguflåten had not been able to take up their duties. The Government also adopted some administrative decrees connected with the evacuation. Then the Prime Minister surveyed the circumstances which had led to the Government's decision, and finally the King made an address: "In all the years I have been King of Norway, never has it been so hard for me to preside at a Cabinet Meeting as it is today. I want to thank the Government . . ." But the King could not finish the sentence; his voice became thick; he struggled to control himself but could not. The King was too moved. Only by a last effort did he manage to say "God save Norway!" Everyone present rose to his feet and repeated "God save Norway." Then they shook hands and left the room. They all had tears in their eyes.

The officials at Tromsö were notified in the evening of the 6th, or in the course of the 7th. Some of them found everything packed and rows of boxes and suit-cases standing in the corridors when they arrived at the office in the morning. To most of them it came as a bólt from the blue. It was all over. All their hard work during those five weeks had been futile. The plans and decrees were not worth the paper they were written on. Now what were they going to do? The same old question. Naturally, the Government did not anticipate being away for many years, and in any case they could not at that time see any prospects or even necessity for setting up a Government Administration abroad. Consequently they did not press all their staff to come with them. But most of them wanted to go, many more than there was room for on board the British warship. Those who could not go with the Government were asked to try to find their way into Sweden.

In the afternoon, those who were leaving made their final official and private arrangements. Archives and equipment were packed. Rent, rates and other obligations were settled, and all salaries were paid. Many of the officials went to the chemist to buy tablets for sea-sickness, only to be met with a grin and the comment: "Sorry, already sold out."

Late in the afternoon, Ministers, officials, officers, and some refugees, began to congregate on the quay. They walked down singly carrying their suit-cases, but although the local inhabitants were used to the Government travelling backwards and forwards, they had a feeling that something was wrong, and many of them guessed what it was. Soon the town was buzzing with rumours and, gradually, more and more flags, which had been out all day to celebrate the anniversary of the 7th of June, 1905, were lowered to half-mast. It was a cold day. It was raining and foggy as they stood on the quay, waiting. Shortly before 6 p.m. a trawler came alongside and they all went on board. Then, at 6 p.m., the small vessel steamed out of Tromsö harbour. The Government had left Norway. General Ruge was standing on the quay waving to them.

The trawler waited for an hour or so out in the skerries before H.M. cruiser *Devonshire* appeared, steaming slowly up the fjord towards them. The trawler went alongside and the 150 "passengers", but only 25 permanent officials, boarded the warship. A roll was called and the names were checked off.

Shortly afterwards, another small ship came alongside with the King and the Crown Prince on board. The King walked very slowly up the gangway—dragging his feet—reluctantly. When he reached the top he turned round and looked back. It was now 8 p.m. The ship's engines began to pound; the cruiser gathered speed and steamed out towards the open sea.

The Ministers and some of the diplomats and officials were sitting in a saloon in the stern of the ship. The Prime Minister kept looking out of the port-hole towards the coast. Mr. Lie, the Minister of Supply, was good-humoured and jocular as usual. Someone asked him how he was able to keep it up. "If I don't, I'd cry," he said.

Up on deck the King was standing by the bulwark watching the Norwegian coastline disappear in the fog and the rain.

But not everyone on board was leaving home. There were many British soldiers on board. They were leaving a cold and bleak land and going home.

When the ship was out on the open sea the "passengers" began to make themselves at home. Everything was organized to perfection. Within twenty minutes the first meal was served. A meal schedule had been worked out and the "passengers" were called to the mess-room in relays. The seating had been prearranged, and the steward even apologized for serving a cold dinner. The Ministers and their families—some of them had been able to get their families with them—were given cabins. The others slept on mattresses in mess-rooms and corridors. In the meantime, the refugees—there were a number of German, Czech and Polish refugees on board—had got down to business. They were professional refugees—cynical, disillusioned people with years of experience behind them. Whilst the novices—the Norwegian amateurs—had wandered about restlessly on deck, open-eyed, and perhaps wet-eyed, the men of the world had made themselves comfortable, selecting the best sleeping-quarters, and so on.

There was some difficulty over the luggage. It had been stowed in one pile, and when the passengers came to collect it they found dozens of identical suit-cases. There had been only two types of suit-cases available in the shops in Tromsö, and as few had bothered to label them, they had to open all the cases to sort them out.

Although the cruiser, which was unescorted, made a wide detour to evade the enemy, at 5 a.m. on Sunday morning, the 9th, she began to rock with the detonation of gunfire. Some of the women ran up to the main deck, whilst trying frantically to blow up their life-saving jackets. Just as they reached the main deck where many of the officials were sleeping on bunks, the hatch was slammed down above their heads. Some of the women fainted and the stewards were on the spot dabbing their faces with whisky. Suddenly, one of the officials who had been sitting up watching, put his hand to his head and exclaimed: "Oh dear! I think I am going to faint." One of the stewards rushed to him to dab his forehead. "No, not like that, like this," said the official, and had a good drink out of the bottle.

The ship had driven off a German 'plane. There were many German 'planes on the warpath that morning, but fortunately they did not manage to find the *Devonshire*. Apart from this incident the trip was uneventful, but there was considerable excitement amongst the naval personnel when they learnt that a large-scale naval engagement was taking place not very far away. Naturally, they were itching to take part in it, but the cruiser had strict orders to bring the "Royal cargo" straight home. The naval officers probably gritted their teeth at having to "run away" when at long last they were so close to the real thing. It did not make them feel better when, later, it was reported that the German battleship *Scharnhorst* had taken part in the battle, and that the British aircraft carrier *Glorious*, some destroyers and a number of supply ships and troopships had been sunk. The German battleship was reported to have been searching for the *Devonshire*. Being faster, the German ship might have caught up with the *Devonshire* if she had not been detained by this convoy, and it is doubtful whether the British cruiser could have stood up to her powerful armament.

The Cabinet and the King held a conference on board to discuss where to stay when they reached England. It had been recommended that they should stay in the provinces, but the Government decided to go to London. Some administrative work was also done on board. For instance, a plan was drawn up for sending supplies to Norway. Many of the "refugees" had no papers, and were issued with passports, written out in ink on plain paper and signed by the Minister of Justice, but carrying no official stamp. The Bank of Norway issued some small loans to foreign refugees on board.

Dr. Koht, the Foreign Minister, was not on board the *Devonshire*. He had remained in Tromsö to wind up the affairs of State, and to explain the Government's policy to the Norwegian people. Before he left, on the 8th, on board the Norwegian warship *Fritjof Nansen*, he recorded a proclamation which had been signed by the King and the Prime Minister. This proclamation (see Appendix III), explaining why they had to leave Norway and telling the people that the Government was determined to devote all its strength and their lives if necessary in the fight for Norway, and asking them to persevere and remain faithful, was broadcast over the Tromsö radio on June the 9th.

This delay had given General Ruge time to demobilize his men. The capitulation was signed on the 10th. That was the end of the Norwegian campaign, but not the end of resistance.

There was a steady exodus of civil servants and others from Tromsö after the Government had left. A stream of people tramped over the mountains into Sweden, and then across the wide stretches of desolate marshland down to the Gulf of Bothnia. It was a nightmare journey. The civil servants were carrying valuable documents and had had no room for provisions in their rucksacks. They marched for nearly a week. There were only a few farms along the route and after the first few had passed there was no food left for the others. With sores on their feet, and practically without food, they tramped day after day knee deep in the marshes, first along the Köndama River and then the Torne River; now on the Finnish side, and now on the Swedish side. The mosquitoes in these marshlands were almost unbearable. Consequently, wherever there was a hut or a building everyone crammed inside to seek refuge, and had literally to lie on top of each other on the floor. Eventually, the Norwegian Legation in Stockholm sent up ambulance 'planes with food and medicines. But they all got through to Stockholm, and many of them later joined the Norwegian Government in London.

In the meantime, at 10 a.m. on the 10th of June, the *Devonshire* arrived at Gourock, near Glasgow. It was a fine, sunny day. The first thing that greeted them in the harbour was a Norwegian cargo ship. It seemed like a friendly message from home—a good omen. The "passengers" were taken ashore by motor launches. On the quay a roll was called by a Customs officer. He stuttered and fumbled as he tried to pronounce the foreign names. He was getting thoroughly embarrassed and the *émigré* Government were finding it very painful. But the situation was saved by Mr. Hambro, the President of the Norwegian Parliament, who, with great presence of mind, stepped forward, asked if he could help, took the list and read out the names with great ceremony and much ado, calling each by his full title. Within a few seconds the "emigrants" were all smiles.

They were taken by car to the station. The dock and railway workers looked at the strange party, probably wondering somewhat sceptically who they were. A special train was waiting at the station to take them to London. It was a sultry summer's day. They felt hot in the train after the snow and ice of the north.

One of the secretaries arranged for refreshments on the train.

When the Norwegian Prime Minister—who might almost rival Mr. Churchill as a cigar-smoker—was offered some cigars he took a handful to last him for the rest of the journey. The page got very worried and went to the secretary and asked, "Are you responsible for that fellow, Sir?"

At about 10 p.m. the train pulled slowly into Euston Station. The platform was empty. The British Diplomatic Staff were worried. The schedule had been upset because the *Devonshire* was urgently needed for other commitments, and they feared that, as a result of the change, there would not be anyone at the station to receive King Haakon. Then, much to their relief, they saw a man in top-hat walking sideways along the platform, followed by King George. King Haakon had been in the last carriage, instead of in the front of the train as expected.

It was a strange party which stepped out on to the platform at Euston Station, headed by King Haakon, still wearing the General's uniform which he had been using throughout his odyssey in Norway. The others were dressed in every conceivable attire—sweaters and plus-fours—lounge suits—windbreakers and ski-ing outfit—sheepskin jackets—old coats and new jackets, some that fitted and many that did not—ski-ing boots—and so on. Some were wearing felt hats, others ski-ing caps or cloth caps. Most of them had no headgear at all. It was rather like the story of the last war when Russian soldiers arrived in London with snow on their boots. Some of them were unkempt. All of them were tired. It was an extraordinary contrast to the "gentlemen in top-hats" who had come to meet them. But there were other contrasts, too—to have come direct from the arctic north to England and summer weather; from the bright nights and the midnight sun to the pitch darkness of blacked-out London; from their homeland to a strange city in a foreign country. Most of them felt at a loss. Such a tremendous responsibility rested on their shoulders: the liberation of 3,000,000 people who had had to be left behind at the mercy of the enemy—the liberation of an entire country. And the first news to greet them at Euston Station was that Italy had stabbed France in the back and declared war on the Allies. Suddenly, those who had come from the isolated north saw the war in its true perspective—their goal seemed so far away.

The Customs officers surveyed the party critically. It was a slow business getting past them. The Minister of Finance was so shabby in an old sweater and cloth cap that the officers would not let him through. The Minister tried in vain to explain who he was, but his English was not very good and his son had to help him out. "You have to let him through," he said, "he is my father."

The King and the Crown Prince accompanied King George to Buckingham Palace; the others were taken through the dark town to two small hotels in Kensington.

FIVE YEARS IN LONDON

CHAPTER XI

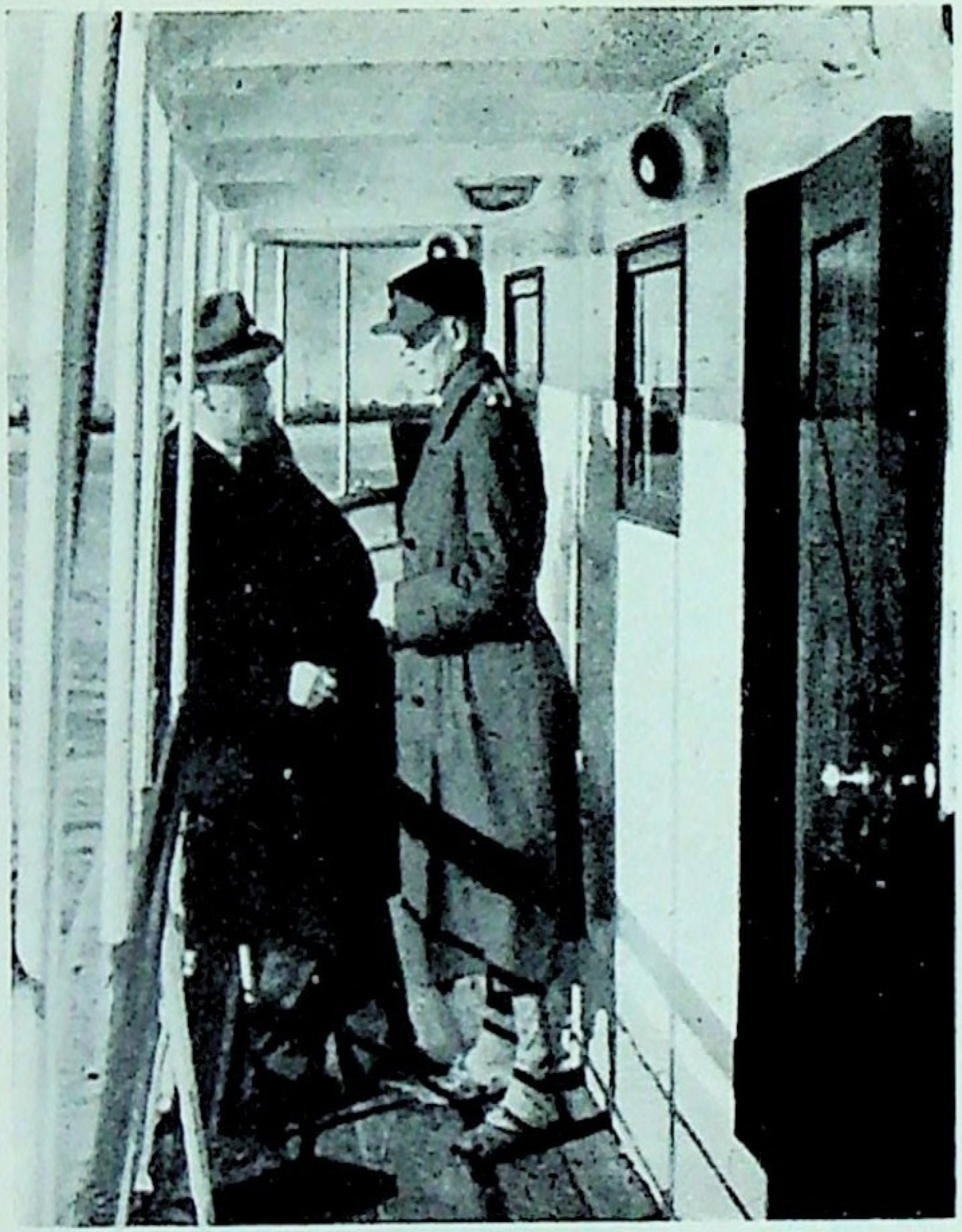
THEY felt quite lost when they woke up the next morning. They looked across the breakfast table at each other with a "where do we go from here?" expression. Most of them had left Oslo hurriedly, but confident that they would be back in a few weeks. Instead they found themselves in a strange hotel in London, hundreds of miles from home. Besides, in bright daylight their responsibilities seemed more overwhelming than ever. They were free, but knowing that the Norwegian people were looking to them to perform a miracle—that was more of a burden than a relief. How could *they* help them? Without an administration, without offices and records, and without even homes to live in, they had no facilities for doing an ordinary job of work, let alone reconquer Norway.

But the Cabinet Ministers set to work immediately. One of the first things they had to do was to make contact with the British Government and other Allied authorities in London. During the next few days the Ministers held several conferences a day at the hotel and a number of Cabinet Meetings at the Legation. From the very beginning all Orders in Council were made at the Legation—on Norwegian soil. One of the questions which required careful consideration was what to say when broadcasting to the people in Norway. Every word had to be carefully weighed to make sure of giving the people at home the maximum amount of encouragement without, at the same time, misleading them.

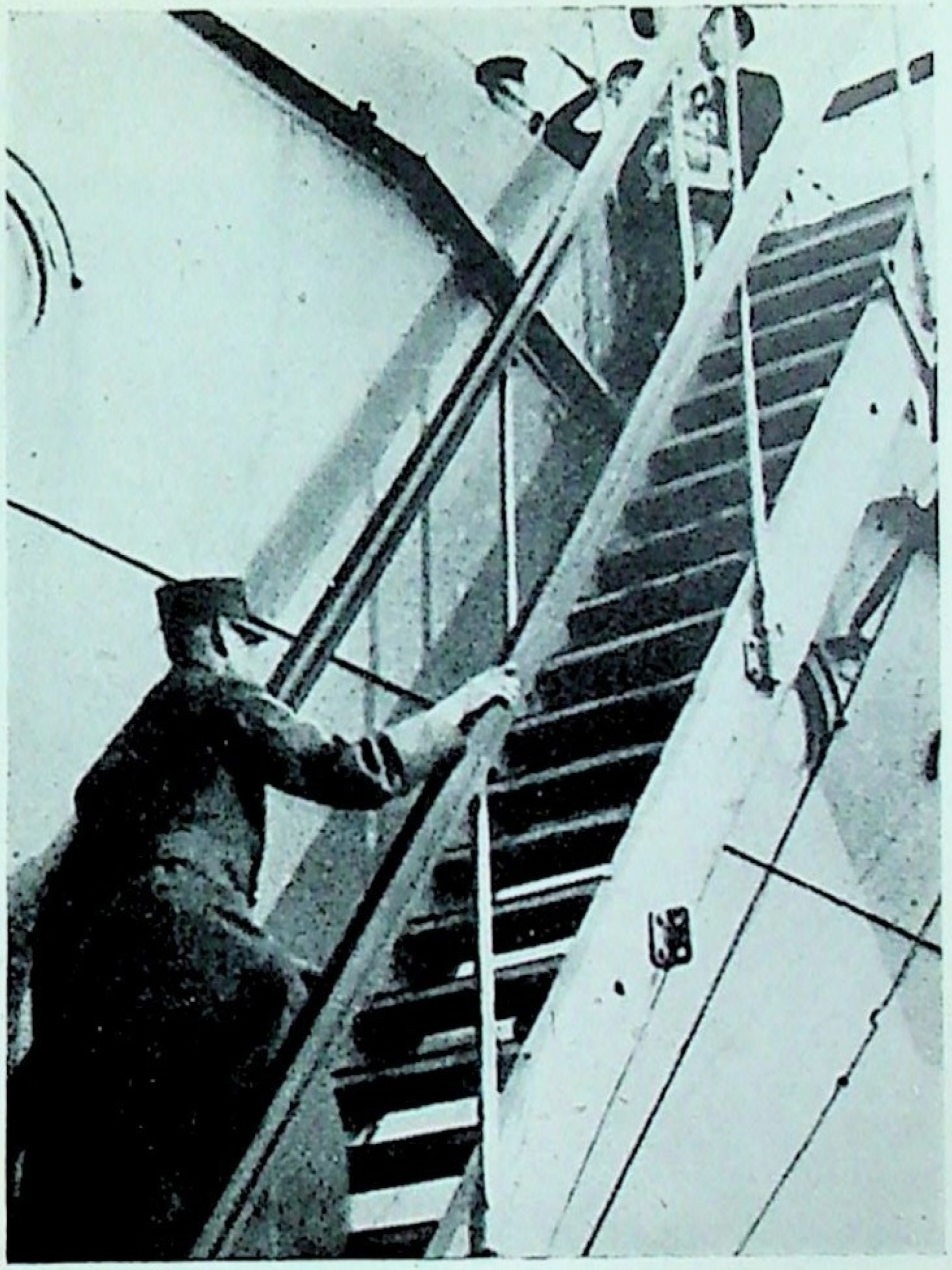
For the other officials it took a little longer to get started. There was not much for them to do during the first few days, while the general policy was being decided upon. Besides, they had to attend to everyday affairs—registering, securing identity cards and gas masks, and so on.

And yet, all the time, each one of them was turning over in his own mind possible plans for the future. Then, gradually, after a day or two, the feeling of numbness wore off and they got down to work. Of course, they had plenty of experience in handling similar situations. For two months they had been chased from place to place throughout the length and breadth of Norway. One day a log cabin had been the capital—the next day a tourists' hotel—then a farm—and so on. And every time they had to start all over again to get some sort of a central administration going, till finally it became practically a matter of routine to start from scratch, and the bits and pieces ran together like a jigsaw puzzle solved by magic.

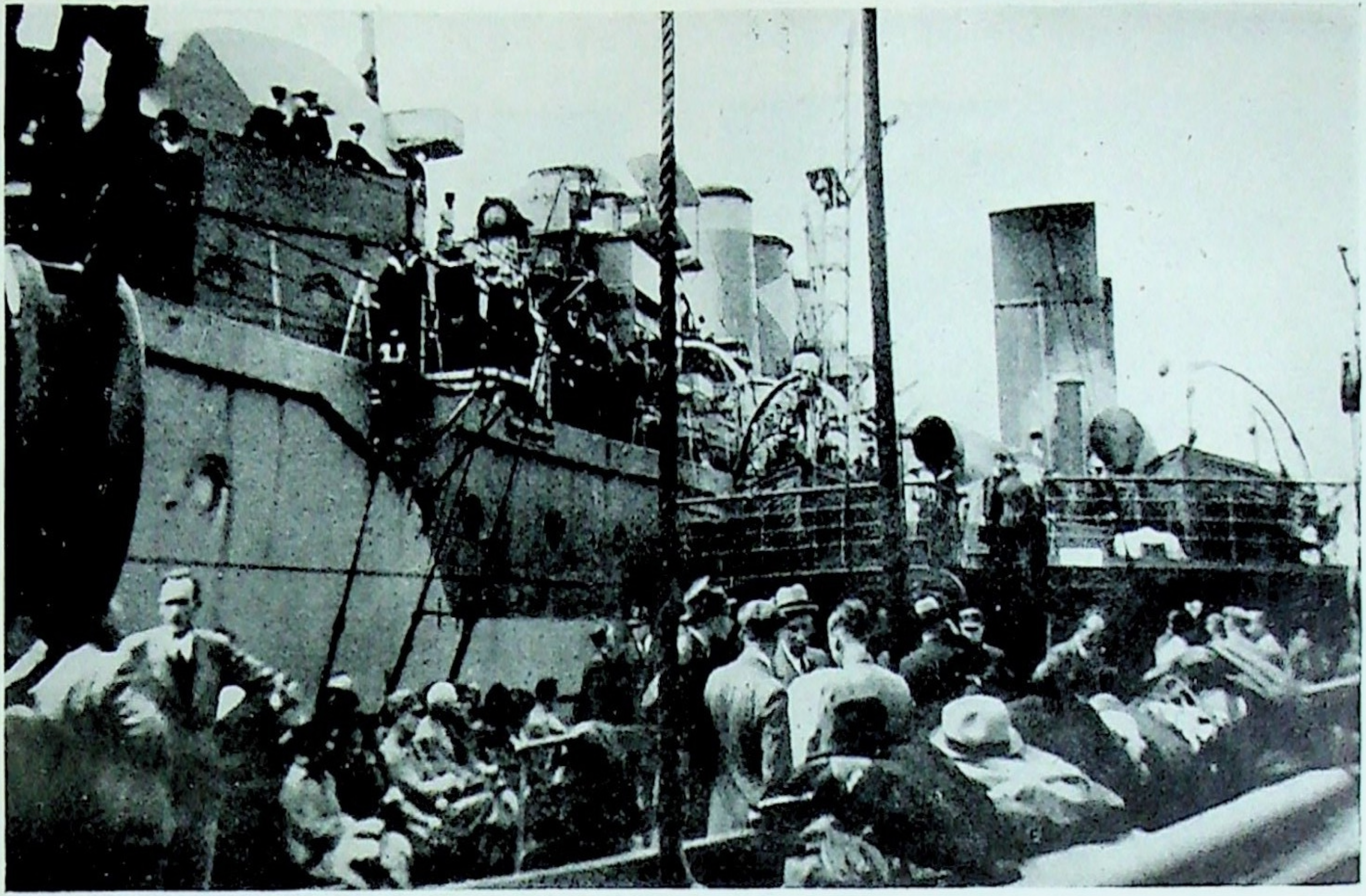
But this time it was different. However, there was already one Norwegian institution established in London—the Shipping and Trade Mission. This organization, which had its headquarters in Leadenhall Street, also had some offices in Cornhill, and here the newly arrived Government squeezed in. Thus they began their career



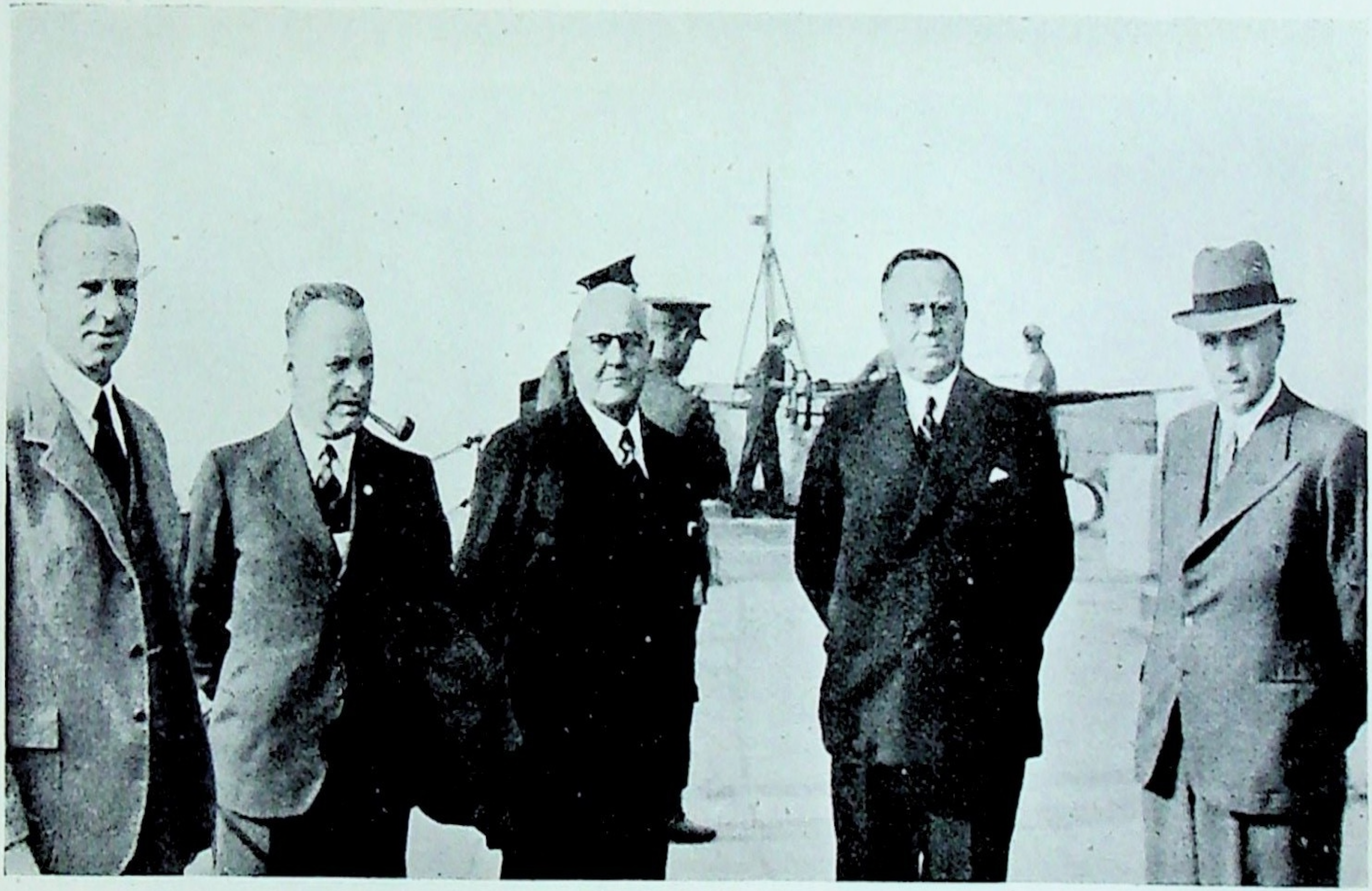
General Otto Ruge saying good-bye to Trygve Lie as the Government was leaving Tromsö



King Haakon boarding H.M.S. *Devonshire* when leaving Norway



The Government being transferred from a trawler to H.M.S. *Devonshire* when leaving Norway



The Prime Minister and members of his Cabinet on board H.M.S. *Devonshire* on their way from North Norway to England

Kingston House, the Norwegian Government's headquarters in London in the City, so to speak. They took over seven rooms in all—mostly small cubby-holes. The Ministry of Finance was the first to start business. It moved in on the 16th of June, a week after the Government had arrived in London. Then the Minister of Justice, who was also acting as Minister of Trade, and the Ministers of Social Welfare and of Church and Education followed suit. There was not room for the Foreign Ministry, which was practically the only one to have any staff, and they remained in the offices they had set up at the hotel where they were staying. The Ministers who had no immediate work to do had no offices at all.

Nevertheless, those who moved to Cornhill were very cramped. The Ministers of Education and Justice, who were in charge of three Ministries between them, had to share one office. The Prime Minister, who had no portfolio at the time, shared another office with the Social Minister's secretary. There was a standing agreement between them —a gentleman's agreement, so to speak—that when one had a conference the other had to leave the room.

The staff was pitifully inadequate. They had to tackle any job going, whether it dealt with finance, trade, justice, or whatever the subject might be, regardless of whether they had any experience or qualifications. The work had to be done, and there was no one else to do it. For instance, two young men, one of them only 27, who had been juniors at the Foreign Ministry in Oslo, acted as directors to the Ministry of Finance for more than a year, and had to grapple with high finance, handle State securities, plan the budget and keep the accounts. They were so hard pressed that they took the State accounts home with them in the evenings. Fortunately, the Bank of Norway had been given offices on the next floor, so when they did not know where to make an entry they could enquire upstairs.

A former official of the Ministry of Church and Education became not only second-in-charge at both the Ministry of Trade and the Ministry of Justice, but also his own clerk, typist and office boy. Unlike some civil servants he had a keen sense of humour. He taught the two lift girls to say good morning in Norwegian. So, anxious to be friendly and polite, the two girls greeted all the Norwegians every morning with a cheerful *Jeg elsker dig* (I love you). They probably wondered why the Norwegians were always smiling first thing in the morning.

For nearly a year this small group of exiles held the fort in London. The more experienced civil servants, who arrived later, marvelled at the way these inexperienced pioneers had helped to build up a civil administration. "They couldn't have done it," they used to say. Perhaps it was their lack of experience which helped them. Whereas an experienced civil servant would have had to conform to all kinds of rules and regulations and would have been lost without archives, reference books and ready-made forms, the inexperienced—free from any bureaucratic conventions—could just go ahead and do the job in the most simple and practical manner. They made mistakes, of course, but they laid the foundations for an administration which was to expand enormously in the next five years.

But there were other handicaps besides the shortage of staff and space. The moral strain was considerable. It was questionable, and even doubtful, whether their efforts would lead to anything. At home, taking advantage of their sweeping advances, the Germans were putting pressure on the Norwegians. First they demanded that Parliament should be summoned to depose the King and dismiss the Government, and that a new constitutional Government should be formed in Norway. This was followed by threats that otherwise all Norwegians of military age would be conscripted for military service or sent to prisons in Germany. This ultimatum was rejected by a committee set up by the Administrative Council, the Presidential Board of the Parliament, and representatives of the principal parties. But finally, by means of a trick, the Germans forced the representatives to sign an appeal to King Haakon, calling for his abdication and the resignation of his Government, and announcing that a State Council would be formed. It was difficult for the King and his Ministers in London to discern clearly what tricks the Germans were using, and they did not know that the signatories had been compelled to take this step under duress. Moreover, these circumstances made the Norwegian Government's relations with the Allies difficult. In addition, some critics at home maintained that those in Norway had been left in the lurch. But King Haakon's duty was clear, and he replied to the appeal on July the 3rd, firmly refusing to abdicate (see Appendix IV).

Gradually, too, with the Germans firmly established on the Continent, came the realization that the road home might be long and hard. And what could Norway do? She had none of the resources required to wage war. True, her Merchant Navy was bringing essential supplies to the besieged island—the last fort on the fringe of Europe. But ultimately it is men—soldiers, sailors and airmen—who win wars. And they must have guns, shells, tanks, warships and aeroplanes. Norway had none of these things. All she had was a handful of civil servants working in seven rooms in Cornhill in the City of London. She had no raw materials, no factories, no tanks, guns, 'planes or warships, except two destroyers, one submarine and half a dozen auxiliary ships, which had escaped from Norway. And all her manpower, except 25,000 seamen, was imprisoned in Norway.

The only other asset was the national gold reserve, all of which had been brought to London. It was gratifying for those who had helped to bring it all the 600 miles from Oslo to Tromsö to see it safely deposited in the vaults of the Bank of England. But even this did not seem safe, and it was sent to America. One of these shipments—25,000,000 Kroners' worth—was nearly washed overboard during a heavy gale. It was only with great difficulty that the crew managed to secure the rafts. The gold, which had to be stowed on deck in case the ship should be torpedoed, had been tied on to rafts so that it would remain afloat. The rafts had been tested in port, and the official who was accompanying the consignment had spent the first few days at sea making a chart showing how the gold was stowed, to make salvaging easier. But they reached port safely, and finally the official handed it over against a receipt for "111 cases said to contain gold".

Then, towards the end of July, the military situation became critical. The Germans were expected to invade England at any moment. That was the time when Mr. Churchill, after delivering a stirring speech at the House of Commons calling on the people to fight on the beaches, whispered aside: "I don't know what we shall do it with—choppers, I suppose!" Things looked grim indeed. The British Government was ready to leave the country. The archives were already packed. They advised the Norwegian Government to be ready to sail to Canada and suggested that the Ministers should move into the country. The British authorities told them that they could not guarantee their transport to Glasgow, where ships were already standing by, and asked them to make their own arrangements to travel by road. Lists were sent round to find out who could drive, and a fleet of cars and lorries was kept in readiness. All who were to go with the Government were issued with exit permits and the necessary papers. Arrangements were made for the Shipping Mission to be evacuated with the British Ministry of War Transport, and the staff were even given their tickets. A.R.P. reserve files had already been sent to Canada. The Ministers were carrying £5000 about with them night and day, so as to have sufficient cash to meet any emergency. It might sound very fine to carry all that money about, but they were not very happy at having to walk through the streets of blacked-out London with £5000 in cash.

So, early in August, the Norwegian Government rented some houses in the country, but still kept the offices in Cornhill. A few days later King Haakon moved from Buckingham Palace to a house in Surrey, and the Foreign Office transferred its headquarters from the hotel in Kensington to the Old Manor, Bracknell, also outside London, where the staff could "live in". The Old Manor is about 400 years old and is said to have belonged to Dick Turpin, the highway robber. The story goes that there was an underground passage between the old stable in the garden and the Hind's Head—the inn—so that Dick could make a quick getaway.

The Foreign Office, which had been able to replenish itself from diplomatic personnel abroad, was still the only Ministry to have some sort of staff. But even so it was a rough-and-ready beginning. The bar served as mailing room, and the entire archives were no more than could go into two packing-cases. The staff began by sorting the files, and in that way they came across various questions which had to be dealt with. The next step was to plan a budget. By writing to Lisbon, they got the Parliamentary Budget Proposal for 1940, which served as a basis. Then they had to circularize the Consulates and

Legations all over the world to find out how much they would have to pay out in salaries. The refugees pouring into Sweden had to be dealt with. Pamphlets had to be printed and sent home. And so the Foreign Office became very busy.

In Norway House, overlooking Trafalgar Square, the head of the Press Department of the Foreign Ministry, Mr. Jacob Vidnes, had set up the nucleus of the Norwegian Information Office. He had established contact with the Press, started *Norsk Tidend*, a newspaper in Norwegian, and a radio news service to Norwegian seamen at sea. Here also, the Norwegian Broadcasting Service, which later became so important to the Home Front, had its first headquarters. The Military Mission, too, had its offices in Norway House.

But at Cornhill conditions were going from bad to worse as more clerical staff had to be engaged. The blitz brought more difficulties. The Norwegians did not know their way about in London, and with the breakdown of public transport lost a lot of time picking their way to and from the office. Also, it became more and more difficult to maintain contact with the other offices.

Then, one September morning, they found the building badly blasted. Some of the Departments moved to Norway House. The Ministry of Finance found two rooms—two small back rooms—at the Norwegian Legation. The files had been packed away in suit-cases every night and stored in the cellar, so within an hour the whole Ministry—archives, ledgers, and all—had been transferred and was at work again—as best it could, with the staff of five seated at tables consisting of boards placed on packing-cases and without even a telephone.

But with the Foreign Office in the country, the Finance Ministry at the Legation, two Ministers with the Shipping and Trade Mission in the City, some still at Cornhill and others at Norway House, and many Ministers without any offices at all, the whole administration was now threatened with disintegration. The obvious solution seemed to be to concentrate all the offices under one roof. But how long would it be before they were bombed out again; and when would the Germans invade England? Finally, however, the Government took the plunge and rented six flats at Kingston House, near Knightsbridge. Six whole flats—they felt a pang of conscience at being so rash. Some of them had even been in favour of buying the whole block—one of the most luxurious and modern blocks of flats in London—which was offered to them at a very reasonable price. But that was turned down. What would they want with a whole block when they did not know whether they could fill six flats? Little did they know that within a few years they would be using forty-five flats—about four hundred rooms—in Kingston House alone, as well as large premises all over London. Had they known, and had they bought the building, the Government would have saved thousands of pounds and could have made a handsome profit at the end of the war. Nearly all the Ministries and Departments, except the

Shipping and Trade Mission which remained in the City, moved to Kingston House in November, and those responsible were greatly relieved to find that they made full use of all six flats.

This marked a new phase in the rambling existence of the Civil Administration. But it was an unprecedented experience for a national Government to be called upon to govern their country from without. They had arrived in London with a strong feeling of impotence. Far from being inspired with a great vision of all they were going to achieve, rather were they filled with foreboding, anticipating an idle existence in exile, during which they would be waiting for the day when they would be called home and made to answer for their unpreparedness and account for the money they had spent abroad. But things were going to work out quite differently. There was a continual flow of work and problems to be dealt with, and for the next four and a half years the Administration never stopped growing.

First, the whalers returning from the Antarctic, and the seamen and other Norwegians who were arriving in London from every part of the world to fight the Germans, had to be housed, fed, given work or signed on, or enrolled in what was then the "army"—a small group of civilians training with sticks instead of rifles at a camp in Scotland. No sooner had they been coped with, than thousands of Norwegians began to escape from Norway across the North Sea and into Sweden. Many of those who went to Sweden travelled round the world to reach Great Britain and join the Norwegian Forces. A comprehensive organization was required to deal with this influx, and large offices were rented at Tavistock House, near Russell Square. Here, a Registration Office was set up to keep records of the refugees; and a decree was passed compelling all Norwegians to register. Soon the Registration Office incorporated a Labour Office, a Letter Office, an Enquiry Office, and a signing-on centre for the seamen. The next step was to establish a Military Conscription Board. A Norwegian Health Service, a National Insurance Office, and a Seamen's Savings and Contribution Office were also set up at Tavistock House, and later Norwegian hospitals, recreation homes and dental services were established in many parts of the country and also overseas. Two large hotels in London, the County Hotel, a modern hotel in Bloomsbury, with 175 beds, and the Shaftesbury Hotel, near Cambridge Circus, with 250 beds, were taken over by the Government for seamen and Members of the Forces. More hotels and clubs were set up in other principal ports. The creation of a virtual labour market called for the establishment of trade unions. The Norwegian Trades Union Confederation, the Seamen's Union, the Mates' Union, the Engineers' Union, and the Masters' Association, all set up their headquarters in London.

Many of those who had escaped across the North Sea had brought their families with them, and as the children could not speak English, Norwegian schools were required. First, education centres were set up in London and Glasgow, but these soon became congested. Moreover, the children, who had been used to healthy surroundings and plenty of fresh air, were taking badly to the raw climate of the English industrial cities, and after a time a Norwegian boarding-school was established in a castle in beautiful surroundings in Scotland.

Later, special classes and correspondence courses were started for Members of the Forces and the Merchant Navy who had had their studies interrupted. And with the heavy toll the war was taking of the seamen, it became necessary to establish schools for ships' mates, engineers and radio operators.

As a result of the many fishing craft which escaped across the North Sea a whole fishing fleet was accumulating on this side, and a small fishing village sprung up at Buckie on the East Coast of Scotland.

Some of these boats were transferred to the Navy, and together with the whalecatchers from the Antarctic they contributed to the nucleus of the new Norwegian Navy. A special repair shop had to be set up in Scotland as the British yards were not used to handling these types of vessels.

Special Norwegian maritime and military courts were set up in Great Britain. In fact, the Norwegian Government was the first of the Allied Governments in exile to take advantage of these facilities, granted by the Allied Powers (Maritime Courts) Act of 1941.

The Information Office grew into a world-wide organization. It kept the Government and the Norwegians abroad abreast with events in Norway. It was uphill work to make the facts known to the outside world as Norway was the first country where the Germans tried out their V.5 weapon—the fifth column—and quislings had therefore come to be regarded as a purely Norwegian phenomenon. Other vital functions of the information service included building up records of what was happening in Norway—invaluable historical material—and, above all, to keep in touch with the people at home by means of the radio and by sending home books, pamphlets and films.

But when it became more difficult to escape across the North Sea and the flow of refugees decreased, the rapid expansion which the Norwegian institutions abroad had undergone during the first two or three years slowed down, and the work in London entered a new phase. The Government could now concentrate more on planning the liberation and reconstruction of Norway. The Shipping and Trade Mission had by now developed beyond recognition—employing some 500 people in London alone. As, therefore, the Ministry of Shipping and Supply devoted most of its time to maritime affairs, a separate Ministry of Supply and Reconstruction was set up in September, 1942, to take part in inter-allied reconstruction programmes, organize post-war supplies to Norway and the rehabilitation of industry and public utilities, and plan the distribution of supplies after the war. The whole field of Norway's economic life had to be covered—industry, road, rail and sea transport, telephone and telegraph communications, fishing, agriculture, forestry, electric power, food, health, and so on —and soon the Ministry of Reconstruction was the largest of all the

Ministries. Detailed information revealing the state of affairs in all these spheres were smuggled out of Norway, and experts—also smuggled out of the country—were summoned to London to do the work. But it was not only the Ministry of Reconstruction which was looking ahead. The Ministry of Social Welfare was organizing relief to Norway, and planning war damage compensation, repatriation, etc.; the Health Department was planning the restoration of public health; the Ministry of Finance and the Bank of Norway, economic and currency stabilization; the Ministry of Justice, the restitution of the police, restoration of law and order and retribution for all quislings.

But perhaps most important of all during these five years, was the organization of the Armed Forces. All Norwegians in Great Britain were conscripted for military service in June, 1940, but it was only with the mass escapes from Norway that the Norwegian Forces really began to take shape.

But even then most of the available manpower was needed in the Merchant Navy, the Navy and in the Air Force; and the Army never became very large. Nevertheless, by the end of the war it consisted of several well trained and equipped mountain units as well as commandos and parachute units, many of whom served in Iceland and on Jan Mayen, took part in raids on Norway, and fought on Spitsbergen, on the Normandy beaches, at Walcheren, and in North Norway. Towards the end of the war, 10,000 Norwegian refugees in Sweden were also receiving military training under the camouflage of being a police reserve. A Military College was formed in London to train officers who, when this war was over, could form the nucleus of a new Norwegian Army at home. A large number of liaison officers were trained to help the Allies in the event of a campaign in Norway. But, above all, the Army trained agents and special troops for secret operations in Norway.

The Norwegian Navy had to be rebuilt from scratch. Only two destroyers, one submarine and ten auxiliary vessels reached Great Britain, yet, by 1945, in spite of Allied shortage of ships and war material, and despite further losses, the Royal Norwegian Navy consisted of 25 warships and about 30 auxiliary craft, with nearly 8000 officers and men. The Navy also had several naval stations, including a submarine base at Dundee and an M.T.B. base in the Shetlands, from where many daring operations were carried out on the Norwegian coast. They also had a Naval College, a Signals and Radio School, and a Gunnery School for training gunners for the Merchant Navy. Some 1200 officers and men of the Navy were posted on board Norwegian merchant ships.

The Air Force was developed from a nucleus of 120 airmen, all that remained of the Norwegian Air Force after the uneven battles in Norway. These men went to a Norwegian training centre—Little Norway—in Canada. When they took over this camp it consisted only of an airfield and a base for seaplanes, but without any houses or living quarters. Yet, within three months, nine months ahead of schedule, they had turned it into a camp for several hundred men. And within a couple of years Norway had two Coastal Command squadrons and two fighter squadrons in the air, which remained on active service throughout the war. Other Norwegian airmen served in Bomber and Ferry Command. The Norwegian Air Force also operated an air transport service to Stockholm.

An important aspect of this national life in exile was that all this, the maintenance of the Government, the whole Administration, the Armed Forces—including the purchase of warships, aeroplanes and all other war material—and all refugees, was paid for entirely by the Norwegian Government without any outside help or loans. Norway even continued to pay interest and instalments on her national and State guaranteed foreign loans, an unprecedented achievement by a Government in exile. The funds were provided by freight earned by Norway's Floating Empire. The national gold reserve was not touched.

It is difficult briefly to illustrate the growth of the Norwegian Administration in London during those five years. The budget rose from £4,000,000 for the second half of 1940 to £12,000,000 for the first six months of 1945, and the personnel increased from a mere handful to some 2500 officials and employees in London alone. But perhaps the best way to show what the Administration consisted of at the time of the German capitulation would be to print an extract from the May, 1945, edition of the *London Telephone Directory*:

Norwegian Association of Trade Unions,
  Central ho Up Woburn pl
    W.C.1 .... **EUS**ton 3141
Norwegian Chamber of Commerce,
  Norway ho Cockspur st
    S.W.1 .... **WHI**tehll 0181
Norwegian Club,
  Nrwy ho Cockspur st
    S.W.1 .... **WHI**tehall 8775
Norwegian Consulate General, The,
  26 King st. E.C.2 .. **CLE**rknwl 6700
    Do. .... **AVE**nue .. 3739
  The Friars Vicars Moor la
    N.21 .... **LAB**urnum 1381
Norwegian Embassy,
  10 Palace green W8
    WEStern. 2929
  (Chancery) Do. ***WES**tern. 5171
  (Minister's Private Residence)
    Do. .... **WES**tern. 8686
  Military Attaché, Kingston
    ho Sth Ennismore gardens
    S.W.7 .... **KEN**sngtn 1430
  Naval Attaché,
    Dorland ho Regent st
    S.W.1 ...... **WHI**tehll 1081
  Air Attaché,
    Kingston ho Princes gate
    S.W.7 ...... **KEN**sngtn 9633

NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICES AND INSTITUTIONS,
Kingston ho Princes gate S.W.7
***KEN**sngtn 6311
  Johan Nygaardsvold, Prime Minister
Ministry Foreign Affairs
Ministry of Finance
Ministry of Education
Ministry of Social Welfare
Ministry of Justice
Ministry of Commerce
Ministry of Agriculture
Auditing Office
Information Office ***KEN**sngtn 9441
  After 6 p.m.
  Public Relations Officer
    KENsngtn 9441
  Picture Department
    KENsngtn 9443
Norwegian Telegraph Agency
    ***KEN**sngtn 9441
Bank of Norway ***KEN**sngtn 9441
Ministry of Supply and
  Reconstruction ***KEN**sngtn 0025
State Broadcasting
    ***KEN**sngtn 1257
  After 6 p.m. .. **KEN**sngtn 5315
Norwegian Section B.B.C.
    TEMpl Br 4383
Ministry Finance—Board of
  Prices ..... ***KEN**sngtn 1257
  Stationery Office
    ***KEN**sngtn 1257
Ministry Supply, Trade
  Division,
  Ennismore gardens
    S.W.7 ..... ***KEN**sngtn 0138
Ministry Social Welfare,
  Refugees, Displaced
  Persons,
    21 Princes gate
    S.W.7 ... ***KEN**sngtn 5435

Ministry of Shipping,
144 Leadenhall st
E.C.3 ....***AVE**nue.. 2410
After 6 p.m. ..**AVE**nue.. 2332
Do. ....**AVE**nue.. 5466
Shipping Trade Mission—
144 Leadenhall st
E.C.3 ....***AVE**nue.. 2410
After 6 p.m.
General Office..**AVE**nue.. 2210
Fire Guard ....**AVE**nue.. 2410
Maritime Dept. **AVE**nue.. 3235
Insurance Dept.**AVE**nue.. 2668
Technical Dept. **AVE**nue.. 1507
Do. ....**AVE**nue.. 1699
Office Manager **AVE**nue.. 1716
Ministry of Defence,
Ennismore gardens
S.W.7 .....***KEN**sngtn 1430
Army Command,
83 Pall Mall S.W.1
***WHI**tchll 6151
Army Welfare,
Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth st W.C.2**TEM**pl Br. 9721
Quarter-Master General,
Army Command,
18 Sloane sq S.W.1
***SLO**ane. 0761
Air Forces,
Kingston ho Princes gate
S.W.7 .....***KEN**sngtn 9633
Naval Command,
Dorland ho Regent st
S.W.1 .....***WHI**tchll. 1081
Private Telephones—
Rear-Adm. E. Corneliussen ......**MOU**ntvw 4867
Captain J. E. Jacobsen
BAYswatr 1576
Naval Equipment Accounts,
14 Cockspur st S.W.1
***ABB**ey ... 6121
Medical Corps, Dental Services,
Norw. Forces,
21 Cockspur st S.W.1
***ABB**ey ... 3554
Conscription Board,
Tavistock ho Tavistock sq
W.C.1 ...***EUS**ton 6261
Norwegian Air Transport,
Ennismore gardens S.W.7
***KEN**sngtn 1221
Embassy,
10 Palace green W.8
WEStern.. 5171
Consulate General, **CLE**rknwl 6700
26 King st E.C. 2
AVEnue.. 3739
The Friars Vicars Moor
lane N. 21 ..**LAB**urnum 1381
Norsk Tidend (Newspaper)
Fram Magazine,
21 Cockspur st S.W.1
***ABB**ey .. 4631
Information, Exhibition and
Sales Offices,
21 Cockspur st S.W.1
ABBey ... 3849
Public Health Services,
Director General,
Kingston ho Princes gate
S.W.7 .....***KEN**sngtn 6311
Medical Service,
Tavistock ho Tavistock sq
W.C.1 ......***EUS**ton . 6261
Dental Service,
27 Queens gate S.W.7
WEStern.. 6930
09 Endsleigh ct Upper
Woburn pl W.C.1
EUSton . 4656
Hospital,
52 Holland park W.11
PARk.... 9346
(Staff and Patients Private
Calls) ......**PAR**k ... 9897
Reception Centre No. 3,
55 Clarence av S.W.4
TULse Hl 3506
Seamen's Centre,
County Htl Up Woburn pl
W.C.1 ......**EUS**ton . 5544
Do. ....**EUS**ton . 4620
Shaftesbury Hotel,
Monmouth st W.C.2
TEMpl Br 3841
Leave Hostel,
36 Hill st W.1 ***GRO**vnor 2536
Tavistock ho Tavistock sq
W.C.1 ...***EUS**ton . 6261
Enquiry Office Letter Distributional Section
Medical Service
Seamen's Savings Contribution Office
Registration Office
Immigration and Police
Employment Exchange
Shipping Office
Social Insurance Office
Conscription Board
Inspector of Hotels
Seamen's Church,
1 Albion st S.E.16
BERmndsy 3430
Seamen's Effects,
74 Compayne gardens
N.W.6 ......**MAI**da Va 8572
Norwegian Journal of Commerce,
110 Fenchurch st E.C.3
ROYal .. 5205
Norwegian Marine Engineering
School,
Winton lodge Streatham
com Nth S.W. 16
GIPsy Hl 4261
Norwegian Red Cross &
Relief Depot,
27 Cadogan sq S.W.1
***SLO**ane.. 6257
Norwegian Seamen's Church,
Rotherhithe S.E.16
BERmndsy 3430
(Pastor) 1 Albion st
S.E.16 ..**BER**mndsy 2722
Norwegian Shipping & Trade
Mission,
144 Leadenhall st.
E.C.3 ....***AVE**nue . 2410
Do. .....*Trunk ... 29
Norwegian Spitsbergen Coal
Co. Ltd. .....**WES**tern.. 3796
148 Cromwell rd S.W.7
WEStern.. 3837

Outwardly, this Administration was functioning like a well-oiled State machine, smoothly and apparently without much excitement. But there was more needed to keep the wheels turning—an organization whose offices did not appear in the public Telephone Directory. Beneath the seemingly smooth surface operated one of the most efficient secret services of the war. In fact, there was another underground military and civil administration inside occupied Norway, and whilst outwardly Germany ruled Norway, in reality this administration and the Government in London were in complete control. True, the Germans could terrorize individuals, but when it came to major principles they were utterly powerless.

But if it had been uphill work to build up the Administration in London, it was a thousandfold more difficult to organize its counterpart behind the German lines. It grew slowly and painfully till in the end it developed into a comprehensive machinery embracing every branch of the community, from the major national institutions down to the smallest municipal offices. This organization was divided into two main groups—the Military Division and the Civil Division. The Military Division—the *Milorg* as it was commonly called in Norway—was organized on military lines and was responsible for the Forces of the Interior, distribution of arms, sabotage and so on. The Civil Division—the *Civilorg*—was responsible for organized resistance, the illegal press, industrial intelligence, etc. The Underground Movement had its own transport, police, technical, supply, finance and other specialized organizations. At the head of the whole organization was an Executive Committee, presided over by 70-year-old Paal Berg, President of the Supreme Court, who had also been responsible for the Administrative Council which functioned in Oslo during the first months of the occupation and tried to protect the interests of the people.

Once the Home Front was properly organized, its Executive Committee and the Norwegian Government in London were in daily contact. Neither would take an important decision without consulting the other. The fact that, as was revealed when the war came to an end, one of the leaders of the Home Front was secretly attending the San Francisco Conference as a member of the Norwegian Delegation from London, was a good indication of the intimate relations and close co-operation that existed between them.

The contact between London and Norway was maintained by radio and courier. There were some 60 secret radio-transmitters in Norway, and five in Oslo alone. They had to move every week to avoid detection. To begin with, the radio operators were trained in England and dropped in Norway by parachute, but later, as the demand grew, instructors were sent to Norway to train the people on the spot. One-third of the secret radio operators lost their lives. Most of the courier was carried in relays across the Swedish frontier. Thousands of different routes were used and hardly a single border village was unaffected by the traffic. Homeward, the couriers carried mail—during the last year or two mostly in the form of microfilm,—books, periodicals, newspapers, films, arms, wireless sets, and money. Outward bound, they carried mainly intelligence reports, keeping the Government informed of conditions in Norway.

The couriers were assisted by patriots inside the Post Office, and by the Underground Transport Command, which was also responsible for the evacuation of some 50,000 Norwegians to Sweden and Great Britain—many literally snatched from the hands of the Gestapo. All the Government in London had to do when they wanted anyone called over from Norway was to give instructions to the Home Front. For instance, the Minister of Finance, Paul Hartmann, was called over in this way, and the Gestapo were still hunting for him when they suddenly heard him broadcast from London. Occasionally, too, the leaders of the Home Front had personal contact with officials from London. Once the Chief of Police in the London Government spent three weeks with his colleagues in Norway, and on another occasion the leader of the Underground Police Force in Norway had a conference with the Norwegian Minister of Justice and Police at a remote villa in the depth of the Swedish countryside.

To begin with the Civil Division was the most important. With the help of extensively developed trade and professional unions and associations, and some 200 illegal papers, it organized the mass resistance of all sections of the community—the teachers, the clergymen, the farmers and fishermen, the industrial workers, the doctors, the actors, and so on. Each section of the community had its underground sub-organization. A virtual "Ministry of Finance" was required to finance this vast underground administration and to support all who lived under cover or had lost their income for patriotic reasons. One million Norwegian kroner was smuggled into Norway every month. There was a "Ministry of Food", too. For instance, lorry-loads of tobacco, fish, ham, milk, butter—1200 pounds of butter in one month alone—and other essential foods were smuggled into the notorious Grini concentration camp. Then there was the "Ministry of Labour". When 70,000 young Norwegians were called-up for compulsory labour—and ultimate military conscription—only 252 were enrolled. By collective action the teachers saved the children from the Nazi doctrine. And so, 98 per cent of the population were welded into an anti-German bloc.

But gradually, especially as the collapse of Germany came nearer and the danger to Norway grew greater, the military side of the underground work became more important. This organization covered a wide field of activity. It made comprehensive plans for military operations in case of Allied invasion. Arms and equipment were dropped all over the country, and an immense machinery was required to distribute and store them. The Forces of the Interior held frequent manœuvres and exercises. The *Milorg* was responsible for all sabotage and had to protect valuable plants, factories and power stations. For instance, if these could not be protected by force, elaborate devices were installed for filling the premises with gas or steam to prevent the Germans from entering; and in January, 1945, 15 Norwegians were sent from England to the main ports to organize the protection of the harbours.

The final triumph of the Resistance Movement, however, came with the liberation. The 40,000 armed soldiers of the interior had a stabilizing effect at a time when there was not a single Allied soldier in the country to disarm the 400,000 German soldiers who capitulated. They immediately assumed the task of disarming the enemy and occupying all strategic points. Greater still, perhaps, than the discipline shown by these men during the occupation, was the self-control they displayed during and after the capitulation. It would have been natural to have expected riots and violence after five years of subjugation and terror, not so much for the sake of revenge, but rather as an outlet. Their restraint is one of the most outstanding examples of human dignity in this war. Failure might have caused widespread destruction and bloodshed.

JOURNEY'S END

CHAPTER XII

THE beginning of the end of these five years in exile came on the 25th of October, 1944, when the Soviet Army entered the extreme north-eastern corner of Norway.

All these years the Government had been planning their return and the re-establishment of legal authorities on Norwegian soil. With regard to the military problems, the Allies very early made it clear that they had not the men, arms or ships to undertake a major invasion of Norway. During 1942 the interference with the convoys to Russia became so serious—out of one convoy of 35 ships 24 were lost—that the question of Allied operations, at least in North Norway, was brought up again, but the shipping shortage was still too acute. In the meantime, Scottish Command, under General Thorne, was made responsible for military operations in Norway. The plans were worked out with the purpose of dealing with the Germans in Norway in case of capitulation in Germany proper or an attempted evacuation of Norway. North Norway was not included in these plans. But with the landing in France and the prolonged and heavy fighting on the Continent, the demand for men became such that the troops who had been earmarked for these operations in Norway had to be sent across the Channel, depleting Scottish Command of nearly all but its staff. The possibility of having to make military operations in Norway was not lost sight of altogether, but the chances of operations from the west became more remote.

But the Norwegian Government, in particular, were well aware that the Russians might reach Norway first. Negotiations with Great Britain and later with the U.S.A. regarding Allied occupation had been going on for some time, and with the prospects of a Russian occupation of Norway, these negotiations were extended to the U.S.S.R., and on May 17th, 1944—Norway's National Day—agreements were signed with Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. These agreements formed the basis for co-operation between the Allied commanders and the Norwegian military authorities during military operations in Norway and stipulated that the Norwegian Government would have full responsibility for the local administration, and would resume constitutional responsibility as soon as military conditions allowed it.

It was within a few months of the conclusion of these agreements that Russia broke through into northern Finland, and, to secure her flank, continued into North Norway. Two weeks after the Red Army had crossed the Norwegian frontier, Kirkenes was liberated. That was the signal for the first stage of the return journey to begin.

The first Norwegian authorities to return—a military and civil administration—left Great Britain almost immediately for the Russian Arctic port of Murmansk, from whence they continued to Kirkenes. A member of that first party to go back has described what it was like to return home. This is what he says:

"I was inside a truck sitting next to the fur-clad driver and trying to make conversation in Russian. My knowledge of Russian was limited to three words: 'friend', 'enemy' and 'house'. So I kept saying, 'Russia, America, England, Norway—friends. Germany—enemy.' The Russian laughed heartily every time and thought this was wonderful. After a short silence, he repeated: 'Germany—enemy. Russia, America, England, Norway—friends,' and so the conversation continued. When we had exhausted this subject we started singing. It was charming sitting there singing the *Volga Boatman* in the moonlight, with the bright aurora borealis flashing fantastic colours and shades across the sky. Suddenly we were crossing a bridge. The Russian became very excited and pointed to a small cottage on the other bank. '*Norveski dom*,' he said."

Many of these Norwegians had never been to North Norway before. They were returning home, but they found a strange land, hard and cold, dark nights and sunless days. But the land was not only grim, it was barren. A few inches of snow was enough to cover all that was left of the centre of Kirkenes, once a town of 4000 people. They had expected ruins, but there were not even ruins; only flat squares like a chessboard marked the place where the town had once been. Here and there stood a naked chimney-stack, like stones in a graveyard. A solitary cooking-stove turned over on its back, with icicles in the doorway, was yawning skywards. It was like a dead city. The only suggestion that the destruction was recent and not of the days of Pompeii was the burning dumps of coal and oats; like the fires of 1940 still burning.

But things were not quite as bad in East Finnmark as they appeared at first sight. Apart from Kirkenes itself, the Germans had not had time to destroy absolutely everything, and there were some houses left in the area and on the outskirts of the town. And what was more important, the Germans had succeeded in evacuating only a few thousand of the 20,000 inhabitants of eastern Finnmark. As the Russians entered Kirkenes they were greeted by the cheering citizens of the town, who emerged from a railway tunnel where they had been sheltering for two weeks whilst the battles were going on and the Germans had burnt down the town. But further west they had carried out their scorched earth policy to the letter. The towns were razed to the ground and the people, with the exception of a few who had had time to flee into the hills, were being forced to march west with the German Army or were being stowed into ships or fishing-smacks and removed by sea.

The Government Delegation settled down in Kirkenes and began the task of restoring normal life. The Mission established its headquarters in a former German barracks. The Rationing Office had one corner of the room, the Public Health Service another, the Registration Office a third, and the Treasury a fourth corner—whilst in the centre of the room there was a large table. That was the Council Chamber. The first supplies—food, clothes, medicines, tools, etc.—arrived from Great Britain. But still there was no postal service, no telephones, no boats, cars, horses, or even bicycles, no raw material, no machinery. One of the first things they had to do was to try to get the sawmills going so that they could cut timber to build houses.

The Russians were helpful and sincere. The tough Russian soldiers slept in the open, leaving the few houses that remained to the Norwegians. But there were many instances of language difficulties. For instance, one day one of the clerks of the Administration, eager to help, took some posters he found in the office and stuck them up on telegraph poles in the neighbourhood. A few hours later, a Russian officer came into the office in a state of great excitement and asked what was the point of labelling the telegraph poles with notices saying: "These vehicles belong to the Military Forces and have access everywhere." Then there was the occasion when a newly-repaired telephone line broke down. A patrol sent out to investigate discovered that some Russian soldiers, thinking the telephone was out of order, had chopped one of the poles down and burnt it on the camp fire. With great difficulty the Norwegians managed to explain that the telephone was in order, and the Russians promptly put up a new pole. But next time they tried the telephone there was a strong buzzing noise on the line, so a patrol was sent out once more. This time another party of Russians had joined an electric cable to the line, thinking it was a power cable. Once again they explained as best they could that it was a telephone. Happy that the Russians seemed to understand, the Norwegians went back thinking that now everything would be all right. But when they got back and picked up the receiver all they could hear was an excited voice jabbering in Russian. At last the Russians had understood that it was a telephone line, and so they had linked it up with their own telephone.

But apart from minor misunderstandings, the military agreement which the Soviet and the Norwegian Governments had concluded in advance proved a satisfactory basis for close and smooth co-operation in North Norway.

In the meantime, a Norwegian Government Delegation, consisting of Foreign Minister Trygve Lie, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Terje Wold, and Dr. Karl Evang, the Director of Public Health, had arrived in Stockholm, on the 28th of October, to discuss the possibility of obtaining supplies for Norway, and other important questions, including post-war problems. As this visit, which had been planned for some time, coincided with the Russian entry into North Norway, the question of the employment of the 10,000 Norwegian police troops who had been trained in Sweden was also discussed, and soon the first of these forces reached North Norway.

After consultations in Stockholm, the Norwegian Government Delegation continued to Moscow to establish personal contact with the Soviet Government and to thank the Russians for having begun the liberation of Norway. It was essentially a goodwill visit. There were no differences to be ironed out. But there was one other reason for the visit. With the occupation of North Finland, Russia had re-established a common frontier with Norway. So now they were neighbours again.

The Delegation's arrival in Moscow coincided with Russia's National Day, and Moscow was in the throes of celebrations. The city was alive with people and in the evening there was a great show of fireworks and salutes.

They stayed for six days and attended many dinners and receptions in company with M. Molotov, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, M. Maisky, Deputy People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and other prominent Soviet officials. The visit was a great success and not without humorous incidents. There was, for instance, a lively argument when Maisky asked the Norwegian Minister of Justice what they were going to do with the 80-year-old author, Knut Hamsun, who had turned Nazi.

"Punish him, of course," said Mr. Wold.

"But you can't do that," protested Maisky. "You must make exceptions. We have a composer who was anti-Soviet, but is now living amongst us."

"Hamsun is a traitor and will have to be punished according to Norwegian law."

"But consider all he has done for culture and humanity. Besides, he is over eighty," argued Mr. Maisky.

"Ah, don't be soft," retorted Mr. Wold.

The Delegation left Moscow on the 13th. The visit undoubtedly contributed much to confirm and consolidate the old friendship between the two countries. Mr. Lie and Dr. Evang flew back to Sweden and London, and Mr. Wold went to North Norway to report on conditions up there. Mr. Wold, travelling by 'plane, train, warship and car, was thus the first Member of the Government to return to Norway.

The German Army continued to pull out of Finnmark, taking the civilians with them. "In their retreat the Germans have followed the scorched earth policy," said Crown Prince Olav at a Press Conference at the Ministry of Information in London on the 20th of November. The Crown Prince continued: "The complete destruction of the Province of Finnmark, if it is carried out according to the policy and the obvious plan drawn up beforehand by the Germans, might well mean that that part of Norway will be uninhabitable for a great number of years. It is a great catastrophe for the people up there, living as they have done for centuries on very meagre land; it is the most extreme northerly part of the world in which normal human life has ever existed. This territory lies up to 73 degrees and runs roughly parallel to Central Greenland, well north of the extreme north of Alaska." In reply to a question, Crown Prince Olav said that in Finnmark about 61,000 people were affected by this scorched earth policy, and that the Germans had already begun to evacuate the county of Troms, with a population of 105,000.

In the wake of the main Army followed special destruction squads who burned down what the Army had not had time to set on fire, and the few houses which had been left to quarter the rearguards. After they had finished, SS. units usually returned for the final combing-out —hunting down any Norwegians who had been hiding in the hills and destroying the peat huts or sheds they might have been able to build from the wreckage.

The thing that was not very clear was where the front line was. Finnmark is almost the size of Scotland. The distance from Kirkenes to Tromsö by road is about 500 miles, and from Tromsö to Narvik about 150 miles. There are no railways, and only one road along the coast. The road is frequently intersected by deep fjords and often runs across high mountains blocked by snow in the winter. The population is widely dispersed and many of the fishing communities can only be reached by sea. The Russians did not want to stretch their supply lines across the mountains, and stopped at the Tana River. The Norwegians did not have enough troops to pursue the Germans in strength, but their patrols followed close on their heels, harassing them and often preventing them from returning to terrorize the civilians who had evaded the compulsory evacuation.

But beyond this little was known of what was happening in this vast no-man's-land. There were long coastal stretches and large areas in the interior which the regular patrols did not reach. These territories were visited by small parties of civil servants and Army officers who had to report on the conditions, appoint governors and local councils, arrest quislings, distribute arms and medicines, organize the rebuilding of houses, the repairing of quays and the salvaging of fishing smacks, evacuate women and children, and so on. Those who went into the interior travelled across the mountain regions by sledge and reindeer. Those who travelled along the coast and visited the ports sailed in fishing smacks. These coastal expeditions were, perhaps, the most hazardous. This is how one of the officials describes one of these trips.

"It was a dilapidated old craft we had got hold of. The engine and the steering gear were practically worn out, and we had no sails. She was only fit for sheltered waters, and in peacetime it would have been considered sheer madness to take her out into the Arctic Ocean.

"The first place we came to was Vadsö. Here, 80 per cent of the buildings had been destroyed.

"Next we swung out into the open ocean. We were sailing along the northern fringe of Norway now. On the port side the waves were pounding against the rigid rocks—steep, dark rocks, scarred and mauled by ice. To the starboard lay the Arctic Ocean.

"The next port of call was Havningberget. Here we had a pleasant surprise. The village was intact. The Norwegians had cut the telephone line and the Germans, thinking they had been cut off, had fled. Only the boats, even the rowing boats, had been destroyed, and the big German guns had been demolished.

"So we sailed westwards, plunging our way through the heavy seas beneath the bleak rocks. The Germans had had more time further west and things were gradually getting worse. At Berlevåg, a fishing port of some 1600 inhabitants, there was not a single house left. Those who had not been carried off by the Germans had hid in the mountains. Only 70 people remained. We found them searching amongst the ruins for a tin of food or a piece of timber. They were living in the basements of the burnt-down houses, with the icy wind whistling through the cavities. Dead horses lay scattered amongst the ruins.

"From Berlevåg we sailed across Tana Fjord to Gamvik, on the northernmost tip of the Norwegian mainland—only ten miles south of the North Cape. Not a house, shack or fishing lodge was standing. The inhabitants—some 500 people—had fled into the hills and the Germans had caught only ten of them. Completely cut off, they had taken matters into their own hands. They had appointed a Council of their own, and the chairman had a list ready of those who were ill and would have to be taken to hospital at the first opportunity. Diphtheria had broken out and was threatening the whole community, crowded together in caves and mud huts. Twentyseven people were living in a mud hut 10 feet long with a piece of canvas for a door. Two families were living in one end and two cows in the other end of a small open boat turned upside down on land.

"Only those who were ill or infirm returned with us. The others refused to leave their homesteads. They were born and bred on that barren soil and they would pull through somehow.

"We lost our way back across the fjord. Running into heavy seas and a blinding snowstorm, our inaccurate compass took us far out to sea before we knew what had happened. But eventually we got safely back to Berlevåg.

"That same night we decided to return to Gamvik to fetch some more women and young children. We left immediately, before the weather should get still worse. About half-way across the fjord the oil lamp capsized and the ship caught fire. We managed to put out the fire, but had to turn back."

A few months later these men, operating far behind the German lines, organized the evacuation by Allied warships of some 500 civilians from the island of Söröy.

The next few months were full of anxiety for the Government. Mr. Wold returned to London early in December and told his colleagues in the Cabinet that everyone he had met in Finnmark had asked him whether anything could be done to stop the destruction of Norway. He also wrote a letter to *The Times*, which was published on the 12th of December, in which he gave an up-to-date account of the true conditions in Finnmark: ". . . a part of the catastrophe which is threatening the whole of northern Norway." "I do not doubt for a moment that the situation in Norway is being most closely and carefully watched," said Mr. Wold at the end of his letter, "and it is the fervent hope, not only of myself but of every Norwegian, that the prosecution of this war to a successful conclusion will not exclude the rescue of my country from total destruction. . . ."

Prominent Norwegians also escaped into Sweden from Tromsö and other towns behind the German lines to report to the Government. They gave heartrending accounts of how tens of thousands of Norwegians—a ghost-like procession of men, women and children—were being driven before the German armies. Those who lagged behind were either shot or left to perish in the ice and snow.

The Norwegian Government made energetic representations to the Allies to cut off the Germans in the north by making a landing at Norway's waistline, perhaps somewhere in the neighbourhood of Narvik. This would isolate some 100,000 German soldiers urgently needed to defend Germany proper, and would also save the rest of North Norway from complete destruction, and the people from starvation and possible death. But SHAEF said no. They had enough to cope with on the Western Front. The Norwegian Government fully appreciated the situation, but it was a hard blow.

The Norwegians also, of course, wanted to use their own troops and Navy to the fullest extent. A plan was submitted to the Allies in January, and Crown Prince Olav, C.-in-C. of the Norwegian Forces, went to America to discuss the matter with the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington. But even this did not seem possible because of transport and supply difficulties. There was no shipping available to keep a landing force in Norway supplied. There were hardly enough ships to supply the troops and civilians in Finnmark. Some of the Norwegian Forces were still in Scotland, but others were already employed in Finnmark and behind the German lines and on the Continent. Though the Norwegian Coastal Command squadrons were still operating along the Norwegian coast from bases in Scotland, the fighter squadrons were serving in Holland and Belgium, and the

Navy was already fully deployed off the Norwegian coast and in other waters.

Realizing the Allies' difficulties, the Norwegian Government turned to Sweden for more active support. But Sweden believed in the possibility of a peaceful termination of the German occupation. She was already helping the hundreds of Norwegians who were escaping across the mountains to neutral territory, and was willing to receive thousands more from the German occupied zone, but the Germans refused to let them go.

On the European continent, the war was taking its inevitable course. The Germans were fighting grimly and tenaciously. They needed every soldier they could muster, and the underground saboteurs in Norway, reinforced by parachutists from England, went into action, and air and naval operations along the coast were stepped up. Trains were derailed, bridges blown up, ships immobilized, and the evacuation of German troops from Norway to Germany shrunk into a fine trickle.

Then suddenly the fortunes of war turned. The formidable Rhine front gave way and the Allied Armies pushed on into the heart of Germany. The collapse of Germany seemed imminent. Would that mean the end of the war in Europe, or would the German War Lords continue to hold out in the South German mountains? The Russians and Americans were rapidly overrunning Bavaria, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. North Germany was yielding.

But Norway was still a formidable bastion. For five years the Germans had been perfecting the defences of the country, already a natural fortress in itself. There were about 400,000 German troops there, and more German U-boats were arriving at the different bases along the Norwegian coast. High German military, Gestapo and civil officials were arriving in Oslo.

On April the 5th, the White House in Washington published a letter from General Eisenhower to President Roosevelt in which the Allied Commander-in-Chief said he did not think there would be a clean-cut military surrender, and that fragments of the German armies might continue a form of guerilla warfare in Germany, the French Atlantic ports, Denmark and Norway.

Those weeks in April, 1945—like the days of April, 1940—were perhaps the most harassing the Government had experienced. Nazism was being destroyed throughout the Continent, and the light of freedom was being kindled in one town after another, in one capital after another. It looked as if the whole of Europe would be liberated; as if the war would be virtually over, whilst in Norway the killing would go on and a long and vicious struggle would cripple the land for generations to come.

Meanwhile, in anticipation of a German collapse, Churchill announced preparations for victory celebrations in London, whilst the Norwegians were anxiously stressing their views that there should be no victory parade before Norway, too, was liberated.

The Norwegian Government turned to Sweden once more and suggested that she might move troops to the Norwegian frontier, to be held there in readiness or as a threat. But in the middle of April they received a reply to the effect that the Swedish Government maintained its view that an active intervention of this kind would not help Norway.

Then, on the 1st of May, Hitler was reported to have died in Berlin. The next day, Berlin fell and the Germans in Italy surrendered. With the apparent disintegration of the Nazi Government and a possible split with the military commanders, prospects for Norway brightened. Without a central authority whom the German soldiers could trust and would obey, it became less likely that the garrison in Norway would continue the fight on its own. Still, the situation was serious enough. The day after Hitler died, General Böhme, C.-in-C. of the German Forces in Norway, declared his loyalty to Admiral Doenitz, Hitler's successor, and called on his soldiers to fight to the last man. The next day a Washington spokesman declared that it was to be expected that the Germans in Norway would continue to fight; and on the following day General Eisenhower made a statement to the effect that, if the German Forces in North Germany capitulated, other German Forces at sea, on land and in the air would probably fight on till the end.

On Friday the 5th, the German Forces in North Germany, Holland and Denmark capitulated to Field-Marshal Montgomery. There was no mention of Norway. From hour to hour, all Saturday and all Sunday, Norwegians at home and abroad were kept in suspense.

On Monday the 7th, in the early hours of the morning, information reached London that Germany had surrendered unconditionally at General Eisenhower's Headquarters at Rheims. At 10.15 p.m. General Böhme told his troops over the Oslo radio that all military operations were to cease. Instantaneously, 40,000 well-equipped and highly trained and disciplined members of the *Milorg*, young men in plus-fours and boiler suits with a white armband as their only distinction, came out in the open and occupied nearly all important plants and military installations and key points throughout the country, and the German troops began to surrender. That night all lights went up in Norway, but it was not until 3 p.m. the next day, the 8th of May, that Churchill officially announced the end of the war in Europe. Norway was free again. That evening, King Haakon and Prime Minister Nygaardsvold broadcast for the first time since 1940 to a free people.

Greetings to the King were also picked up in London from fifteen paratroopers who had been operating a secret radio transmitter in the wild regions of the Rondane Mountains. For the first time the King and the Government were able openly to exchange greetings with the leaders of the Home Front. The Government immediately gave special powers to the Home Front leaders to maintain law and order on their behalf. There was a lot to be done. For the next few days the Cabinet was in conference all day and every day. The plans which had been prepared during the last five years had to be put into effect, and new decrees had to be passed.

In the meantime, whilst Churchill was making his VE statement in London, the first Allies arrived unannounced in Oslo. It was a fantastic ending. At noon a Dakota of Air Transport Command left Copenhagen with a small unarmed party of three R.A.F. officers, three members of the Danish Liberation Movement who had been working in close contact with the Norwegian Underground Movement, and a few war correspondents. They were going to Oslo to make sure the Germans had surrendered. Flying up the Oslo Fjord they were anxiously looking out for Norwegian flags, usually a sure sign of capitulation. To begin with they saw none, but as they approached Oslo, flags and bunting began to appear from windows and rooftops.

That seemed sufficiently reassuring and the 'plane swung in over the airfield. Below on the aerodrome they could see German 'planes taxi-ing about and little figures in field-grey uniforms. There was no sign of the Norwegian Forces of the Interior. Still, they touched down, and at 2.15 p.m. on the 8th of May stepped on to Norwegian soil. There were only Germans about. They stood rooted to the spot. One of the German airmen sent for a flustered *Luftwaffe* corporal. He summoned a sergeant. When the rank reached the level of colonel they dared approach the British Air Commodore. The Colonel said the General was on his way. He felt there had been a slight mistake. The General wanted to arrest them, but finally he was persuaded to telephone the High Command for orders. At that moment three R.A.F. officers swung round the corner and reported for duty. They were prisoners-of-war and had simply marched out of the compound past their guards.

The General came back with instructions that the British party could give their own orders. So the Germans really had capitulated. They commandeered three German cars and drove off to take Oslo.

The fine concrete road ran through the green countryside and past cosy wooden houses surrounded by trees. The smoking chimneys gave off a sweet smell of burning wood. All the bridges were guarded by the bare-headed soldiers of the *Milorg*.

Suddenly Oslo lay before them, spread out at the base of the long blue fjord dotted with green islets—a white open city with green parks and surrounded by fir-clad hills.

The capital was already well and securely in the hands of the Norwegian Resistance Forces. But to the majority of the Germans who were still roaming about at large the fact had not yet sunk in. Their jaws dropped ridiculously as they saw the British party drive through the city.

The Norwegians mostly stood and stared. Then, when they realized they were British, the madness started. It ran along the streets ahead of them like a forest fire. It climbed up the windows of the houses and it scooped people in from the side streets. Others just stood and cried. As they drove down the main street the crowd became delirious. Even some of the German soldiers were caught by the mood and began to wave.

At the Grand Hotel they were swept up on the balcony. And then there was just a mad hour and a half of waving and embracing and handshaking. Finally, they had a chance to explain that they were not the expected SHAEF Mission, and that their task was really only to ascertain whether the airport was fit for operational use. They were left in no doubt as to that because, as they got back, several German 'planes were wheeling across the airfield and flying off to unknown destinations. As the Dakota flew back over Oslo, the main square suddenly turned white as 20,000 faces looked upwards. Flying down the Oslo Fjord again, they met two white 'planes gleaming in the sun against the green pine woods on the islands and along the shores of the fjord. That was the SHAEF Mission on its way to Oslo from Scotland to receive the German capitulation.

Allied airborne troops followed two days later, having been sitting up all night for three nights waiting to execute operation "Doomsday" Whilst the rest of the world was preparing to celebrate victory, the First Airborne Division, which had only just recuperated after its heavy losses at Arnhem, was suddenly switched from field training to urgent reality. The entire "lift" to essential points in Norway had to be made by a large fleet of heavy four-engined bombers, as the distance of 720 miles across the North Sea was too great to use gliders. This division was designed to take control from the Germans quickly and to reinforce the Forces of the Interior, until stronger formations could be brought by sea.

The first squadrons of 35 Stirlings heading for Oslo ran into thick fog, and 27 of them had to turn back. Four more were lost and only 8 reached Oslo. To die on the first day of peace was a tragedy indeed.

During those early days in Oslo some of the officers of the Allied H.Q. were living side by side with German Staff Officers who were needed to wind up German military affairs; whilst German A.T.S. girls continued to operate as telephonists, and signallers in grey uniforms delivered messages with the appropriate heel-clicking. Most of the Germans looked stonily in front of them, without revealing any emotions at suddenly finding themselves working for the enemy.

And thus the Allied Mission and the Norwegians gradually settled down and began to straighten things out.

The next step now was for King Haakon and his Government to return home and take over the administration of the country. Foreseeing that, whether or not there would be fighting in Norway, it might not be safe for the whole Government to return immediately, they had made plans long in advance for a delegation of Cabinet Ministers under the leadership of Crown Prince Olav to go back first and take control in co-operation with the leaders of the Home Front.

On the 10th, therefore, Mr. Hartmann, Minister of Finance, and Mr. Stöstad, Minister of Social Welfare, flew to Sweden, where they had some affairs to attend to on their way home. On Saturday the 12th they stepped off the train in Oslo. The two Ministers, the first to return, shook hands with the leaders of the Home Front, who were at the station to welcome them. With tears in his eyes, Mr. Stöstad thanked them and the whole people for their firmness and loyalty, which had kept the light of hope burning in the hearts of all those who had spent these five years in exile.

On the 11th, Crown Prince Olav and three more Cabinet Ministers —Mr. Torp, Minister of Defence; Mr. Wold, Minister of Justice; and Mr. Nielsen, Minister of Commerce—the rest of the Government Delegation—left Rosyth, the naval base in the Firth of Forth, to return home by sea. It was an unceremonial departure. Three warships were berthed alongside the quay, their greenish grey and light blue paint gleaming in the sun. The Crown Prince, in British battledress, marched past the Guard of Honour and was piped on board H.M.S. *Devonshire*, the very same cruiser which had brought the King and the Cabinet from Tromsö to Scotland five years before. The cruiser slipped her moorings and steamed out into the North Sea escorted by fifteen other British and Norwegian warships and by formations of the Royal Air Force.

The crossing was uneventful, with brilliant sunshine and a calm sea. All the way up the Oslo Fjord they were met by hundreds of boats of all sizes and types from open rowing-boats to coastal steamers cram full of people waving flags and cheering and singing the National Anthem. The convoy anchored in Oslo harbour at 1 p.m. on Sunday the 13th.

Although the Crown Prince's arrival was "unofficial", a quarter of a million people had gathered on the quay and in the adjoining streets to welcome him. He stayed on board the *Devonshire* for three hours, but the crowds ashore and in the hundreds of boats which were moving in and out amongst the warships never stopped cheering and singing.

Then, shortly before 4 p.m., several motor launches left the cruiser and made their way through the fleet of small craft filled to the gunwale with cheering crowds towards the Honour Quay. There was a moment of hushed silence as, at 3.57 p.m., the Crown Prince, still wearing a British battledress, and his face wreathed in smiles, stepped ashore. Then pandemonium broke loose as wave after wave of cheering swept the dense crowds. The Crown Prince and the Ministers were received by Chief Justice Paal Berg, the 70-year-old leader of the Home Front, and by a large number of Norwegian officials. Having marched past the "Red Devils of Arnhem" and units of Norwegian Airborne troops and the *Milorg*, and after he had made a short speech, the Crown Prince drove in triumph to the Royal Palace. Seldom, if ever, has a Prince's smile been so sincere and genuine. He never stopped smiling and laughing and waving to the people. Children besieged the car and embraced him.

The Palace was hardly habitable as the Quisling Government had been using it as their headquarters, and arrangements had been made to accommodate the Crown Prince at a house outside Oslo. But the Prince decided to put up on a camp bed in the Palace rather than disappoint the crowds who had been thronging the Palace grounds all night.

In the evening the Crown Prince and the Ministers received the leaders of the Home Front whose duties had now come to an end and who handed over all authority. Once more the Government was exercising their authority on Norwegian soil.

The Government and the bulk of the Administration had expected to remain in London for a considerable time, but as the Germans in Norway were surrendering without fuss they were able to return as soon as there was a ship available. The departure was fixed for the 27th of May. But it was no mean task to move a whole administration at two weeks' notice. The Government and military offices became tense with activity. Every day and most nights every office and every floor was resounding with hammer-blows as the packing-cases were being nailed down. What a difference from the nailing down of the Foreign Office archives in Oslo that night in April five years before! In the halls, passages and stairways the stacks of cases were mounting to the ceiling. Every day, long lines of lorries rolled up in front of the main entrances, were loaded high with packing-cases and furniture, and were driven away to the station. Peak hour was at 4 p.m. three days before the ship was due to sail. That was zero hour for all goods. After that it suddenly became very quiet, and the next day offices, corridors and halls were miserably empty and deserted. All the cases, bags, suit-cases, rope and planks were gone. All that remained was a pile of printed labels which had been left over.

A few days before the Norwegian Government was leaving, the British Government gave them a luncheon, attended by King Haakon and Crown Princess Märtha, Mr. Anthony Eden, Prime Minister Nygaardsvold and many other British and Norwegian Ministers and officials. "For five years we have worked together, in conditions which have sometimes been difficult," said Mr. Eden at this farewell party. "But I should like to say that we have had no Allies, however powerful, with whom it has been a greater privilege to work than with our friends from Norway. They have responded to every call—often heavy calls—which we have had to make upon them." In the evening, King Haakon and the Norwegian Ministers received some 400 members of the Allied Governments and Diplomatic Corps at a reception.

Few expected that they would really get ready in time, but on Sunday morning the 27th, some 700 Norwegian officials and service personnel and their families were assembled at Euston Station, waiting to begin their journey home. At the news of the capitulation and the prospect of returning home a wave of unbounded joy had swept through the Norwegians in exile. But here at the station on that Sunday morning the mood was different. They were happy, of course, but they were sad, too. Five years is a long time to live in a country, and they had made many friends whom, perhaps, they would never see again.

For those who had arrived in London that summer's day on June the 10th, five years ago almost to the day, this was an extraordinary contrast. Then, having left home and country, they arrived—a score strong—in a strange, blacked-out city, wondering what the future had in store for them. This time, it was a bright Sunday morning, and—700 strong—they were returning to their liberated homes to pick up the old threads.

At Liverpool they boarded the 25,000-ton Royal Mail liner *Andes*, which had been serving as a troopship carrying shiploads of 7000 to 8000 soldiers backwards and forwards to the Far East. She had just come from South Africa with returning prisoners-of-war, and had been redecorated and stripped of many of the bunks.

"What can I say?" said the Prime Minister on the gangway. "Of course we are happy to go home, very happy. But at the same time we are sad to be leaving England. Everybody has been so kind, and I can only say good-bye and many, many thanks."

Soon after nine the next morning, Monday the 28th, the *Andes* steamed quietly out of Liverpool harbour. As it was feared that German U-boats might be lying in wait for such a handsome prize, she left in secrecy, without any flags, cheering or waving.

The crossing was like a dream journey into a world of pre-war luxury and abundance—long, printed menus, tinned fruit, bananas, brandy at sixpence a glass, whisky at a shilling a glass, South African wine, cigarettes at 1*s.* 8*d.* for 50, and everything at the expense of the State, except drinks and cigarettes. The canteen seemed to stock everything from mops to watches. It was an extraordinary transition, from war-scarred and war-harnessed Britain, through this dream world, to starved and tortured Norway.

The Prime Minister had given explicit instructions that everyone on board should be treated alike. There was no class distinction, no reserved decks or saloons. They all received the same food and treatment. The Ministers, officers, privates, and their wives and scores of children, many of whom were born in Great Britain and had never seen Norway, spent the days wandering about on deck. Like the journey up the Norwegian coast in May, 1940, the sea was calm and the weather perfect; clear sky and bright sunshine.

But the feeling of war had not gone altogether. They were escorted by two destroyers and the R.A.F. all that time. The first day on board, there was lifeboat drill; and they were told to carry their life-jackets about with them. On the second day, they passed eleven German U-boats with prize crews on board. And all along the south coast of Norway they were preceded by Norwegian minesweepers. But these wartime precautions did not seem real. The only thing that was real was the first glimpse of the Norwegian coast out of the mist, and the first little open motor-boat that came out to meet them far out at sea, and, above all, the intense feeling of impatience as the *Andes* steamed slowly up the coast—slowly, because the official reception was set for midday the next day, and they were well ahead of schedule.

In the early hours of the morning they anchored for three or four hours in the outer lead of the Oslo Fjord. They were still ahead of time. At 9 a.m. she lifted anchor again, and leaving behind hundreds of small craft which had gathered round her, continued up the narrow lane which had been cleared of mines, followed by a trail of destroyers. They passed the Horten Naval Base with its white houses glinting like silver in the sun. It was a beautiful morning and many had tears in their eyes. Some cried as they watched the rich green of the fir trees and the silvery birches, rocks and skerries glide past. In the narrows the smell of the lilac blooms was carried out to the ship.

As the minesweepers made a last sweep across the inner harbour the people in the hundreds of open boats rowed for dear life to get out of the way. Following in the wake of the minesweepers, the *Andes* slowly picked her way through the fleet of small boats filled with cheering Norwegians, and berthed near four of Germany's most up-to-date U-boats. The quays were packed with wildly cheering crowds. The troops and the police could only just manage to keep them at bay and had to fire shots into the air—a curious echo of the past.

After the Ministers, high officers and diplomatic corps had gone ashore, all the others scrambled down the gangway to set foot on Norwegian soil again. Then they went back and fetched their luggage, afterwards.

On the quay, the Government was received by Crown Prince Olav, the Government Delegation, the leaders of the Home Front, the Forces of the Interior, Norwegian soldiers, sailors and airmen—and the people of Oslo.

Mr. Paal Berg, the Leader of the Home Front, and Mr. Einar Gerhardsen, the Mayor of Oslo, who had spent nearly five years in German concentration camps, and who formed the new Government a few weeks later, welcomed the members of the "Out-Front", and Prime Minister Nygaardsvold replied, thanking the Home Front for all that they had done. (See Appendix V.)

Back in London, it seemed as if all that was left of the Administration was empty floors and flats. But it was not so easily uprooted. Very gradually, during the next few days and weeks, those who had been left behind discovered one another. Some offices and Ministries had left a single official behind to wind up; others were practically intact. Some would be returning home in a few weeks; others would have to remain for many months or even a year. It would be for the new Government and Parliament to decide whether any of them should become permanent institutions.

The whole Purchasing Department of the Ministry of Supply and Reconstruction remained in London, and was even reinforced by experts from Norway. What was left of the Merchant Fleet—50 per cent of the ships had been lost during the war—had been tied up in an Allied shipping pool till six months after the end of the war with Japan, and the Shipping and Trade Mission was to continue to function in London for the time being. A section of the Ministry of Commerce also remained behind to look after the Registration Office and the Savings Office, which continued to operate with full staffs, and the many hotels and clubs. Some members of the Health Directorate also had to stay in London to wind up the National Health Service and the hospitals. Large staffs were needed in the military offices to wind up camps, bases and training centres. The Air Training Camp, now in Great Britain, was planning to receive new recruits from Norway. The Air Transport Service acquired more 'planes and began to operate direct to Norway instead of to Sweden. The Quartermaster General's office was as busy as ever supplying the remainder of the Army, Navy and Air Force in England, and purchasing arms and ammunition and other equipment for the new Army to be mobilized in Norway. The Ministry of Finance, or what remained of it, was very busy, winding up the financial side of the Administration, disposing of equipment and furniture, and, being responsible for accommodation, dealing with leases expiring with the end of the war and trying to find new offices for those who were being evicted or had to move for other reasons.

Monday the 4th of June was the King's last day in London. First he and the Crown Princess attended a farewell luncheon with the British Royal Family at Buckingham Palace. In the afternoon he went to the B.B.C. to record a farewell message to the people of Great Britain. By mistake the chauffeur took him to the wrong building, and when he arrived he found only a girl sitting at a switchboard. He told her who he was, and she became very embarrassed. The King suggested that she should ring up one of the Norwegian B.B.C. officials. She did so and explained that the King of Denmark was downstairs. The Norwegian thought it must be King Haakon. The receptionist turned to the King again:

"Are you the King of Denmark or the King of Norway?"

King Haakon explained with a kindly smile that he was the King of Norway.

At eight o'clock they had dinner at the Norwegian Embassy, where for five years the King had held State Councils, received statesmen from every part of the world, presented decorations, and given audience to Norwegians of every rank and standing. After the nine o'clock news they listened to the King's radio message, and then they drove off to King's Cross.

It was an informal departure. A carriage had been reserved for the Royal Family in the centre of the train. Two or three hundred Norwegians—the King's departure had not been officially announced—had gathered in a tight group round the carriage. When they arrived, the King and his grandchildren went round and talked to many of the people and shook hands with them. It was a quiet occasion, but there was an outburst of spontaneous cheering as Prince Harald was lifted shoulder high. The passengers in another train a few tracks away were leaning out of the windows wondering what was happening. One woman climbed up the side of the train and put her arm through the window and shook hands with one of the princesses. Then, at 10.15, the train began to move out of the station. The small group took off their hats and sang the National Anthem. The children and the Crown Princess waved through the windows of their compartment. The King, tall and erect as ever, stood in the doorway, smiling and waving. It was a simple and moving end to a chapter in Norway's history.

Next morning, the Royal Family were met at the station by the small Norwegian colony in Edinburgh. After breakfasting at the British Officers' mess at Milburn Tower, they crossed the Firth of Forth and lunched at Admiralty House at Rosyth Naval Station. That was King Haakon's last meal in exile. From the window the King looked out across the naval port crowded with warships of all types and sizes, many of them flying the Norwegian flag. In the dining-room hung a painting of the British Fleet in action at Narvik.

In the afternoon, the Royal party were taken to the quay where H.M. cruiser *Norfolk*, which had helped to sink the German pocket battleships *Bismarck* and *Scharnhorst*, was waiting to take them home. Some Norwegians were standing away from the gangway to witness this historic occasion. King Haakon went over to them and shook hands with each one. After saluting the Guard of Honour, the King, tall and erect in naval uniform, strode up the gangway and was piped on board.

The Norwegian destroyer *Stord*, which also took part in the sinking of the *Scharnhorst*, was the first ship of the escort to leave, followed by H.M.S. *Devonshire*, which had brought the King and the Government to England in 1940, and had taken the Crown Prince back to Norway was a few weeks earlier.

It was grey and rainy as the convoy steamed northwards along the Scottish coast. But the Royal Family were in high spirits. In the evening the King and the Crown Princess attended a cocktail party given by the wardroom officers. Then, just before dusk, they passed a flotilla of captured U-boats on their way from Norway to England in charge of British crews. The U-boats passed so close they could hear the British crew shouting hurrah. The submarines let off fireworks and King Haakon sent them a signal saying: "A very good sight."

All the next day the Royal convoy laboured northwards through a heavy sea and in pouring rain, throwing white sprays high into the air. Ahead of the convoy steamed the *Devonshire* with the paravanes out to catch any unswept mines. The crossing was by no means safe, for they sighted several floating mines. The King had intended to make a tour of the ship, but that had to be cancelled on account of the weather. Instead, he took the Crown Princess and the children to see Walt Disney's film *Saludos Amigos*, and a newsreel showing the German commanders signing the unconditional surrender. But the bad weather continued. The meteorologist on board looked guilty. He knew that fair weather was on the way, but it seemed as if it would not come in time for the King's arrival.

There was still half a gale blowing and raining hard the next morning as they approached land. Then, miles out to sea, when the bare brown hills of Norway were no more than a shadow in the cold mist, the first boat appeared to greet the homecoming King. It was a tiny open boat, tossing like a cork in the steep seas, and flying a

Norwegian flag almost as big as the boat. In it were fifteen people—men, women and children. A few wore oilskins, but the others were drenched to the skin. Water was pouring off their bare heads, but nothing could damp their enthusiasm. At the risk of being thrown overboard, they were standing in the heaving boat, cheering as loudly as they could.

King Haakon, who was on the bridge, stepped on to the wing and stood there in the wind and the rain and waved back vigorously, his whole face alight with joy. Near by, the British officers stood to attention, but with lumps in their throats and feeling that they were intruding at an intimate personal reunion.

These people had risked their lives to be the first to welcome their King. As the boat drifted down only a few yards from the *Norfolk*, the people on board, recognizing the Crown Princess and her children on the quarterdeck, cheered more wildly than ever. The children, wrapped in borrowed duffle coats, waved back as hard as they could, and the Crown Princess was waving with both arms.

Soon afterwards they were met by five other small boats loaded to the gunwales with excited Norwegians cheering and waving flags.

From then onwards the King remained on the bridge whilst the cruiser, now with the escort in her wake, steamed up the long Oslo Fjord, teeming with boats—canoes, rowing boats, fishing smacks and steamers. In the narrows of the Dröbak Straits, the boats were so dense that it was almost possible to walk ashore from deck to deck. The cruiser had to move very slowly to give the boats a chance to make a channel. Next, they passed the Oscarsborg Fortress whose antiquated guns had managed to sink the German cruiser *Blücher*, giving the King and the Government time to flee from Oslo that fateful morning on April 9th, 1940. But those days were far behind now. Just after they had passed the fortress, a small boat came alongside the *Norfolk* and Crown Prince Olav came on board to welcome the King and his family. After he had embraced the Crown Princess and his children, the Royal family went aft to the quarterdeck. Most excited of all was eight-year-old Prince Harald. He was only three when he left and could not remember much of what Norway was like. For him this was like exploring a foreign land—a land which he had heard so much about and which had been alive in his imagination for five long years, but which was now coming to life before his very eyes—the fairy tale come true. He was waving so excitedly that they had to hold on to his coat tail to prevent him from falling overboard. But he lost his handkerchief, and the Crown Princess had to give him another one.

Soon the cruiser swung round the headland into the inner harbour, dotted with green islands. The wide open city at the end of the fjord and the fur-clad hills beyond came into view, veiled by a greyish drizzle.

At 11 a.m. the *Norfolk* and the other warships dropped anchor off Oslo.

Soon they were surrounded by boats—gunwale to gunwale—a carpet of tossing vessels, excited people and waving flags spread across the fjord. All eyes looked towards the Royal Family on the deck of the *Norfolk*. Now and then a casual eye would glance back at the stone mansion on the Bygdö peninsula from where a lonely man, protected by two dozen hefty bodyguards, had been terrorizing them for five years. But all that was over now and Quisling was as good as dead. Instead, a tidal wave of boundless happiness was sweeping the land, carrying on its crest their returning King—the symbol of freedom, the man whom they had learnt to love more, perhaps, than any King has ever been loved by his people.

Whilst the Crown Princess was taking snapshots of the cheering crowds, the officers of the *Norfolk* were trying to tell the people in the boats to pull away from the cruiser so that the launch could get alongside to fetch the King. But they could not budge. The officers had to use loudspeakers to reach the outer fringe of boats. At length a narrow path was cleared, and a few minutes before noon King Haakon and the Royal Family walked down the gangway whilst the ship's band played the Norwegian National Anthem and the Royal Ensign was lowered. The next minute the launch was taking them through the yelling crowds towards the Honour Quay.

At midday precisely, on the 7th of June, five years to the day after he left Tromsö, King Haakon stepped ashore on Norwegian soil. There was a moment of intense silence, and then the entire quarter of a million people of Oslo and 200,000 visitors shouted "Long Live The King." Simultaneously, all the ships in the harbour sounded their sirens and hundreds of multi-coloured rockets shot up into the air. The cheering would never end. The King, intensely happy, stood there in the rain on the pier. The people could hardly believe it; only a month ago German sentries with fixed bayonets had been guarding that very pier, and now their King was standing there in their midst. A long and weary journey had come to an end.

* * * * *

The next day the Government handed King Haakon their resignation. A week later the Norwegian Parliament was convened, and after another week of consultations between party and Home Front leaders, but without any of the political and national differences which seared most of the liberated countries, Einar Gerhardsen, the 48-year-old Mayor of Oslo and Secretary of the Labour Party, formed a new Government consisting of six members of the Labour Party, three Conservatives, two Communists, one Liberal, one Agrarian, one Independent, and one representative of the Home Front, to carry on until a General Election could be held in October, 1945. Thus a "caretaker" coalition Government, containing members of the Resistance Movement and two members of the outgoing Cabinet, was set up without any delay to begin the tremendous task of rebuilding war-ravaged Norway.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

Demands made upon the Norwegian Government by the German Government, April 9, 1940.

1. The Norwegian Government should issue a proclamation to the people and the Army asking them not to resist the German troops during the occupation.

2. The Norwegian Government should order the Army to make contact with the German troops and make the necessary agreements for loyal co-operation with the German officers in command. The Norwegian soldiers should be allowed to retain their weapons in so far as their conduct permitted. As a sign of their willingness to co-operate a white flag of truce should be hoisted next to the national flag on all military establishments approached by German troops. Liaison-officers should be sent: (*a*) to the commander of the German troops entering the capital (Army, Navy and Air Force officers) and (*b*) to the local commanders. On the other hand the German Commander-in-Chief would send liaison-officers to the Norwegian Commands. These liaison-officers should ensure smooth co-operation and prevent clashes between German and Norwegian troops.

3. Military establishments and fortifications which German troops would need in order to secure the country against external enemies, especially coastal fortifications, should be handed over intact to the German troops.

4. Accurate documentation concerning mines laid by the Norwegian Government should be made available.

5. For purpose of air defence a complete black-out of Norwegian territory should be imposed as from the evening of the first day of occupation.

6. All means of communication and transport should be maintained intact and their safety secured. The means of transport (railways, inland and coastal shipping and centres of communication) should be made available to the German occupation troops to the extent necessary for their operations and maintenance.

7. Warships and merchant ships should be forbidden to sail abroad, and aeroplanes to take off, but shipping to German and neutral Baltic ports might be permitted.

8. Norwegian sea pilots should receive orders to continue in service under orders of the German authorities, and the lighthouse establishments along the Norwegian coast should submit to orders from the German authorities.

9. The meteorological service should be maintained and placed at the disposal of the German occupation troops but the publication of weather bulletins should cease.

10. All communications and postal services for abroad should be banned. Communications and mail services to all Baltic States should be restricted to certain channels and should be subject to censorship by the German commanders of the occupation troops.

11. The Press and radio stations should be ordered not to publish any military news without the consent of the German military authorities, and all radio stations should be at the disposal of German commanders for the broadcasting of their announcements.

12. An embargo should be enforced for the export of all war material from Norway.

13. All issuing by wireless of proclamations and orders in accordance with the above paragraphs should be made in a code not known to Germany's enemies. The decision whether open messages could be sent over the radio should rest with the Commander-in-Chief of the occupation troops.

APPENDIX II

Proclamation to the People of Norway by King Haakon and Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, April 10, 1940.

The German Government has demanded that the King of Norway shall appoint a Government which enjoys the confidence of Germany and which has been designated by the German *Führer*. The King has been unable to submit to this demand, which would make Norway a dependency. No other Government can rule here but that which has the confidence of the Norwegian people.

The Government, which has now ruled the country for five years in collaboration with the Storting, is still the only legal Norwegian Government.

This Government offered to resign when the German attack on Norway began. But the Storting unanimously requested it to remain in office. And the Government stays.

It now turns to the whole Norwegian people and asks their assistance in upholding the lawful rule of the country—the Norwegian Constitution, Norwegian liberty, Norwegian independence.

Germany has perpetrated against Norway one of those hideous acts of violence of which only too many are known to history. She has forced her way into the country with bombs and all kinds of destructive weapons. She has flagrantly and dishonourably violated all the rights of a small people whose only wish is to live in peace.

The Norwegian Government is convinced that this crime is condemned by the whole civilized world. But above all it is confident that the Norwegian nation will use all its energies to restore the liberty and independence which a foreign Power has wished to destroy by force.

The outlook for Norway may seem dark at this moment, and the men of violence may succeed in destroying much, but the Government has the confident hope that a new and brighter future for the country will emerge one day.

It therefore exhorts the whole Norwegian nation to cling fast to the Norwegian heritage of liberty, in loyalty to the great ideas which have carried our country forward for centuries.

Long live our fatherland! Long live a free Norway!

JOHAN NYGAARDSVOLD.

I associate myself completely with this appeal which the Government has addressed to the Norwegian people. I am convinced that I have the whole nation with me in the decision which has been taken.

HAAKON R.

APPENDIX III

Message from King Haakon and Prime Minister Nygaardsvold to the Norwegian People, June 7, 1940.

The King and the Government have at this moment seen themselves compelled to move their headquarters outside the frontiers of the country.

By the brutal attack which the German Government launched without warning, the German Forces succeeded in securing a foothold in Norway and gradually subjugating the greater part of the country.

The Allied Governments who were at war with Germany—the British, French, and Polish Governments—came nobly to the assistance of Norway with man-power and arms, and up to the present it has been possible to preserve a part of the country for its lawful, national Government.

But the hard necessity of the war has compelled the Allied Governments to muster all their strength to fight upon other fronts, and they have full scope for all their men and material on those fronts.

Under these conditions it is impossible to maintain the struggle in this country against a preponderance like that of Germany. Our Armed Forces, which have fought with courage and heroism for two months, lack the necessary war material, especially ammunition and 'planes, and can no longer get them. A continuation of the struggle would only lead to the complete devastation of the parts of the country which are still free. For the Germans in their warfare spare the most peaceful towns and villages as little as the military forces opposing them.

The High Command has therefore advised the King and the Government for the present to give up the struggle within the country, and the King and the Government have considered it their duty to follow this advice. They are, therefore, now leaving the country.

But they are not thereby abandoning the fight to regain the independence of Norway. On the contrary, they will continue the fight outside the frontiers of the country.

They have a firm hope that the German aggressors will soon be compelled to surrender their booty, and that the Norwegian people, together with other peoples who are now suffering under German subjugation, will once more gain their rights and liberty.

The King and the Government of Norway will in this time of struggle be the free advocates for the national claims of the Norwegian people. They will, as far as is practicable, maintain the independent life of the Kingdom of Norway so that none of the rights which appertain to a free State shall be lost. It will be their task to protect the political and legal foundation of the country and the nation so that at the hour of victory our fatherland can come forward with authority and assert its national integrity.

The President of the Norwegian Storting has associated himself with the King and the Government in this struggle, and so also have the commanders of the Norwegian Army and Navy.

And as a pledge that the Government will be a Government for the whole Norwegian people without regard to old party divisions, it has today strengthened itself by the appointment of new Cabinet Ministers from different parties.

We thank all those who at this time have done their duty to their fatherland and fought for its liberty, and we unite in an appeal to the Norwegian people to keep their hope and courage alive through all oppression and hardship. We are confident that no Norwegian will betray the cause of our liberty. We merely call out to you all: Stand fast in loyalty to our precious fatherland.

We who send this call to you at the moment when we are compelled to abandon the soil of Norway are resolved to place all our strength, our lives, and all we possess at the disposal of Norway's cause. We believe that we shall soon be able to come back to a free and independent Norway, and we hope to be able to do this with honour. The thought which will govern all our actions abroad, and which we know we share with all who remain at home, lies in the words:

Long live Norway! All for Norway!

HAAKON R.
JOHAN NYGAARDSVOLD.

APPENDIX IV

King Haakon's Reply to the Presidential Board of the Parliament, London, July 3, 1940.

I have received a communication of June 27, 1940, from the Parliament's Presidential Board, and have with the full realization of my personal responsibility and of the seriousness of the situation conscientiously considered the resolution so fateful for our country, which is dealt with in the letter of the Presidential Board.

I came to Norway in 1905 on an invitation from the Norwegian people, and I have in the years that have passed sought to the best of my ability to fulfil the duties which were thus imposed upon me.

My new fatherland became infinitely precious to me, and I became bound to the Norwegian people by intimate ties. My motto, "All for Norway", has always been and still is the guide of my actions, and if I could be persuaded at this time that I should best serve my people by resigning my Royal task, or if I could be sure that behind the Parliament's Presidential Board in this matter there was a majority of the Norwegian people, I would—however deeply it would pain me to be separated from Norway—comply with the request that the Presidential Board has addressed to me. I see from the letter of the Presidential Board that the proposal which it has thought of laying before the Parliament has been arrived at through an agreement with the German occupation authorities in Norway. It is thus not an expression of a free Norwegian decision, but the result of a compulsion exercised by foreign military occupation.

It appears further from the letter that those Members of Parliament who have evaded this compulsion by taking up residence outside the frontiers of Norway are not to have an opportunity to take part in the meetings which are to decide on the proposal in question.

The Parliament in 1814 maintained an entirely opposite principle, since it refused to recognize the mandate of those Members of Parliament who came from districts occupied by foreign military power. It was founded on the logical consideration that such an occupation must fetter the freedom of decision of the Members; *now*, the representatives—including even the President of the Parliament—who still retain their freedom of decision are to be excluded from the Parliament, while those who are living under the pressure of foreign power are alone to decide the fate of the country.

I should be failing in my constitutional duties by accepting a decision made by a Parliament summoned under such conditions.

Point III of the Presidential Board's proposal says: "Since the King is outside the frontiers of the country he is not in a position to exercise his constitutional functions." Section II of the Norwegian Constitution provides expressly that the King can be as much as six months outside the country without the consent of the Parliament, and still longer *with* such consent. If the King is abroad on *active service* the provision in Section 41 of the Constitution suggests that no special consent is required.

At the meeting of the Parliament at Elverum on April 9, 1940, the President, with the unanimous approval of the Parliament, said that if it should be necessary for the maintenance of a free and independent Government, the King and the Government should be able to take up residence outside the country, without any time limit being suggested. There is thus no constitutional foundation for the assertion that I cannot carry out the task which the Constitution gives me.

The present Norwegian Government, under the leadership of Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, was nominated on March 19, 1935; the composition of this Government has later undergone a number of changes, the latest being the appointment of Ministers belonging to other political parties than that from which the Government originally came. Thus a National Government has been created which has had the unanimous confidence of the Parliament, expressly recognized by the vote at its meeting of April 9 of this year.

In accordance with Norwegian constitutional practice, the Parliament is fully entitled to revoke a vote of confidence which has been given; but this must be done by a Parliament which acts with full constitutional freedom, and has not been arbitrarily deprived of a number of its Members. Neither of these conditions is fulfilled by the Assembly which the Presidential Board is now to summon.

In the agreement between the Presidential Board and the German occupation authorities it is also said that the Norwegian Government cannot carry out its constitutional functions as it is outside Norway, I and the Government have no higher wish than to be able to exercise our functions within the country; it is only foreign power which has forced the Government and I to leave the country temporarily. We have done this in conformity with the resolution of the Parliament, in order so far as possible to preserve a free and independent Norwegian Government.

If such conditions could be created in Norway that I and the Government could return to the country to continue our activities in full liberty, we would do so immediately. The obvious condition for this must be that all foreign military forces should leave the country. However, the arrangement agreed upon between the German authorities and the Presidential Board assumes the continued maintenance of the German occupation, and in these circumstances I see no possibility for the existence of a free Government of Norway within the frontiers of Norway.

When, in the proposal of the Presidential Board, it is remarked that fresh elections to the Parliament can first be held "after the conclusion of peace", it is thereby assumed that Norway will not come to enjoy peace before the war between the Great Powers is carried to a conclusion. The Presidential Board is doubtless right in this, but that being so it is also clear that the proposed arrangement does not help the Norwegian people to the peace for which it so deeply longs.

Nor does the agreement with the German occupation authorities serve to promote any of the economic interests which are so important to the welfare of our people. I recall that the German demands on the Norwegian Government at the time of the attack on the country on the night of April 9 involved, *inter alia*, a complete economic blockade of Norway in relation to all Western countries in and outside Europe. And important economic interests would, under a new Government such as is proposed by the appointment of a "National Council", come to suffer even greater damage than at present, as it could not take charge of the vitally important interests abroad which are now looked after by the present Government.

I will further indicate an aspect of the question at issue which is not touched on in the letter of the Presidential Board, but which throws a vivid light on the arrangement now in question. I refer to the scope of the authority which the proposed National Council is to have. I will say no more of the fact, manifest to everyone, that in practice the National Council will have to follow German directions as long as the German occupation of Norway lasts; but I will emphasize what follows from the resolution published at this time by the German Government in Berlin, that no foreign States are to have diplomatic representation in Oslo, and that the foreign policy of Norway will be conducted by the Department of Foreign Affairs in Berlin.

This clearly means that the new National Council in Oslo does not represent an independent kingdom, but merely a German dependency. An abdication on my part would therefore not even formally be to the advantage of an independent Government in Norway; the National Council would not acquire all the constitutional functions appertaining to the King.

I cannot see that the Presidential Board of the Parliament has any constitutional basis whatsoever for modifying the lawful decisions of the Parliament which have hitherto been taken. It is on the contrary quite evident that the whole of the proposed arrangement conflicts with the Constitution.

I cannot see that I should be acting in the interests of the country by submitting to the demand addressed to me by the Presidential Board, whereby I should approve an arrangement which conflicts with the Constitution of Norway, and which it is sought to impose by force upon the Norwegian people.

By doing so I should abandon the principle which has guided my actions throughout my reign, viz.: to keep myself strictly within the framework of the Constitution.

The liberty and independence of the Norwegian people are to me the first commandment of the Constitution, and I consider I am obeying this commandment and watching over the interests of the Norwegian people best by adhering to the position and the task which a free people gave me in 1905.

APPENDIX V

Mr. Paal Berg's Speech on the arrival of the Norwegian Government in Oslo.

On behalf of those who have spent these years in Norway, I welcome home the Prime Minister of Norway and his colleagues. In a few days it will be five years since the King and his Council had to leave the country, chased by the foreign aggressors. It was with heavy thoughts that they stood on the deck of the British cruiser and watched Norway disappear over the horizon. There was no future to be seen in that. But it was fortunate for Norway, it was the salvation of Norway, that the King and the Government took this step. That made it possible for us to continue the struggle as a belligerent Power at the side of the Allies. It saved us from a peace which would have meant that the youth of Norway would have been forced to fight on the side of Germany.

With the King and the Government in England it was possible to organize, outside Germany's reach, a legal Norwegian Administration to keep the wheels of the State machinery turning and protect Norway's interests abroad. We have throughout had a constitutional Norwegian Government with a right and duty to deal with all those problems which might arise after the war. They have been able to secure supplies of food, clothing and raw materials for the time when the country would be free once more. And when it has been possible to wind up the German and the quisling rule so quickly and efficiently it is because our Government has been able constitutionally to organize the administrative machinery so that both the central and local administrations were fully ready to function at the very moment of the capitulation.

We thank the Government for the great and valuable work they have done during these years. And we thank them for having sought intimate co-operation with us here at home throughout, and for always having paid attention to what we have had to say. We also thank the Government for the dignified way in which they have represented Norway abroad and made Norway's name honoured and respected in the world. With these thanks for all they have done we wish the Prime Minister and his colleagues, and all the others who are returning home with them, welcome home, and I should like especially to mention one man, the President of the Parliament, Mr. Hambro. When misfortune engulfed us in the spring and summer of 1940, Mr. Hambro wrote his name for all time in Norway's saga.

Today there is no longer a Home Front and an "Out Front". There is only one Front, the Norwegian Front, which demands all our energies. And if we keep together we shall succeed in rebuilding all that which has been laid waste. Welcome home all of you.

Mr. Einar Gerhardsen's Speech on the arrival of the Norwegian Government in Oslo.

On behalf of Oslo I am happy to welcome the Government and those accompanying them home to the capital.

There has been dissension about the Government. Not all loyal Norwegians agreed with what they did or failed to do. And the members of the Nasjonal Samling and the Germans did what they could to undermine the Government and weaken them in the eyes of the Norwegian people. But it was just these nazi attacks which gradually made many look upon the Government with different eyes. And their good work and the firm attitude which they showed demanded the respect of all of us. More and more the Government in London became the mainstay in the struggle against nazism. We learned to listen to the Government and to follow them.

Other occupied countries have had great difficulties in connection with their Governments. As for us, the position of our Government has been perfectly clear throughout. Prime Minister Nygaardsvold's Government was Norway's only legal Government. No Norwegian has ever doubted it. Today I think we can also recognize the truth that it was fortunate for us that the King had at his side a Government with such deep roots in the broad masses of the working people. That welded the people together in their admiration and their faith in the King and the Government. All the time we were absolutely confident that the Nygaardsvold Government would never surrender a fraction of the country's independence or yield a foot of her soil.

We thank the Government for their contribution in the country's struggle for freedom, and welcome them home.

Prime Minister Nygaardsvold's Speech on the arrival of the Norwegian Government in Oslo.

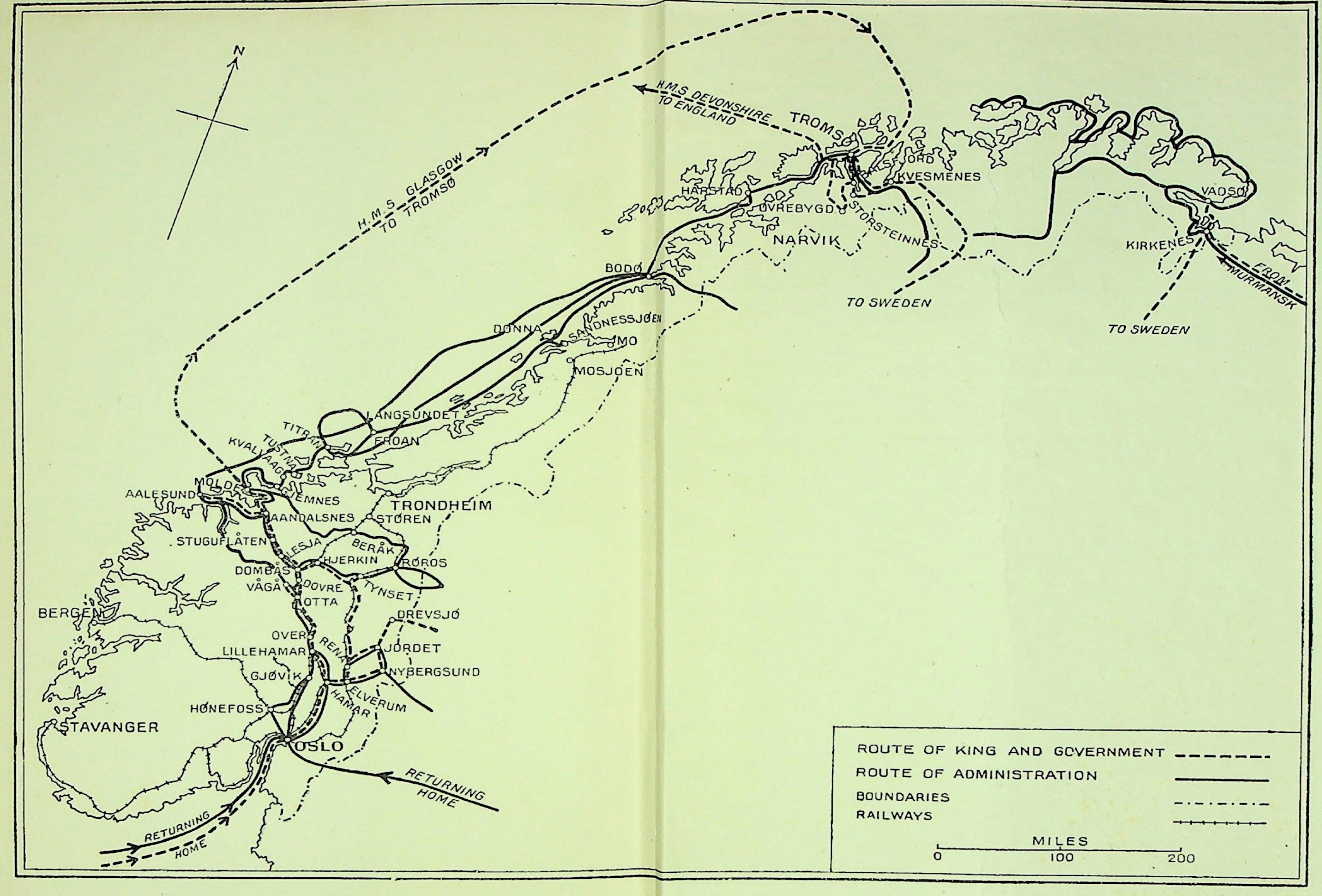
Your Royal Highness, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Norwegian men and women.

On behalf of all those of the "Out Front" who are returning with us today I thank you for the reception which we have been given and for the kind words addressed to us. It is today five years, short of seven days, since the King and the Government with a handful of men and women of the Administration left Norway. It was a grey and rainy day, and I think that many of us who travelled on that boat felt a lump in our throats when the British cruiser sailed out of Tromsö harbour. Today the Government is returning, together with the greater part of the Central Administration which has been built up in Great Britain. Today we have arrived in Norway in the brilliant sunshine of a warm and verdant spring. Today also, as on the 7th June, 1940, we feel a lump in our throats. But today this lump comes from happiness—happiness at being home in a free Norway and at meeting the men and women of the Home Front and their leaders with whom we have co-operated all these years whilst we have been in Great Britain. Many kind words have been addressed to the Government for the contribution they have made, but we know that what we have done would have been worthless had not the Home Front remained firm and united. It is possible that Norway might have been free today even without the Home Front, and even if the Norwegian people had been weak and opportunistic, but if it had been free on such a basis then we would have been oppressed by shame. It is the contribution and unity of the Home Front and its energetic actions in all spheres —I mention neither name nor any particular section of the community —which has made Norway known throughout the world, and which has secured us freedom with honour.

There are many of us arriving today, several hundred, but some are not with us. They have had to make the supreme sacrifice so that we could return on this day. They have given their lives for the fatherland, and now they rest in the soil of France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and Norway, or have found unknown graves in the Seven Seas. Their names do not figure on the passenger list to Norway, and never will; but we shall remember what Nordahl Grieg wrote before he left us: "And the Dead shall be beside us the day we return again." And they are with us in our memories, and I am sure that the Norwegian people will not only remember these heroes, but will also, at all times, be aware of how much they owe the bereaved.

And then there is the future which lies before us all, young and old, and especially the young. It has been said that if we keep together, then the work of reconstruction will succeed. That is also my belief, and I believe that Norway as she stands today, scarred perhaps, desecrated perhaps, but in all honour, is a land which will belong to the future, and a good land for the young generation to grow up in; a land free from the fears which followed the horrors of the war, free from the pre-war economic difficulties. This is the work which we who are returning shall help you who have hitherto been called the Home Front to carry out. We shall all join what hereafter will be called the National Front for a new and happy Norway, a united Norway. I end with Björnson's beautiful words: "Norway, Norway, you are ours, you are ours. You are the land of the future."

THE END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